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ART. I.—THE SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ.

1. *The various Histories and Sketches of the War in Mexico.*
2. *The Editorial Correspondence of the New-Orleans Picayune.*
3. *Congressional Documents.* Washington, D. C.

IN previous papers, the campaign of General Taylor in Mexico has been exhibited in its principal features; but with the view rather of introducing a few unpublished particulars, and to make certain military points, than to offer a full history of the events connected with it. It is proposed to begin, at least, a similar review of the operations of General Scott, which, in their conduct, demanded as much of the art, and more of the science of war, and which afford a good field for the discussion and application of military principles. The same advantage is not possessed by extensive private information, of arriving at all the interesting and important minutiae, which authorize positive statements and justify the colouring of achievements. But, with the recorded facts, and limited knowledge otherwise procured, a condensed narrative of prominent occurrences, and a few commentaries, may be presented, which, if not valuable in themselves, may serve to expose the hardships and difficulties of war waged in foreign parts, and to recall the grateful remembrance of the compensating benefits to the actors and to their coun-

try, of brilliant efforts of genius and of heroism. They may likewise aid in strengthening the military feeling, and directing attention to military practices and studies, which, in the present crisis of our affairs, would prove a no mean guaranty for our security.

Mankind, from the earliest ages with which we are acquainted, have been captivated always by warlike renown.* Battles—victories—the daring hazards and triumphs of individuals—all the manifestations of sublime courage in combat, have awakened a general enthusiasm, beyond and aside from the excitement of any other passion. Achievements in all other departments of human action are comparatively tame and commonplace; and even the essays of genius, in the realms of profound thought—in science, of earth or of the heavens—in philosophy of the subjective or the objective—in “divine poesy,” appealing to the admiration, but less to the universal sympathy—kindle no such fervid emotion as the warrior fresh from the field of glorious conflict. It may, therefore, be supposed that our topic, a picture of great military deeds, would touch a chord of interest in every reader. There will be no selfish feeling, as in politics or trade, to pervert the judgment, to arouse envy, to create or embitter prejudice. The soldier’s fame fosters a noble emulation to patriotic devotion, eradicates or silences the propensities of self-interest, and, while it is no obstacle to the aspirant, in the ordinary avocations of the world, it enlists the pride and engages the affections of all.

As General Scott is to be the principal personage in these pages, commanded the expedition to the capture of the enemy’s capital, and was the author, if not the originator of the campaign, to omit a notice of his previous career would do greater injustice to the reader than to him. We shall, accordingly, show, in brief terms, what

* Cicero remarked “That the science of arms had much more dignity and splendor in it than the science of the law, being that which first gave a name to the Roman people, brought glory to their city, and subdued the world to their empire; that martial virtue had ever been the means of conciliating the favour of the people, and recommending to the honours of the State, and it was but reasonable that it should hold the first place in that city, which was raised by it to be the head of all other cities in the world.”—*Oration pro Murena*.

“Without the rivalry of nations, and the practice of war, civil society itself could scarcely have found an object or a form.”—*Ferguson on Civil Society*.

he has accomplished, in a long life of distinguished services, for himself, for the army and for his country. Winfield Scott was born near Petersburg, Virginia, in June, 1786. At 17 years of age, he was without the protection or aid of either parent, his father having died in 1791 and his mother in 1803. He studied law, attended a course or two of lectures, at William and Mary College, was admitted to the bar, and, shortly after, determined to practice his profession in Charleston, S. C., and went to Columbia to get leave to commence, without awaiting the required term of residence. One branch of the legislature granted it; but there was not time to pass the resolve through the other house, and he soon returned to Virginia. Excited by the prospect of war with England, and the army being increased, he entered it in 1808, as a captain of artillery. Denouncing General Wilkinson, his senior in service, for the suspected connection with Aaron Burr, he was suspended from rank, for one year, by sentence of a court martial.* This year was spent, by invitation, at Benjamin Watkins Leigh's, in the assiduous study of his new profession. In July, 1812, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 2d artillery, and was ordered to the Niagara frontier. In a short period, a part of his command, (Towson's company,) in conjunction with Elliott, of the navy, captured two armed brigs of the enemy, under the guns of Fort Erie. About the middle of October, General Van Rensselaer organized a force of militia and regulars, to attack Queenstown. Scott hastened from Black Rock, to secure "a place in the picture;" but permission only was given to march down his regiment, and act as circumstances would allow. The expedition was badly arranged and badly conducted. The few who landed were at first repulsed; but, their leader ordering an advance, Wool (now General) and others, bravely ascended the heights, and seized and held the enemy's battery. Scott at this moment arrived, with a few platoons, charged, and drove the Indians; but reinforcements joined the enemy, the militia refused to cross the river,† on constitutional grounds, and our troops, receiving no aid, were forced to surrender. Scott was in favour of resisting to

* The court recommended the remission of nine of the twelve months of the suspension. There were other charges, but he was acquitted of them.

† Armstrong's Notices of the War, vol. i.

the last. He said to his command: "Hull's surrender must be redeemed. Let us die, arms in hand. The example will not be lost. Who dare stand?" "All!" was the response; but fortune preserved them, for other fields and higher duties. Yet the severe fighting, here, elevated the tone of the army, and shed joy and encouragement over the land. At Quebec,* on his way to Boston, to be exchanged, the prisoners (soldiers) were mustered by a British officer, in order to ascertain the native subjects of England, designing to have them tried and executed for treason. Twenty-three had been set apart. When Scott heard of it, he indignantly ordered the rest to answer no questions whatever, told them their rights, and pledged his protection, and announced to the officer that retaliation would follow the execution of a single man, and that even quarter in battle should be refused. Arriving at Washington, he represented the matter to the Secretary of War. It was submitted to Congress, and, with Scott's persevering efforts, an act was adopted, authorizing the Executive to order retaliation. There was imprisonment of officers and men, on both sides, during the war, but none were executed. The twenty-three were finally released. The principle of British allegiance was at length tacitly abandoned, and all owing, in great measure, to the spirit and energy of Scott.

In 1813, as adjutant-general to Dearborn, he was conspicuous in the capture of Fort George.† Struck from

* The number captured was 139 regulars and 154 militia. The enemy were 800. Scott was in full uniform in the fight, ("I will die in my robes," he said,) and presented, with his towering figure, a conspicuous mark to the Indians. When taken to Niagara, (now a village,) two chiefs called, to see where they had hit him. Roughly seizing, to turn him round, he exclaimed, "Off villain, you fired like a squaw!" Incensed, they raised their tomahawks to brain him; but he seized a sword, near at hand, and stood on the defensive, when a British officer opportunely passed, and rescued him from a fierce struggle. A number of Indians had fallen before the fire of his men, and many a ball sought his life, as their leader; and it was again sought, while a prisoner, through revenge.

† After his capture at Queenstown, Scott was supping with General Sheaffe, when a colonel inquired if he had ever seen the falls. "Yes," replied Scott, "from the American side." To which the other said, "You must have the glory of a *successful fight*, before you can see them in all their grandeur." Scott rejoined, "If it is your intention to insult me, honour should have prompted you first to return me my sword." General Sheaffe interfered. This colonel was wounded and taken at Fort George. Scott paid him every attention, and procured an order for his release on parole, when even exchanges were often refused. The colonel met Scott, and told him "he had long owed him an apology—he had overwhelmed him with kindness—and that he

his horse by a piece of timber, thrown from an exploding magazine, and hurt, he was yet the first to enter the work, and tore down the enemy's flag with his own hands. In July,* he was made colonel of a double regiment (twenty companies) of artillery, and resigned his staff appointment. He led expeditions to Burlington Heights and York; prepared Fort George, under his charge, against an attack of the enemy, encamped near by, which Wilkinson's movement to Montreal diverted, and, finally, joined that ill-fated expedition, conducted without skill, and ending in disgraceful failure.

He was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, 14th March, 1814. The army of the Niagara frontier was to concentrate at Buffalo. Brown, the commanding general, departed for Sackett's Harbour, purposely to enable Scott to establish a camp of instruction, and prepare the troops, as they arrived, for the approaching campaign. General Scott did so, and, for three months, thoroughly drilled the army. He adopted the French system of tactics, and, having the only copy, was compelled to unusual labour. General Brown having joined, the army crossed the river—Scott leading the van—captured Fort Erie, and marched to attack General Riall at Chippewa. The opposing forces were in position, the 4th of July, two miles apart, with a beautiful intervening plain, the one on the north of Chippewa river, the other south of Street Creek. Brown resolved to attack on the 5th, and the enemy to sally from their works and anticipate him. Porter's brigade was thrown out on the plain, to begin the action; skirmishes ensued; Riall's main body approached; the militia were repulsed, and took shelter in a wood on the left. It was 4 P.M. Brown, returning for reinforcement, met Scott's brigade, passing out for the usual exercise of drill, and told him he would probably have a fight. It was unexpected, but he was ready. Major Jesup's (now General) battalion advanced to attack the enemy's right, and was soon out of sight in the wood. Towson's artillery was on our right, to which Riall opposed nine

could now view the falls in all their glory." It was an instance of magnanimity on the part of Scott. It was repeated after the battle of Niagara. General Riall, wounded, and several days in the same house with Scott, near Buffalo, together with Major Wilson, were permitted, at Scott's special request, to return on parole.

* Mansfield, at page 86, says July, and at page 152, says in March, 1813.

pieces. The battalions of Majors Leavenworth and McNeill were deployed in the centre. The concave order of battle was assumed, from the necessary interval between the two last, and the rattle of musketry, and the peal of cannon, already begun, were rapidly continued. Scott addressed the veterans of McNeill: "The enemy say that we are good at long shot, but cannot stand cold iron. I call on the 11th regiment to give the lie to that slander. Charge!" Leavenworth followed the example; bayonets were crossed; Towson plied his guns, about the same moment, on their left flank, and the British army "broke and fled." Jesup applied the bayonet also, dispersed his opponents, turned upon the exposed flank, and the entire line was routed! It was all done so promptly, that the battle was ended before Ripley's brigade, ordered in support, could reach the ground. The enemy found security within their intrenchments. Their army was composed of some of the best British troops. They were superior in numbers,* were on an open plain, and were signally defeated by the bayonet! Well might General Brown say, in his report, that "Brigadier-General Scott is entitled to the highest praise our country can bestow," etc.

The American army occupied the enemy's lines at Chippewa, on the 25th of July. General Brown heard that Riall had thrown 1000 troops across the river, at Lewiston, for objects not known. To draw them back again, he ordered Scott to move his brigade, and threaten the forts below. Scott promptly marched (it was afternoon) near the falls, reconnoitering officers were met, and he learned that a force was at hand. Dashing forward, to disperse what he supposed the remnant of Riall's command, to his surprise, he found himself in front of a British army, larger than it had been at Chippewa, while his own force numbered only 1300 men. Being under fire, an orderly retreat was not easy; the example, too, would prove hurtful to the recruits and militia in the rear. Deciding to begin the combat, and to sustain it until aid could be received, he sent an express to General Brown,

* The British force was 2100; the American 1900; of Scott's brigade, 1400, and 500 of Porter's, who had been repulsed. American loss, 327; British, 503. Life of Scott, by Mansfield, page 112. O'Connor, in a note to his translation, says 1200 and 1800 men respectively, and that the ratio of effect of our fire was 1 in 30, while, in European armies, according to Gimbert, it is 1 in 240 or 250.

and made his attack boldly and gallantly. He kept the enemy on the defensive, until the reserve arrived. Jesup was thrown into a wood, between two portions of the British, and captured their general, Riall. The enemy's right and left were forced back, (Brown had come up); their centre, fortified by nine guns, was firm; reinforcements joined them; Colonel Miller ("I'll try") charged upon and seized their battery; desperate struggles ensued; but they were repulsed; the field remained in our possession, and, near midnight, the bloody conflict ended.* Scott received two wounds, the second of which was very severe, and disabled him for a long period.

He was brevetted a major-general, dating 25th of July, 1814, for these brilliant achievements, in which he was really the leader. They excited congratulations throughout the United States; and the hero who, by bravery and skill, had proved the vincibility of British troops, with their boasted weapon, was universally admired and applauded. At 28 years of age, he had attained the highest military grade in our organization. The States of Virginia and New-York presented him swords for his services, and Congress voted him a medal, with words of higher compliment than were bestowed on any other officer of the war. At Washington, the following winter, he was called on for plans for the next campaign.† When peace was concluded, in Feb., 1815, he was offered the post of Secretary of War, which was declined, because he supposed himself too young, and he refused it temporarily, (until the arrival of Mr. W. H. Crawford,) in deference to his seniors in the army, Generals Brown and Jackson. He assisted in reducing the army to the peace establishment, the same year; was ordered to Europe, for professional improvement and the benefit of his health, and was entrusted with confidential and important diplomatic functions, which were discharged, to such entire satisfaction, that the President directed him a letter of thanks.

* British loss at Niagara, 878; American, 860.

† Napoleon, at Paris, previous to the 13th Vendemaire, though distinguished at Toulon and in the army of Italy, was required to attend the military committee of the convention, almost daily, to suggest plans for the French army, and to write despatches. Both Scott and Napoleon had acquired reputation, but neither had been in chief command. The one was 28, the other 24 years old. The one a major-general; the other had resigned indignantly the commission of general of infantry, because he had been educated for the artillery, and was then chief of battalion in that arm.

While in Europe, (about a year,) Kosciusko sent him an autograph letter,* with compliments on his "victories in Canada," and hoped "the Americans would follow his example, his courage, his energy and his virtues."

He was president of a board, in 1814-15, convened to prepare a system of tactics, and the French tactics used at Buffalo were modified and adopted. In 1821 he wrote a volume of great value on the "General Regulations of the Army," or "Military Institutes," which has served ever since as the basis of all our regulations. The tactics were again revised by a board, of which he was the head, and published in 1825; also, as like president, associated with regular and militia officers, tactics for the several arms of service, and plans for the organization of the militia, were considered in 1826. And by act of Congress, in 1835, he translated and adapted to the army, the infantry tactics now in use, which were explained and vindicated afterward, in an able pamphlet.

In 1832, the Black Hawk war broke out in Illinois, and he was sent by the lakes, with nearly 1,000 troops, to suppress it. The cholera appeared in his command—more than one-half of them died, and he was delayed on the route until after Atkinson's and Taylor's decisive victory of Bad Axe. But he won here his noblest laurel, by his humanity and moral courage, in administering,† personally, to the wants of the cholera patients. He visited all who were seized with the pestilence, encouraged them and provided comforts. He finally concluded satisfactory treaties with the Indians, and Secretary Cass complimented his services in the highest terms.

Returning to New-York in October of the same year, the next month he was ordered to Charleston, S. Carolina, on confidential and delicate service, relating to the then contemplated ordinance of nullification, and the probable consequent collision between the two governments. At first he was viewed with suspicion, and was considered an enemy preparing to conduct an invasion of the State or an assault on the city. But he mingled freely, of his

* Letter through Baron Hottinguer, dated Soleure, 12th of October, 1815. Kosciusko died 16th October, 1817.—*Mansfield*.

† We are reminded of Napoleon's conduct at Jaffa. He solemnly touched those who were afflicted with the plague, to satisfy their belief that it would effect a cure. It was heroism of an exalted kind, for in each instance he risked his life, and solely to gratify uselessly the imaginations of the devoted sufferers.—*Las Casas*.

own seeking, among the nullifiers, and abstained from the exasperating topic of politics; he showed sympathy for the citizens, by sending his troops to assist in extinguishing a conflagration; was forbearing, conciliatory and cordial in his deportment, on various occasions; his own tone and feelings were inspired into, and manifested by, his command, of all grades, and the sentiment of hostility was converted into one of kindly regard. While at the same time, as far as events* required, he executed the designs of government, and terminated satisfactorily the duties of his mission. The veil of secrecy still covers a portion of the correspondence, a perusal of which, in our present crisis, would be highly interesting.

In 1836, he led an expedition against the Seminole Indians in Florida. The country was comparatively unknown, and operations were necessarily based, in a degree, on conjecture. Scott combined a movement of several columns, at suitable intervals, through what was supposed the heart of the hostile region. But the result was fruitless;—owing to the lateness of the season—to the facility with which the Indian could elude the pursuit of the more encumbered soldier, and to utter ignorance, at that time, of the haunts and resources which the difficult and unexplored country afforded the enemy. This campaign has been very unjustly discussed. Its history, with that of the entire Seminole war, has yet to be written. The documents† for the purpose are ample, and can be procured without difficulty.

He was more successful against the Creek Indians,

* Scott's order was to prevent a surprise and capture of certain military posts. He had troops, vessels, supplies, &c., &c., and was prepared to defend Fort Moultrie and Augusta Arsenal. The ordinance to nullify was passed 24th November, 1832. It was rescinded the following February. Watkins Leigh and Scott, old friends, met again at Charleston, in the effort to mediate and conciliate—the former bore testimony to the difficult position and delicate services of Scott, and to the success of his policy.

† Sprague, of the army, wrote a history, and had access to the papers. His book is valuable for these documents, but they are badly digested, and he is neither comprehensive nor just. Two remarks may be aptly introduced in this connection. Napoleon says that all history should be founded on official documents, and the text should be little more than explanatory of them; and that declamation may please boys and silly people, but disgusts men of sense, or those who seek for simple truth.—*Las Casas*.

Cicero said, when he contemplated a history of his times, "the first and fundamental law of history is, that it should neither dare to say any thing that was false, or fear to say any thing that was true, nor give any just suspicion either of favour or disaffection," &c.—*De Oratore*.

during the same season, but just as his schemes were completed, and about to accomplish all that was designed, an order from General Jackson re-called him to Washington, based on a private letter from General Jesup to Mr. F. P. Blair. His conduct was subjected to a court of inquiry, but its opinion accorded to him praise, instead of blame.

In 1838, he was sent to the Canada frontier, to quiet the northern people, who were arming to assist the Canadian revolvers; and to preserve neutrality. Being an impressive speaker—the power derived, in a measure, from his early profession, and practiced on many occasions of his life with marked success, proving him to be more than the blunt soldier and of hardy action alone—he addressed numerous assemblies, from Vermont to Detroit, with astonishing effect—exposed the false principles which actuated the “sympathisers”—appealed to the patriotism of the people, and pacified them. Collecting *posses* at different places, and preparing his few soldiers for service, he was ready to coerce the more violent. He thwarted the most determined band at Navy Island, by hiring the vessel designed for them, before they could furnish the required security. Peace or war between America and England perhaps depended on the safe return of this steamer to Buffalo. The British armed vessels were to attack her—Scott heard of it—wrote to their commander—urged him to desist—told the consequences—represented his own efforts to preserve our neutrality; while, at the same time, he was ready with his guns to give fire for fire. The vessel was permitted to pass—*Scott's appeal* was effective—the patriots were dispersed—some leaders taken, and the peace of the two countries, owing to his extraordinary efforts, continued unbroken.

The same year he collected, pacified, conciliated, and removed to the west, the Cherokee Indians. It was a delicate service, and he performed it with equal judgment and skill, and with kindness to the red man. An eminent divine (Channing) said of Scott, in reference to it, “it would not be easy to find among us a man who has won a purer fame.”

Difficulties occurred soon after between Maine and New Brunswick, respecting the boundary line. War was imminent. Scott, as usual in emergencies, was despatched to the north-east, to reconcile the parties. It was an

arduous enterprise. But his success was complete ; and, possibly, no other man could have averted collision. The two governors were determined, and their correspondence had closed ; and Fairfield had so far pledged himself to certain measures, that his legislature only could relieve him. Scott was acquainted with the British governor, an old opponent in 1813*—a friend ever since, and on cordial terms. A letter was due him—he wrote it, and opened thus the negotiation. He persuaded him to a certain course, he then persuaded the governor and legislature to a reciprocal avowal, and, by the exercise throughout, of the most admirable diplomatic skill, harmonized the conflicting claims, and dispelled the cloud of war.

When General Brown died in 1828, Macomb was placed as chief of the army, as Scott supposed over his head, and he tendered his commission. But Congress and the President decided against his claim, based on brevet rank, and he withdrew it. General Macomb died in 1841. Scott succeeded him, and continues the general-in-chief of the army.†

Thus, in war and in peace, General Scott has rendered numerous and valuable services to his country, and in both conditions has proved himself equal to the emergency—has displayed varied and eminent ability, and a patriotism and purity in all his purposes. But we have traced imperfectly the events of his career, because space does not permit any enlargement, or particular explanations. From the mere points presented, the reader may draw his own inferences, and make his own comments.

* Sir John Harvey (then colonel) and Scott were the adjutant-generals of the contending armies in 1813. They had interviews, under flags, on official matters, and acquired for each other respect as soldiers, and esteem as men. On one occasion, in a skirmish, Scott supposed he had cut him off. An American levelled his rifle at Harvey—"hold," said Scott, "he is our prisoner." But Harvey escaped by a desperate leap of his horse, amid a shower of balls. After a capture of baggage at some affair, a splendid coat of a British staff officer was seen in the hands of a soldier. Scott learned it to be Harvey's, taken from a portmanteau having his name on it, which contained also the miniature of a young lady—the betrothed of Harvey—and he purchased both, and sent them to their proper owner. It was a graceful courtesy, most grateful, we should think, to both the parties. It was thus that their esteem ripened into a warm friendship ; and thus, when negotiations were ended, they could be re-opened by these men, and great state questions could be adjusted, without a resort to arms.

† We derive most of the facts relating to General Scott, from a life of him by Mansfield, published in 1845. It is a very creditable biography—well arranged, well written, and highly interesting. It is much superior to "the War with Mexico," by the same author.

The next achievement of General Scott, was the investment and capitulation of Vera Cruz, which is the immediate subject of our present paper, and which we will now proceed to consider, together with an account of his preparations and movements.

The capture of Thornton's party of dragoons, on the Rio Grande, was reported by General Taylor on 26th of April, 1846. The President communicated the information to Congress on the 11th of May. On the 13th, the war preamble was adopted, and authority given the Executive to call for fifty thousand volunteers, and ample pecuniary means appropriated to commence a campaign against Mexico. The general-in-chief of the army was designated to conduct future operations, and he was directed to hold himself in readiness. On the 15th, he addressed a circular to the chiefs of staff, including the quarter-master general, respecting the force to be assembled, and the means of transportation; and at once began his estimates and arrangements, previous to assuming command. A correspondence shortly after ensued between himself and Secretary Marcy, in which he expressed some apprehension (political, it is presumed) of "a fire in the rear," on his departure from Washington; and urged the very reasonable doctrine, that the leader of an army in the field, should possess the implicit confidence of his superiors in the government. The result was, the neglect to order him peremptorily to his post of duty, and the endowment of General Taylor with command against the enemy, for the campaign. The intimation that he was at the service of the President, and ready, at any moment, to repair to the theatre of operations, was not heeded. The reasons assigned for thus overslaughing him, were indifference, delay, and hostility to the existing political power, on his part; and the suspicion has been uttered, that he supposed there would be only out-post skirmishes—no battles—no laurels to be won—and preferred his position in the capitol, to one in such a field. His explanation of the offensive letter, and offer and desire to serve, indicate the reverse. And his conjecture, as to the period (1st September) of the resumption of active hostilities, in view of the difficulties of organizing, transporting, providing, and arranging conclusively the necessary personnel, materiel and supplies, although apparently looking to postponement, in the frenzied impa-

tience of the dominant party, was most judicious; and events demonstrated it to the letter. Much credit is due for the accuracy and foresight exhibited in this bureau estimate. One of his letters to Mr. Marcy, said elsewhere* to have been unofficial, was used as official, and published to his detriment, in consequence, not of its sentiments, but of the phraseology which was unluckily employed. The American people, akin, in this respect, to the French, viewed it in a ludicrous light, and relished heartily the thousand jests that it occasioned. Ridicule is a powerful instrument, which the witty, the impulsive and fickle nation alluded to, have often applied to the ruin of great characters, and sometimes, indeed, for the overthrow of government. It can only be resisted by the increase of reputation. An extraordinary display of ability, in action or speech, will turn the tide in overwhelming force, and the laughers will be laughed at. The truth of this remark is admirably illustrated, in the splendid victories from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico!

Mortified, no doubt, but submitting to his untoward fortune, our general (Scott) wrote to General Taylor on 12th June, advising him in military matters. Secretary Marcy did the same, about the same period (8th). Certain discrepancies appeared between the two, and it has been argued that General Scott did not show his letter to the Secretary, and that "to retain a semblance of command," he exercised an "unwarrantable† interference" with the duties of another. Yet three days after, (15th,) he added a postscript, copied the letter, and asked the approval of the Secretary, which was granted. The most sensible presumption is, that the copy, at least, was submitted, and both letter and postscript were deemed proper. The blame, then, should surely rest on other shoulders, if really there was any to be borne. Subsequently, he took a deep interest in Kearney's expedition to Santa Fe, and continued actively employed in the duties of his office.

As early as the 2d of July, 1846, General Taylor made

* In article "Polk Administration," January number of this periodical. We are reminded of General Jesup's letter to Mr. Blair, in 1836, which was shown to General Jackson, who made it official, and based upon it the recall of General Scott, and his subjection to a court of inquiry, whose opinion, however, complimented him! Jesup supplanted him in the command in the Creek nation. In both cases, injury was temporarily done to Scott, but in the end he triumphed.

† Ripley, vol. i., pp. 159-60.

allusion to a descent on Vera Cruz. On the 9th of that month, before this despatch could have been received, Mr. Marcy wrote to Scott on the same subject for information. If, therefore, any honour is due (as one historian claims) for so plain a suggestion, it should not be monopolized to the benefit of one functionary, but in justice, must be accorded equally, at the least, to both. On the 22d of September, it was known that Santa Anna, who had returned to Mexico in August, under our passport, would not assume the responsibility, as was contemplated, of treating with us; but referred our peace proposition to the Congress, which was to meet in December. The capture of Tampico was then contemplated, and General Patterson was ordered to lead the expedition. Informally directed, Taylor protested, and the scheme, as meditated, was not carried into execution. On or before the 22d of October, it was ascertained that Santa Anna would head the war party, and prove as active, and more efficient in hostility, than had been the banished Paredes. It was then fully resolved to make a descent on Vera Cruz and the Castle de Ulloa, and, at that date, it was intended to place Patterson in command* of the operation, with General Worth in charge of the regular troops; the only condition being, that the withdrawal of the necessary force would not endanger Taylor's army.

About this period, General Scott expressed his views to the Secretaries of War and the Navy, "hastily and orally;" and on the 27th of October gave, "in a more methodical form," to Mr. Marcy, an opinion on Vera Cruz and the Castle, with an estimate of the force requisite to subdue them. An additional memoir was sent on the 12th, and a final memoranda on the 16th of November,—and to carry out their ideas, "the officer of the highest rank in the army" was suggested as the most proper. He said, likewise, "all these calculations (many of them probabilities) ought to be carefully considered, before fitting out an expedition; the failure of which, from inadequate means, would be so fatal to the credit of the administration, and the character of our country." This passage has been treated with a sneer, and regarded as a sycophantic effort to conciliate power, and, through it,

* Ex. Doc., No. 60, H. of R., 1st Ses., 30th Cong. All the letters here referred to, may be found in the same document.

to procure authority in the service. We notice it to rebuke that miserable spirit of partizanship, that cannot expect patriotism from a political opponent, because it will never exercise such honourable virtue itself;—and to denounce that disposition to depreciate and suspect, (liable to be suspected,) which accords no disinterestedness, no magnanimity, and deems all human actions to be prompted by utter selfishness. Were it a philosophy, it would be false and hurtful; but combined with prejudice, and inspired by political animosity, it is degrading. A candid writer, who knew the history of General Scott, would scarcely have attributed paltry motives to his conduct, under any circumstances. He is one of the few distinguished men whom we have studied, whose character is eminently marked with generosity, amiability, a forgiving spirit, and the often contrasting trait—an unconquerable courage. In these respects he is a second Bayard. The President better appreciated the man; his services were accepted. On the 18th of November,* instruction was given that he was to take command of the army in Mexico; and, if practicable, make a landing on the coast at Vera Cruz, or other convenient place. On the 23d, the Secretary of War wrote, “The President, several days since, communicated in person to you, his orders to repair to Mexico, to take command of the forces there assembled; and particularly, to organize and set on foot an expedition to operate on the Gulf coast, if, on arriving at the theatre of action, you shall deem it to be practicable,” &c. To notice another injurious insinuation against Scott—it is asserted that this letter was “not sent.”† “See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!” Yet, “mark, now, how plain a tale shall put him down—” At New-Orleans, on the 21st of December, General Scott says, “I found here your communications of November 23d and December 7th,”‡ &c. Malevolence was again at fault. He was very explicit in his memoranda, in the judgment that the capture of Vera Cruz would avail us nothing—being already rigidly blockaded by the navy—unless with the object of making it a base, and moving thence a line of operations, for the subjugation of the capitol. This conviction was not only tacitly admitted on the part of

* Scott's letter, 24th April, 1848.

† Ripley's History, vol. ii., note p. 14.

‡ Ex. Doc., No. 60, 30 Con., 1 Sess. p. 838.

the supreme authorities, but, in the letter of 23d of November, full power was granted to use the means intrusted, in the best mode of prosecuting hostilities. And if, as alleged, there was not a pen-mark to justify any action beyond Vera Cruz, the liberty was permitted by implication, and there is not a word in opposition. No doubt the disingenuous policy of the political lieutenant-general was meditated, and therefore no distinct order was issued to proceed beyond the coast. A loop-hole was left, at which to escape from a dilemma, with some plausibility; but poor Scott was imposed upon originally, and, without compunction, was to be harshly sacrificed in the end.

General Scott proposed, for the reduction of Vera Cruz and the Castle, 10,000 men, at least; and while willing himself to make the attempt with a smaller force, he thought the government should not risk the expedition with less than from 12 to 15,000. The proportion of the arms, was 600 cavalry, 2,000 artillery, and 7,400 infantry; all the artillery, and part of the others, to consist of regular troops. He presumed that Mexico would assemble an army of 20,000 men, and, if capable of providing the arms, of perhaps double that number, for the defence and protection of her principal seaport and her cherished fortress; and basing his calculations upon this reasonable supposition, he required a sufficient force* to ensure success. The naval squadron was relied on to furnish 1,200 sailors and marines, and the remainder were to be drawn from the army of Gen. Taylor. When actually invested with command, however, he, on the 21st November, modified his demand, in asking for 5,000 regulars, 6,000 volunteers, and, additionally, 4,000 of the new volunteers, "the first that might arrive off the Rio Grande." The ordnance material required, was a siege-train of 24-pounder guns and of eight-inch howitzers (the precise number of each we have not seen published); and fifty ten-inch mortars, with from 80,000 to 100,000† ten-inch shells, weighing, according to Secretary Marcy, 4,000 tons. For his army,

* For the line beyond Vera Cruz, and to subdue the Capitol, Gen. Scott deemed "an army of more than 20,000 men might be needed. 1st, to beat in the field, and in passes, any accumulated force in the way; 2d, to garrison any important points in the rear, to secure a free communication with Vera Cruz; and, 3d, to make distant detachments, in order to gather in, without long halts, necessary subsistence."—*Estimates* 12th Nov., 1846. Ten or twelve new regiments were suggested.

† Secretary Marcy, 21st April, 1848.

looking to ulterior operations, he requested "a pontoon train, to pass rivers;" in the criticism upon which requisition, by Major Ripley, we are constrained to concur. As an ordinary appendage to an army, such an equipage should be in readiness; and the want of one, by General Taylor, after the battle of Resaca, was used in the charge of neglect against the Administration. It was the only occasion that he had for one during the war, and we showed, previously, the improbability of its use, even had one been furnished at his request in August, 1845. But a special requirement of it for service between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico, displayed, on the part of our general, either a desire to have every thing generally attached to the train of a well-appointed army, or ignorance of the theatre of his contemplated operations.* The former should not have exerted a particle of influence with him, for to be efficient and to secure more perfect mobility of troops, nothing extra should have been called for, and least of all an equipage which, by its carriage, might have embarrassed his movements. Essentials only, and compactness for facility, are the true elements in the rapid execution of remote operations. And the least inquiry would have satisfied him, that there was no river in his route which would need, for its passage, a pontoon train.

To transport his armament to Vera Cruz, forty-one ships,† from five hundred to seven hundred and fifty tons each, were deemed sufficient: "twelve for the volunteers, ordnance and supplies from the Atlantic; five to carry surf-boats or lighters; ten to go out in ballast for troops in the Gulf of Mexico; and fourteen to be supplied by the officers of the quarter-master department at New-Orleans on the Gulf." For the purpose of landing at once 5,000 men and eight pieces of light artillery, one hundred and forty surf-boats were thought none too many. The supposed cost of each was about two hundred dollars, but in reality they amounted, according to the Secretary, to nine hundred and fifty dollars! The number was unnecessarily large, as we shall see in the sequel.

* This ignorance, if it existed, need not be greatly condemned, since eminent English writers have spoken of the State of New-England, &c. We may affect, if we do not really entertain, the same ignorance of countries on this continent.

† General Jesup, 17th April, 1848. This was the number submitted to General Jesup, and may have been finally agreed upon by the Secretary of War and General Scott; but the latter, on the 16th November, asked for fifty ships.

Having "laid a sufficient basis for the purposes with which he was charged," and deeming "it best to proceed at once to the South-West, in order to organize the largest number of troops that could be obtained in time" for the principal expedition, General Scott made the suggestion in a project for instructions to himself by the President, on the 23d of November, and left for New-Orleans via New-York the next day. Detained nearly a week in the latter place, and delayed by a sea voyage, he did not reach the former city until the 19th of December. Considering that he was exceedingly anxious to collect his forces by the 15th of January, and accomplish the enterprise against Vera Cruz before the period of the *vomito*, there was much reason in the Secretary's retort of the loss, on his part, of near three weeks precious time,* since he was twenty-seven days arriving at his destination, when it was possible to have been there in seven! This loss was unfortunate, for the proverbial promptitude of a soldier, but it was a casualty not to be foreseen. The trip by sea was usually made in half the time, and the visit to New-York cannot be condemned, unless made for light or frivolous objects, which should never be predicated of Scott; nor could his activity and energy have been much impaired since 1838, when they were as conspicuous on the Northern frontier as at any period of his life. But the movement, at last, depended on the vessels of transport, at the concentration of troops at the Brazos, and he was in readiness long before their arrival. There was, therefore, no injury incurred.

A few days in New-Orleans were consumed in communicating his arrangements at that point, where also spies were employed to visit the interior of Mexico, and report early the condition of affairs; and on the 27th of December he was at the Brazos. At sea, he addressed Commodore Conner, who was to co-operate with him,—determined fully upon the rendezvous at Lobos Island, sixty miles from Tampico and one hundred and twenty from Vera Cruz—

* Letter 21st April, 1848. This is one of the most effective letters ever penned. With the advantages of all the documents from all departments, an admirable vindication of the department was made, and the tables, as to many points, were turned upon our general. We would not mar the reputation it has received, by asserting that a critic may discern several flaws in the reasoning, but truth requires that we should do so, and in the progress of these articles it may be proved. A beautiful illustration of Scott's magnanimity may be found in his recent reconciliation with Governor Marcy.

requested a survey of the harbour—desired the speculation favoured that he meditated a joint attack, with Taylor, on San Luis Potosi—expressed the hope of effecting the descent on Vera Cruz by the 15th of February, at farthest, and, without different advice, intended to shelter his forces previously under the Sacrificios. Proceeding to Camargo on the 3d, he issued his orders *directly** to General Butler for detaching the troops he required. Taylor was at Victoria. To him he enclosed his letter to Butler, and stated his “arrangements of every sort to be *complete, except that all depended on drawing from his command 5,000 regulars and blank thousand volunteers;*” with which, and some new regiments, our general thought that Providence might defeat him, but the *Mexicans could not!* Had the two generals met, there would have been no discussion by the public and by the enemies of both, respecting the regulars taken from Taylor. As seen by the tenour of his letter of January, 1847, Scott would have given him the amplest satisfaction, on every point since drawn into controversy; and have modified his call for particular troops. The failure of the reception of letters, interchanged between them, was the great cause of not conferring together personally, and occasioned a correspondence which busy bodies converted into some slight reciprocal irritation.

About the middle of January, the parties from Saltillo and above the Rio Grande, for the expedition, approached the first rendezvous—the Brazos. Among others, were the dragoons, with Colonel Harney at their head. There had been some ill feeling between this officer and the general-in-chief, but it was founded upon mere opinions, said to have been expressed by the former, which all grumblers are in the habit of uttering against superiors, without reason and with little consistency. These, however, were gravely received. On the 22d of January, Harney was ordered to relinquish his command to the next senior, and report to General Taylor for duty—while the major (Sumner) of his own regiment (second dragoons) was to be invested with the control of all the regular cavalry. Harney respectfully protested against the injustice of leaving seven companies of his regiment to a junior,

* This was a modified repetition of Marcy's letter to Patterson, against which Taylor protested. Scott never believed in the doctrine of a superior's observing any channel of orders. He and Jackson had a bitter controversy on this point in 1817. We must differ entirely with General Scott.

and being forced to the command of only two; and regretted his separation from an expedition which he eagerly hoped to join, because it promised splendid results; yet, for the moment, he obeyed. A day later, the general intimated that Sumner was to lead the cavalry, and what Harney presumed an imaginary command was assigned to him. Then, he resumed command of his regiment—claimed it as long as he was a colonel, and asserted that no authority, short of the President, should deprive him of it. A court-martial was appealed to, and charges of disobedience and insubordination were submitted. The privilege of selecting members of the court was offered to Harney, but, excluding only two, on the long list, he declined it. He was found guilty of the first, and acquitted of the second, and sentenced to a reprimand. With admirable grace he yielded to the judgment of his peers, but on asking when he should proceed to Taylor's headquarters, the occasion was made to lament, "seriously and deeply," his exclusion from a "service which appealed to his soldiership and patriotism;" for it was not then imagined that fortune would crown General Taylor with the glory of unparalleled victory. Our general was softened, and he was directed to report for duty to General Worth. This was a double triumph—that of discipline on one side, and soldierly pride and gallantry on the other. Abstractly, both were right; and the display of both must have been highly gratifying to the service. We notice the occurrence, as it involves a military principle which merits some comment.

General Scott assumed the position, that, being responsible for the conduct of a delicate and responsible expedition, it was his privilege to select the leaders of his army corps, with a view to their efficiency and hearty co-operation in attaining the desired objects. And if the right of selection was granted, that of rejecting the services of the incompetent in his judgment, and those hostile to him personally, or indifferent to the enterprise, necessarily followed. He had exercised the same power during the late war, and, if not mistaken, it was in the campaign of 1814, with regard to his brigade, and when not in command, for General Brown was the chief. It was then approved, although only majors led his regiments, and the result was a brilliant confirmation of his choice. In this case, his course was rebuked by the President, and he was

directed to restore* Harney "to his appropriate command," before it was known at Washington that he had already done so. In the general principle, we agree fully with General Scott, and have no doubt that it has the sanction of all enlightened governments, as well as the precedent of immemorial practice. The opposite may often prove a ruinous, and is always a hazardous, policy. 'Tis worse than "fear in public councils, that oft betrays like treason." Bitter enmity will sacrifice self at times to destroy its object—at others, wise schemes may be thwarted by a want of interest and zeal, and the victor yet not subject himself to open censure—and a chief not only exacts the mere routine duties of a subordinate, but he needs the encouragement of counsel and approval, with a will to endure with patient fortitude, and achieve with desperate daring, whatever may tend to ultimate success. To expect these of the disaffected, is presuming upon a better nature than man has ordinarily evinced. But acknowledging the right, it should always be exercised with cautious care and with proper delicacy. An honourable service, and an equivalent command, should be provided, in substitute, for relinquishing the more legitimate onus; or, in an army like ours, without the authority to retire on partial pay, after a career of devotion to the country, a candid avowal should be made of refusal, when on the ground of old age or physical infirmity, which, expressed in becoming terms, could not disgrace and should not offend.

In this particular instance, Scott gave a brief peremptory order, without any explanation, presuming these considerations understood, perhaps, and made no provision for respectable command, according to Harney's rank of colonel; while Harney, indiscreet when following his own head, was an admirable executive officer; was full of spirit and energy; in vigorous health, and brave as need be, and, from his own words, and Worth's certificate, (endorsement,) was inspired with zeal and a cordial co-operative disposition in an enterprise where laurels, in his imagination, were sure to encircle his brow. No objection could well be urged to him, and we should regret his original rejection, had not a court maintained our chief in the principle of obedience under all circumstances—and had not a kind

* Letter of Secretary Marcy, February 22d, 1847.

feeling between the two been renewed by manly submission in the one, and his efficiency and gallantry in after service, which elicited spontaneous praise from the other.

We go farther than this military rule warrants, and in time of war would authorize the chief of an army to promote, for distinguished conduct, on the field of battle; without fear of establishing the converse, of breaking on the spot for cowardice or gross neglect; because a court can always be summoned, with sufficient promptness, for punishment and for example. No incentive would be so powerful to achieve the highest deeds of which the human will is capable. Rank is the chief aim of the soldier, and, to him, possibly above all, the quick succession of the reward to the brilliant feat of arms, is conducive to the repetition of great effort. A lieutenant made a captain in one combat, would become a major in the next with a possible chance; or become extinguished in the trial. And such is the ambition of all grades, from the private even to the general. Our present system of brevets—conferred at some distant period, and when fortune or favouritism influences far more than uniform merit—offers little stimulus; and when, in spite of it, we see glorious actions, they may be attributed to native courage and energy, and passion warmed by the occasion, rather than to the great hope of preferment. In his Italian campaign, Napoleon promoted, and reduced or dismissed officers, when the service or the offence rendered it proper. It was not strictly conforming to the established orders, for seniority was, in a measure, considered by the Directory, while talent and distinguished service were rarely overlooked; but he assumed the responsibility, events justified it, and his course was approved. No armies of modern times, nor indeed of the world, have exhibited rarer instances of individual gallantry and heroism, than the French, just preceding and during his supremacy in France; and the grand provocative unquestionably was, that merit was sure to receive its reward, while their governmental institutions, based on the equality of classes, or rather leveling all classes into the single rank of citizen, opened all the avenues of office and power to the deserving peasant-born, equally with him whose lineage might be traced a thousand years. In consequence, where else do we find so many rapid ascents of the ladder of military ambition? Where else do we find so many men like Napoleon, Des-

saix, Hoche, Ney, Soult, Lannes, Joubert, and scores of others, occupying the highest grades before the age of thirty? It is in this term, that the brightest actions that adorn the annals of the race are achieved—when the heart's quick pulsations urge the execution of daring conceptions of the brain, and when youthful enterprise and spirit, spurred by ever-present visions of renown and glory, and unalloyed by the studied security and caution of maturer life, seek to do what never yet was done. In our country, with institutions, to a degree, assimilated, kindred souls, and full as numerous, may be found; and in times of war the like notices would make them loom out, full as prominently above the horizon of the masses.

If too much power would thus be bestowed on a general, and the fear obtain that it might degenerate ultimately into the same partialities which prevail in our supreme authorities, let appointments be revised by a board of officers, and announced by the chief, while the army is yet covered with the dust of recent conflict. We have not space to discuss the mode of promotion practiced in our army,* nor to expose and descant on the inane honor of brevets. Another opportunity may be improved, when the general succinctness of the narrative will permit the relief of such digression. So far, our episodes have been our chief subjects, and active operations but incidentals. We shall proceed more directly to the siege of Vera Cruz.†

* Halleck's Compend. of the Art and Science of War, derived from the highest authorities, and a valuable book for general ideas, contains some views on this subject, which may be read to advantage.

† In our paper on the Battle of Buena Vista, allusion was made to the lieutenant-general. We will not repeat our remarks. When thwarted in that object, the administration appointed Benton a major-general, and asked authority to place any major-general in chief command, which was not granted. The desire, evidently, was to supersede Scott by any legitimate means, or, perhaps, rather to invest Benton with control, (who had a grand scheme to execute,) and to make him successor to the purple. Mansfield has said that the design in allowing Scott to proceed to the Brazos at all, was to embroil him and Taylor, and their friends, and thereby sow discord in the ranks of the whigs, to whose party both these generals were attached. We could not assign this policy to Mr. Polk, although his treatment of General Scott was wanting in both generosity and good faith. If true, and he gave his assent, the scheme originated elsewhere, and for the benefit of some other, since he accepted the nomination with a pledge against the second term. The mere suspicion of bad motives in men in high or low places, should be rebuked, and in this case there is no real ground to base it on. Demagogues—hacks—who are always ultra partizans for the sake solely of party, are those who enter-

After much annoyance to our general, from the more prompt arrival of his troops, than of transports to convey them; and, after final arrangements to his satisfaction, with a most intelligent and energetic quarter-master, (the late Captain A. R. Hitzel,) he sailed on the 15th of February for Lobos, via Tampico; leaving Worth at the Brazos to hasten the embarkation. Completing his preparations at Tampico, for future defence, and for the movement of the commands of Twiggs and Patterson, he again set sail, and reached the rendezvous on the 21st of February, where our Palmettos and other volunteers were found at their post. Other troops continued to arrive daily, until the major part of the armament was assembled on the little island, a mile long by a half broad. Drills were carried on—all requisite preparations were actively engaged in—while the chief, in the following manner, organized his forces, which numbered over twelve thousand men. Worth's 1st brigade of regulars consisted of Duncan's battery of horse artillery, the 2d and 3d regiments of artillery, the 4th, 5th, 6th and 8th regiments of infantry, with the addition of two independent companies of volunteers. Twiggs' 2d brigade of regulars—Taylor's battery, the 1st and 4th regiments of artillery, the 1st, 2d, 3d and 7th regiments of infantry, and the regiment of mounted riflemen. Patterson's division of volunteers, composed of three brigades: Pillow's brigade—the 1st and 2d regiments from Tennessee, the 1st and 2d from Pennsylvania, and Steptoe's battery; Quitman's brigade—the Palmetto regiment, one from Georgia and one from Alabama; Shield's brigade—one regiment from New-York, and two from Illinois. The cavalry, separately, consisted of detachments from the 1st and 2d regiments of dragoons, and one regiment from Tennessee.*

Having seen all the troops aboard, excepting Harney's dragoons, Worth left the Brazos; and entering the bay of Lobos, on the 2d of March, the fleet immediately weighed anchor, and sailed for Anton Lizardo, a few miles south of Vera Cruz. By the 5th, though delayed and partially scattered by a "norther," as many as sixty vessels were

tain, as they can readily engender, such foul ideas. Let us believe in, and ascribe, purity among our officials, and seven times in ten it will be observed in their conduct; and our tendency towards the most corrupt days of Rome, will at least be retarded.

* Ripley's second volume.

anchored in the bay, amid which the Massachusetts steamer passed about noon, and our general on board received three hearty cheers from his enthusiastic followers. On the 7th or 6th—(historians disagree)—he assembled all the generals on a small steamer, and proceeded to inspect the shore, in order to select the best place for the contemplated landing. Passing within range of the guns of the Castle de Ulloa, a number of shells were thrown at the little vessel, and, from the explosion of two of them, she narrowly escaped destruction. A single one might have sent her to the bottom, with the loss of all on board, which would have occasioned much confusion in the army, and have forced back the expedition, to be renewed only after the lapse of an entire season;—a disaster, from which fortune rescued us, in spite of the indiscreet temerity of our general. There need not have been such an accompaniment on a reconnaissance; nor, in fact, was it necessary that the chief should assume such duty in person.

The beach, west of the Sacrificios Island, three miles below the city, was chosen, and the next day (8th) named for the landing; an apprehended “norther,” however, postponed it until the 9th. On that morning, the troops were crowded into the naval vessels and a few of the transports, and conveyed to the anchorage, within the Sacrificios. The order of procedure in the descent had been timely issued at Lobos; the honour of the advance was assigned to Worth’s brigade. Patterson’s volunteers were to succeed it, and Twiggs’ brigade to follow in reserve. Two steamers and five gun-boats were stationed suitably to sweep the shore, and, by their cross fires, cover the landing. Sixty-seven* surf-boats (all that were obtained of the one hundred and forty required) were manned by sailors, and Worth’s command deliberately took their places. Expecting opposition, a steamer passed near the shore and fired, to ascertain whether there were any masked batteries or troops, and what their position—but

* Scott’s report, 12th March, 1847. We do not find the number of troops that landed under Worth stated by Ripley, Mansfield, or in the reports. Kendall, in his recent beautifully illustrated work, which, at a future time, we may notice more fully, says that four thousand five hundred men of Worth’s division went ashore. But he certainly over-estimates. There were twelve thousand men in the three divisions, and Patterson’s was more numerous than either Worth’s or Twiggs’. We are sure that three thousand was the fullest extent of the troops taken in the sixty-seven surf-boats.

the fire was not returned, and not an enemy was to be seen. The spars of the foreign ships in the port of Vera Cruz were thronged with spectators of the scene, and our military and naval troops were equally intent on witnessing one of the most interesting, and perhaps the most hazardous, of the enterprises of war. Every thing being ready, the signal sounded at 4 P. M.—the boats cast off in order, but deranged by a strong current, Worth aligned his colours, directing the boats to follow each their own, and all pulled away with a will, to reach the land. Approaching, the men dashed into the water waist-deep, formed companies, and rushed forward to meet the foe, whom they could not conceive to be absent at so critical a period. The beach and first range of sand hillocks were promptly occupied, and the conflict was impatiently anticipated; but not a gun was fired, nor did a Mexican appear to observe, much less confront them. The landing was effected without bloodshed. The return boats soon conveyed the volunteers ashore, and about midnight the entire army was on *terra firma*, without the loss of a man, and without a single accident, to mar the perfection of the pre-arrangements, and the precision and skill of their execution.

Vera Cruz is situated on the shore of the Gulf, and contained about fifteen thousand inhabitants. The houses were of thick walls and flat roofs, as at Monterey and throughout the country, and each might have been rendered a fort against an attack. At the south-eastern angle on the beach, was the Fort San Iago, a bastion of large capacity, having a cavalier, and nine heavy guns, in barbette, of the best English manufacture. At the northern extremity of the city, was Fort Conception, a similar work; and, intermediate, surrounding the place, were continuous lines of fortifications, some ten small but solidly built bastions and redans, united by curtains, which were musket proof, and formidable to assault, but not capable of offering any resistance to cannon. The westerly redoubt, in this series, was Santa Barbara. There were no ditches in front, because the “northers” would soon fill them with drifting sand; but a system of *troux de loups* had been dug as an obstruction, some distance beyond. These works were defended by eighty-six* pieces of artillery, and three

* We take Ripley's figures. Haile, a clever correspondent of the N. O. Picayune, said there were one hundred and six guns mounted. The Mexican

thousand or more soldiers, a portion of the national guard, and the remainder regulars. Beyond the walls were ranges of sand hills, with a dense growth of chapparal intervening. The castle needs little description. It is an immense work, on an island, one thousand yards from the city ; having one hundred and twenty-eight guns, &c., mounted, of various kinds and calibres, with one thousand and thirty soldiers to man them. The supply of ammunition for all purposes was deemed ample—the great deficiencies consisted in troops to manœuvre without the place, and direct the guns within ; and subsistence ; which latter improvidence is the surest mark of a non-civilized people. However, with one voice they courageously resolved to struggle valiantly for their altars and their firesides.

Early in February, it was expected momentarily at Vera Cruz, to see our ships with an invading army ; and aid was requested of the government at Mexico. Scott's despatches, captured through Lieutenant Ritchey, June 7, informed Santa Anna, and through him, the people generally, that our next movement would be against Vera Cruz. But the fact was no secret in this country—our press discussed the question in all its bearings, and the Vera Cruzans knew our design, long before its execution was attempted. The city of Mexico, however, was torn by faction, and could render no assistance. Several parties contended for the supremacy. Farias, at the head of the government, had armed the puros, the rabble ; and the polkas, the wealthy, for self-preservation, arrayed themselves in opposition. Congress had decreed the assessment of certain money from the priesthood. The clergy and the moderados dissented violently from this measure ; and thus arose, what was termed the laughable, *though, to the sufferers, a serious*, pronunciamento de los mugeros (declaration of the women !) suggested by the church, to coerce the men into support of the priesthood, by the denial of marital rights ! And, very probably, it gave occasion to

historians place the soldiers in the city at three thousand three hundred and sixty—in the castle, at one thousand and thirty, (p. 183) ; yet, in alluding to the surrender, uses the following language ; “ At ten, the troops which had been drawn up ever since nine, in the streets leading to La Mercede, marched out for the plain of the Cocos, in the centre of which were a white and an American flag. The troops, formed in column, with their head resting there, remained in square, and counted eight thousand men, with four batteries.” p. 196.

many instances of a species of rape, of which the law could not take cognizance ! Excommunications followed, and the clergy found themselves favouring the monarchical party, in conjunction with the polkas, all of whom turned against the administration of Farias. The Santanistas occupied a medium ground, (though detested by Farias,) without knowing the exact sentiments of their chief. Hostilities began—a little blood was shed—a separate government was organized and supported by the church party—and these two powers continued, for a brief period, in the exercise of independent functions. But the defeat at Buena Vista having occurred, Santa Anna approached the capitol—all parties deferred to him, and intrigued for his countenance of their schemes—he commanded the army, and was not committed to any line of conduct ; and, by a Machiavellian policy, he quieted the discontents—silenced, if he did not harmonize, conflicting factions, and suspended both the *de facto* governments, by accepting the presidency himself, with permission to head the armies in the field. This miserable struggle was going on for two or three months, at the very period that Santa Anna was calling for means to facilitate his movement against Taylor ; and while the Vera Cruzans were equally earnest, in their applications for aid in preparing defensive measures. The city of Puebla sent a gratuity of twenty thousand dollars. But the capitol furnished neither men, nor money, nor subsistence. And government had even ordered* elsewhere a corps of regular troops, who were accustomed to the yellow fever climate. Still, the “devoted” citizens and combatants of Vera Cruz were not discouraged, and they resolved to win for their city the title of “heroic.”

Our army, being firmly planted on shore, Worth’s command occupied, permanently, a hill near the beach, and about a mile and three quarters from the city. On the same day, (10th,) Patterson’s division passed them in the investment, and took position at a similar distance, and opposite Fort Santa Barbara. The governor of the State left the city, at the head of the cavalry, in order to cut off our supplies from the country, and our scouting parties ; and it may be, also, to escape the fate of those who should

* “The Other Side,” a Mexican history. The brief notice of affairs at the capitol is derived from the same source.

remain within the walls. He directed the inhabitants to continued resistance. His force first encountered the volunteers, and was repulsed; with the capture, on our part, of the magazine, containing some stores, the hacienda Malibran, also, and the cutting of an aqueduct which supplied the city. The guns of the castle and city began their play on our troops, but without much effect. In the meantime, the baggage of the army and subsistence stores were landed from the fleet.

On the 11th, a sharp skirmish ensued, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Dickinson, of the Palmettos, was wounded, and several men were killed and wounded, but the enemy were again defeated. Twiggs commenced his movement to occupy Vergara, near the coast, north of Fort Conception; and, while passing Patterson's position, Captain Alburdis, seated for a moment under a tree, and two miles distant from the city, had his head taken off by an eighteen pounder shot. The deep sands and dense chaparral, and the intense heat, and scarcity of water, were serious obstacles to the march of this column, and it was not until next day (12th) that Twiggs reached his destination. The line of investment, touching the coast above and below the city, and stretching about six miles, was completed. Supplies were still thrown into the city, for the want of cavalry to intercept them; Harney's dragoons not arriving until the 18th. But one instance, however, of their successful entrance, has been noted. Worth had discovered that Point Hornos, on the beach, fourteen hundred yards from the city, was unoccupied, and he promptly despatched Captain Vinton, (brevet major, but unknown in the army,) with two companies to seize it. Posting himself in a lime kiln, he maintained the ground, in spite of an active fire, for several days. Colonel Totten, (now general,) chief engineer, who had aided Scott at Fort George, in 1813, made a thorough reconnoissance of the ground, and selected Campo Santo, a stone enclosure, about eleven hundred yards* from the town, and as far from the shore, as the best point for his batteries. The trenches were begun on the 18th, in that vicinity—the single parallel was constructed, and the sites for the batteries prepared. The occurrence of "northers" pre-

* Ripley. General Scott writes on the 18th, that the troops were at work within nine hundred yards of the walls. Mansfield (p. 170) says eight hundred yards.

vented, at times, all intercourse with the ships, and the landing of the ordnance and ordnance stores had been delayed. But by noon, on the 22d, numbers one, two and three, batteries, were established, as well as the necessary magazines and protecting traverses, and seven ten-inch mortars were planted, while six Cohorns were placed along the parallel. Number One was 300 yards east of the stone enclosure, and behind a sand hill. Number Two was 150 yards to its left and rear, and in front of a hill. Number Three was west of Campo Santo. The enemy had impeded, with all the ability of their shells and rockets, the conveyance of our materiel to its places in the magazines and batteries, which annoyed exceedingly, without effecting much injury. And, indeed, their round shot and heavy thirteen-inch shells, had been thrown, from time to time, at all exposed troops, and at the trenches, during all our operations.

The Spanish Consul in Vera Cruz, preferring not to leave, asked our general to respect the persons and property of Spanish subjects. In reply, on the 13th, the general promised to do all that circumstances would permit, although, if an assault were executed, there would be much difficulty in discriminating; and safeguards were sent for all the foreign consuls. As early as the 7th March, it was known to the army that General Taylor had fought a battle in the north, and, even from a one-sided account, in a Vera Cruz paper, it was believed that a victory had been won. On the 15th, an authentic report arrived at head-quarters, and General Scott announced it in orders, in suitable terms. The effect on our troops may well be conceived; and, if their morale and enthusiasm required additional stimulus, to the scenes around them, and the certainty of an early triumph, the brilliant achievement at Buena Vista would have exalted both to the highest pitch. It has been said that the impression was prominent, in the vigour and daring at Cerro Gordo, and was equally manifested in the splendid deeds in the Valley of Mexico.

In readiness to commence the bombardment, our general, at 2 P.M., on the 22d, despatched a flag, to summon the place to surrender, in order to preserve the city from ruin, to save bloodshed, and spare the inhabitants from inevitable defeat, with its consequences, however postponed. Not knowing whether the commands of city and castle were united, he proposed that, should the former submit,

he would not direct a shot upon the latter from within the walls, unless first fired on. Two hours were granted for the decision. The terms were rejected, and the determination expressed to defend both points, "at all cost," while the commander chose to understand, erroneously, that the surrender of *both* was demanded. At 4 o'clock, P.M., the batteries opened, and, the range being acquired by a few trials, our shells were thrown with accuracy, and with great rapidity. In three hours, our supply was nearly exhausted, which, at dark, was replenished, and the practice was kept up vigorously all night. Commodore Perry (successor to Commodore Conner) moved five schooners and two steamers under Point Hornos—at a mile and an eighth—and kept up a constant fire, until nine next morning, when he drew off temporarily, to return again the same day. The enemy plied all his guns, from castle and city—some men were wounded—risks were run in the trenches; but there was only one serious casualty—the death of Captain Vinton, in command of battery number Three, who was slain by a shell, which penetrated the parapet.* He was a gentleman of high endowments, and an excellent and accomplished officer.

On the 23d, a "nother" sprang up, which prevented the landing of stores, and our mortar firing was diminished. The naval vessels were reached from the castle, and withdrew. Three more mortars were platformed in the batteries. A battery was begun, west of number Three, for four twenty-four pounders and two eight-inch howitzers, and also a naval battery, in front of Patterson's command, opposite to, and 1000 yards from, Fort Santa Barbara, to be armed with three thirty-two pounders and three eight-inch Paixhan guns. On the 24th, but one shell was thrown every five minutes, which encouraged the Mexicans to renewed exertions, and they dismounted one of our mortars. The "nother" abating, more ammunition was taken ashore. The naval battery, concealed by the chapparal, was completed, and obstructions cut away. It fired, with tremendous effect, upon Santa Barbara, a novelty and a surprise for the enemy. All their guns were brought to bear, and a fierce cannonade was con-

* A letter from an assistant-surgeon in the army states that there was not a bruise on his person, although he fell dead, and the shell was a heavy one.

tinued for several hours. The embrasures for the heavy guns were large, and, offering a good mark, the Mexicans killed, through them, several men. Number Four was finished, likewise, and the siege guns placed in position. In the meantime, our shells had committed havoc and destruction in the city. Every combustible house was fired—the churches were no protection—the soldiers were killed—the inhabitants, including women and children, were slaughtered—the survivors were forced to the mole and distant points; but our ranges were being improved to reach them. Provisions were exhausted—death stalked through the streets, in other phases than from shell and shot—there was no prospect of relief, and the destitute and distressed were reduced to despair; but the soldiers continued firm. These, we are told by their historians, at one time meditated a sally, to cut their way out, sword in hand; but, for some reason, not assigned, the idea was abandoned. At length, the foreign consuls, under leave from the commander, Morales, sent a flag, on the night of the 24th, to General Scott, and asked a truce, in order that their fellow-subjects, and the *Mexican women and children*, might leave the town. Scott refused to accede to the request. He would not grant a truce, (suspension of fire,) unless applied for by the commander, with a distinct proposition of surrender. And, while sympathizing with the sufferings of the women, he showed that opportunities of escape were not wanting, up to the 23d,* at which time communication between the neutral vessels of war in port and the city was first forbidden, and this means had been so long permitted, with the design of favouring their withdrawal. He had considered all these things before a gun had been fired, and would adhere to his present decision.

Early on the 25th, we had an active play on the city: ten ten-inch mortars, four twenty-four-pounder guns, three long thirty-two-pounders, three long eight-inch Paixhans, and two eight-inch howitzers. The mortars were still directed upon the devoted city; the siege guns fired upon the gate Mercede, opening south, and the only one not closed; the naval pieces upon Santa Barbara, whose walls were stuck full of heavy shot, embrasures,

* Commodore Perry's letter to the commanders of foreign vessels of war, prohibiting intercourse, and previously approved by General Scott, was dated 22d of March, and, in his despatch home, the general says the same; but, in his letter to the consuls, he says 23d.

two or three knocked into one, guns dismounted, men killed, and the curtain, running north, demolished, for fifty or sixty yards. The enemy made a lively reply, but with comparatively little damage: yet, in the naval battery, a loss was incurred, which was a deprivation to the service, and a more sad one to South-Carolina, his State. Midshipman T. B. Shubrick, in charge of the battery, or a section of it, was killed. He bore a gallant name, and while sustaining it by his sword, no doubt would have added to its reputation, had he been spared to maturer age and to scenes and hazards where higher renown might have been achieved.

In the meantime, the foreign consuls had not been inactive. They laid the reply of Scott before Morales, with the solicitation that he should respect the demand of the American general. Feeling the vanity of farther sacrifices, either by holding the place longer, or waiting to receive an assault from superior numbers, yet Morales, a brave man, apprehended censure from his unreasonable countrymen, and, rather than capitulate, feigned illness, and left the subject with Landero, his successor in command. The latter submitted a proposal, in the afternoon of the 25th, for commissioners to be named, to treat of a surrender. The cannonade ceased, although preparations were made to renew it next day, with increased vigour, and with four additional mortars. The commissioners met on the 26th, under instructions, and, after much discussion, and a difference about the castle, with a renewal of negotiations on ultimata submitted by General Scott, late on the 27th, the terms were concluded and signed. Both city and castle, with the public property and armaments, were yielded—the officers to be dismissed on parole—the troops not to serve until exchanged—their colours, when struck, to be saluted by their own batteries, and the civil and religious rights of the citizens of Vera Cruz to be guaranteed. At 10 o'clock, A.M., on the 29th, the Mexican forces marched through the gate La Mercede, to the plain of surrender, and, between the brigades of Worth and Pillow, drawn up on two sides, they piled their arms, and departed. Not an insulting word or gesture was offered by our soldiers, at this mortifying scene. They displayed the respect due to brave men in misfortune, and all the decency and decorum becoming to a civilized conqueror. Worth was as-

signed to the command of both places, and, when the stars and stripes first floated over them in triumph, the welkin rang with salutes of artillery and the proud cheers of a whole army. But these honours were paid to the ensigns of our own country; they were not manifested in derision to the lowered standard of our enemy, and, least of all, in derogation of its gallant defenders.

About 5000 prisoners, with as many stands of arms, were surrendered, and some 400 pieces of ordnance,* of various kinds and calibres, with an immense quantity of ordnance stores. Soon after the capitulation, General Scott received 40 ten-inch mortars, and over 40,000 shells, which were in season for a vigorous attack upon the castle, had it not been included in the terms with the city.

The number of projectiles fired by the Mexicans, on their own showing,† was 8486, and their loss, on the same authority, was at least 1000, exclusive of non-combatants. Our batteries, according to Mansfield, threw 3000 ten-inch shells, 200 howitzer shells, 1000 Paixhan shot and 2500 round shot—in all, 6700; while our loss, excluding marines, amounted to 12 killed and 56 wounded. But these casualties, on our part, include the losses in the skirmishes with the enemy, beyond the range of their cannon, and sometimes miles distant from the city. Two of these were affairs which deserve a passing allusion. The first was on the 24th, at the Puente del Medio, three miles from Vergara, towards Jalapa. Colonel (now General) Smith was sent by Twiggs to disperse the guerrillas stationed there, which he promptly effected, by bold and skilful manœuvres. The other was at the Puente de Morena, over the Medellin stream, several miles south-

* General Scott's order, number 80, 30th of March, 1847. Ripley says, 86 guns in the city and 128 in the castle, mounted. Haile says, 106 mounted, in city, and 100 dismounted, and 160 in position in the castle. Singular discrepancies on a point which could have been rendered certain. Obviously, General Scott speaks in round numbers, in his general order. And the probability is that Ripley is most exact, as he gives an elaborate history, and was present during the siege.

† "The Other Side," etc., p. 195, for the Mexican shot. Mansfield gives ours at p. 171. On 28th of March, Colonel (now General) Bankhead, chief of artillery at Vera Cruz, in his report, estimates the number at only 2500 shot and shells, excluding the marine battery. The chief of ordnance kept, of course, an exact account; but we have not seen his report. Mansfield is, perhaps, correct, although we had few pieces in position, and, from numerous interruptions by "northers," did not fire with a rapidity at all comparable to what we could have done under favourable circumstances.

ward, and whence parties were despatched to annoy our lines. Scott ordered Colonel Harney to break up the enemy's position. Finding it barricaded, and too strong for cavalry, he ordered up artillery. The bridge was swept and cleared—the dismounted men tore away the defences—the dragoons dashed across, and pursued the flying enemy some six miles, and sabred numbers of them. There were some handsome feats, of individual officers and men. And, slight as the skirmish may be deemed, the gallantry displayed occasioned a distribution of some brevet commissions. This was the last act of hostility connected immediately with the siege. It was now ended—possession was taken of the enemy's works—General Scott humanely issued 10,000 rations to the starving people, and commenced with energy the requisite preparations for a prompt movement to the interior.

The descent upon Vera Cruz was wisely conceived. That point offered a fine base, with a good anchorage, for operations towards the city of Mexico, and it was upon the shortest and most practicable route for troops, passed through a more populous region than those by San Luis or Tampico, had the latter avenue been possible for the trains of an invading army; and, in spite of the mountain defiles, which Santa Anna deemed formidable, it presented superior advantages. That this plan of subduing the capital was the best, is no longer a question, events having demonstrated it to be so, beyond cavil.

The moment this measure was determined on, which was in October, or earlier, our government should have provided the ordnance materiel. It might have been supposed that time would be required to procure an ample supply, since the resource was confined to our own country; and the corroborating proof is found in the praise awarded to our workshops and foundries, for what they accomplished in a brief period. As the fall of Vera Cruz was unimportant, unless preliminary to an interior movement, our government should also have urged incessantly, and Congress have promptly conceded, the organization of suitable forces for the expedition; and, for these, adequate supplies should have been early ordered. The ten regiments were recommended at the opening of the session of 1846; but they were not voted until the 11th of February, 1847, and government did not issue the order for their formation until the 4th of March. These delays

are reprehensible, and they proved the primary cause of our battles and losses in the valley of Mexico.

General Scott's estimates were, none of them, extravagant. His materiel was all needed, for the speedy destruction of the enemy's defences, in view of the fatal disease which prevails in the *Tierra Caliente* of Mexico the greater part of the year. His troops were minimum force, as he said; but the probability of an opposing army, the hazard of landing on an open coast, and the disgrace and disasters of repulse, should have induced him to name 20,000, rather than 10,000 men. It is a maxim, that, in descents, you must be superior in force,* and you must land the largest possible number of men at first, equipped, etc., to secure your foothold. Sir Walter Raleigh said. "All petty attempts are more profitable to the invaded than to the invader." History is full of failures, especially since the use of gunpowder, in consequence of efforts with inadequate means. It is a false economy, in such instances, as it is a false policy, that undervalues the enemy's resistance, or aims at indecisive objects.

The selection of Lobos Island, for the preliminary rendezvous, accorded with principle. Scott's fleet was concentrated; his final measures were completed; and, in full force, his army could sweep down the 120 miles, under the frequent north winds in winter, and appear together, at the scene of action.

The point of debarkation was chosen for its anchorage, and the protection of Sacrificios Island; and also with two other objects: 1st, to be out of reach of the guns of the castle and city, and 2dly, in view of our great deficiency of land transportation; near enough to invest, without unnecessary labour, suffering and waste of time.

The landing was a beautiful operation, for its order and precision; admirable for its entire freedom from accident, and its rapidity; debarking, perhaps 11,000 men, in a few hours, attests the harmony and wisdom of the plan, and the energy and skill of the subordinate executive officers. The navy merit their full share of praise,

* "An expedition intended to operate ulteriorly should be, from the first, superior to the probable immediate force of the enemy, so that the landing be effected with more decisive success, and the ulterior movements may proceed without delay." *English Aide Memoire*, p. 11, 1st vol. General Scott anticipated meeting an opposing army of 20,000 or 30,000 men.

for these latter qualities. The French, at Algiers, were a whole day landing 9,000 men, and numbers were lost. The English landed in Egypt, in 1801, about 5,000 men, simultaneously.—*Las Casas*.

With all the surf-boats called for, General Scott could have put ashore one-half his army at a single trip, and, with a force in front, it might have been essential to success. The after progress was highly creditable: in spite of numerous drawbacks—the sand, the sun, the chapparal, the scarcity of water, the chilling and blustering “northers,” the want of animals and carriages,* and the skirmishing—the investment was completed in forty-eight hours.

It is a modern maxim, to besiege no place not directly in the line of operations, but to mask it by a force, and pass on. This could not have been practised at Vera Cruz, very well, for several reasons. A prominent objection lay in the want of surplus troops, for the purpose. The open beach, or adjacent hills, would have served badly for our grand depot. Time, labour, expense, suffering, were all necessary, to erect, amid the searching winds and shifting sand, with alternations of burning heat, suitable receptacles for our various and immense stores. The city had ample buildings, and, at hand, a secure and spacious anchorage. The troops would run less risk of sickness there, enjoy more comforts—and provisions, to some extent, and of a kind not procurable, perhaps, elsewhere, would flow in from the surrounding country. But, without considering the many arguments, two other reasons are conclusive: by subduing the city, the morale of the Mexicans would be vastly impaired; and it is quite certain that the mortality from disease, without, would have exceeded that which would have resulted from a siege and an assault.

Certain foreign wiseacres have said, that there should not have been a siege at all, but the place ought to have been taken by storm. They presumed that an escalade would have slain no more of the enemy than fell by our shells and shot, while our loss would have equalled theirs, probably, and no property would have been destroyed.

* General Scott had, at the Brazos, required teams and wagons, for his ulterior movements. None had arrived. The “northers” were severe on horses on shipboard. Harney lost about half from his command, and the light batteries and the Tennessee regiment of horse suffered greatly.

This, we fancy, was their charitable surmise. But a general, not compelled by the necessity of an approaching army of relief, or an escape from disease, would not storm a walled town, mounting 100 guns, and containing desperate armed men, when a few days would serve to batter down the defences, and, without hazard, force the garrison to surrender. Nor should he be justifiable, at this humane era, in sacrificing hundreds of brave men, in a coup de main, however brilliant, when a process, a little slower, might effect, without loss, the same objects. This bright conception requires no reasoning. The mere statement carries a refutation of the proposition.

It has been argued that General Scott should have permitted the departure of the Mexican women and children, on the 25th, when his batteries were in active play, and hopes were cherished of an early call for terms. To have acceded to such a request, would have sacrificed a military rule, of ancient origin, and almost universal practice, to a mistaken humanity: since the defence would have been more vigorous,* an assault might have been rendered necessary to success, and hundreds of lives have fruitlessly paid for the postponement of a result, which, under any circumstances, was inevitable. This virtue, surely, does not require the slaughter of thousands of men, to avoid the distresses, and the occasional, though unintentional, destruction of a woman or a child. But we indicate our opinion simply, without attempting to fortify it with reflections. The question, in its moral aspects, will probably be discussed by an abler pen, and we would only encroach so far as to offer the military sentiment and usage, without descanting on their abstract morality.

As far as we can learn the topography of the ground, and the positions of the enemy's forts, we regard the placing of the batteries as highly judicious, and especially when combined with the great advantage, of convenience to the landing, whence material and stores were to be drawn, at vast labour. And the art with which the works were constructed—simple as they were—although simplicity, when effectual, is perfection—is incontestibly proved,

* Provided the soldiers had not fled in petticoats, when one object of the siege would have been thwarted, and we have no doubt some would have run away, to avoid capture.

by the small loss sustained within them. We will not say where the contemplated assault would have been directed ; but the Santa Barbara was nearly, and would have been silenced, and the demolished curtain adjoining would have made an opening for a storming party, while a breach at La Mercede would have offered another. The chief engineer complained, justly, of his small force of sappers—with more, as efficient as these were, the progress would have been more rapid.

The operations of this siege were not a fair criterion of what that army, filled with ardour and energy, and guided by experience and enlightened ability, while promising all the resources of science, could have accomplished, under more favourable auspices. They had not abundant materiel, to exhibit the rapidity with which a city may be battered to atoms ; and the nature of the soil, the climate, the season, prevented the most efficient service of that which was in hand. Yet a great deal was done, and foreigners, who were witnesses, will, no doubt, draw reasonable inferences as to what can be achieved.

The Mexicans omitted the opportunity of a brilliant display of courage. To have defeated our debarkation* would have diffused the utmost joy through the nation, have occasioned a universal burst of enthusiasm, quieted the disgusting squabbles in the capitol, and drawn thousands of brave men into the ranks of the army. And we do not perceive its utter impossibility, allowing all the credit due to our soldiers and their leaders ; and none merit more. Had Santa Anna avoided the fatal passage of arms at Buena Vista, and marched to oppose the serious and really only danger, by consummate conduct, he could have combined an attack on Worth's brigade, the instant it landed, and, by overwhelming numbers, on an open beach, have destroyed a portion, and forced the remainder into the sea. At least, he could have prevented the descent there, and by a system of telegraphs along shore, informing him of the threatened point, he could have moved with promptness to check our advance, and inflict serious annoyance. With detentions, the yellow fever would have appeared, to decimate our army ; and, crippled

* If space permitted, it would be interesting to trace the history of military descents, in ancient and modern times. The subject, however, would require an article.

in spirit, the invasion might have been deferred. Or, if Worth had maintained himself, Santa Anna, with forces to manœuvre, might have harassed us, cut off our detachments, diminished our working parties; have broken the investment, and furnished troops for strong sallies from the city, upon our works. Any delay in our operations would have found the fever in our ranks; with what result need not be said. It was a golden crisis for a great man; but the people were weak and factious, and their chief incapable of a wise and timely abandonment of a bad for a good line of conduct; and it passed unimproved. Yet the actual defenders of Vera Cruz should have opposed our landing, and have inflicted what delay and injury were possible. They should have sallied out upon our works, and, with our small corps of sappers, and a guard not very large, a thousand determined men, aided by the night, could have effected much damage. While they were brave enough behind stone walls, it cannot be questioned that they were utterly destitute of enterprise.

The conduct of General Scott was marked with all the activity and spirit which have ever characterized him. His prompt decision and vigour of effort, and his knowledge of the principles of the art, and the ready appreciation of them, proved that years had not marred the genius for war, with which he is eminently endowed. As conspicuously as this genius shone, amid scenes enacted a generation before, none of its lustre was dimmed, in the highly creditable operations connected with the siege and capitulation of Vera Cruz.

H.

ART. II.—GARLAND'S LIFE OF RANDOLPH.

The Life of John Randolph of Roanoke. By HUGH A. GARLAND. In two volumes. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

WE have been long expecting, and with some impatience, the appearance of this work. In this we have not been alone. No man ever lived who was more an object of interest to the world than John Randolph. And this was no idle curiosity. His appearance among men, like that of a comet in the Heavens, attracted the attention of all. With one consent, he was admitted to stand alone. As a specimen of the *genus homo*, he stood confessed the only one of his species. In the moral and intellectual world, he was regarded as a phenomenon; an eccentric and portentous star, shot from another system, whose orbit none could calculate—whose errand none could understand. The pet child of nature, the pampered child of fortune, he might have been the object of universal admiration and universal envy. The martyr of disease, of body and mind, he was the victim of a destiny, inscrutable to himself and incomprehensible to others. Who would not have been John Randolph? Who would have been? Could they who envied him have exchanged places with him, who does not shudder to think of the yell of despair which might have accompanied the first sense of that agony of body and of mind, which clung to him through all his splendid career? Was there none who could penetrate his mystery? Was there none who knew him well enough to point out the little that he had in common with others; and to mark some, at least, of the innumerable particulars in which he was utterly unlike all other men? Was no one enough in his confidence and familiar society to have an opportunity to read him aright? Or was it, that, among those who approached him, there was none capable of comprehending him?

The first appearance of Mr. Randolph, in the political world, was regarded with more of wonder than of applause. A beardless youth—in appearance a boy—his sagacity looked like presumption—his boldness like impudence. They whose praise would have been fame, were startled at the apparition of one, before the brightness of whose genius their lesser lights might be doomed to pale.

Though not envious, though courteous to equals and enthusiastically deferential to all true greatness, it was impossible not to see that there was an instinct in the man, which would never let him rest below the topmost pinnacle of fame and power. His rise must be the fall of others, and hence it was that, from the unaspiring multitude alone, he received the full measure of applause. But even this was grudgingly bestowed. Sensitive and fastidious, haughty and scornful, he took no pains to conciliate these, and seemed even to sicken at their praise. It was only when they had learned to look on him as a being of another order, distinguished from others not less by infirmity and affliction, than by wealth and talent, that they seemed to allow him an exemption from the laws by which common men must be content to regulate their intercourse with their fellows, and indulged and expressed the full extent of their admiration.

It was impossible to see Mr. Randolph without being struck with something about him unlike other men. But what that something was, was a question about which, perhaps, no two men ever agreed. For half a century the papers have abounded with anecdotes concerning him, and descriptions of his person, voice and manner, infinitely various, and marking the degree in which each narrator was qualified to comprehend and relate what he saw or heard. Most men seem pretty much the same to all who see them at the same moment. But, as it is said that no two men see the same rainbow, so no two men could see the same John Randolph. What each man could comprehend of him, that he saw; while to the multitude he continued, to the end of his life, a marvel and a mystery. And this was most emphatically true of some who saw most of him; as, for example, the great body of his constituents. That he was sagacious, intrepid and faithful, that they all knew. That he spoke as no other man spoke, that they all heard with their ears, and felt in their hearts. That, in listening to him, they felt that all his words were true—his sentiments all just, and that they thus caught the contagion of all his feelings—of all this they were conscious. But had they been convinced by argument? There was nothing that logicians call argument. Had they been hurried away by sophistry? There was less, if possible, of that. Had they been hurried away by declamation? He never declaimed. Had they been won by flattery

and beguiled by plausibilities? In his youth he flattered nobody; in age he rarely spoke to his constituents without something of rebuke; and, as to plausibilities, he never dealt in them. On the contrary, he was much in the habit of presenting his ideas with the most startling abruptness. Much, indeed, that he said, to minds deficient in acuteness, looked like paradox. It might be this—it might be that. But whichever it were, men somehow felt that it was true, and doubted not that, whenever they should come to understand it, they would find it to be true. The most intelligent of his constituents will recognize the justness of this, as applied to the great body; and not a few even of that more enlightened class will not hesitate to acknowledge it to be true, even of themselves. Of such, each man understood him according to his own measure. To the rest, he was like the genius of an eastern tale, evoked by the wizard's sorceries, and gradually developed from the smoke of his magic fire, in some semblance of the human form, indistinct to the last, and awing the beholder with a sense of mystery, intelligence and might. Of such an object, not even a definite outline can be traced. Like Milton's Death, presenting to the eye no shape "distinguishable in member, joint or limb," no definite delineation can be made. Being *definite*, it must be unlike. Just so it is impossible to *imitate* ORIGINALITY. Being imitation, the likeness must fail. This is one of Mr. Randolph's sayings. It characterizes the man, and a certain way he had of saying things, new, strange and startling, which all men at once recognized as true, and which the closest investigation would prove to be true. We recommend it especially to all imitators of Mr. Randolph. He certainly imitated no one. On the contrary, we learn from a letter published in this work, (vol. i., p. 23,) that when a boy of fourteen, at school, he resolutely and in defiance of authority and discouragements, framed for himself rules for elocution, to which he adhered to the end of his life. The letter is worth quoting.

"My mother once expressed a wish to me, that I might one day or other be as great a speaker as Jerman Barker or Edmund Randolph! That gave the bent to my disposition. At Princeton College, where I spent a few months (1787), the prize of elocution was borne away by mouthers and ranters. I never would speak if I could possibly avoid it, and when I could not, repeated, without gesture, the shortest piece that I had commit-

ted to memory. I remember some verses from Pope, and the first anonymous letter from Newberg made up the sum and substance of my spoutings, and I can yet repeat much of the first epistle (to Lord Chatham*) of the former, and a good deal of the latter. I was then as conscious of my superiority over my competitors in delivery and elocution, as I am now that they are sunk in oblivion; and I despised the award and the umpires in the bottom of my heart. I believe that there is no where such foul play as among professors and schoolmasters; more especially if they are priests. I have had a contempt for college honours ever since."

But the world does not the less desire such approximation to the delineation, as is possible of a character so amorphous, because of its difficulty, and eagerly catches at every thing that professes to be so. Of the same nature was the demand for a biography of poor Byron, which gave currency to every thing that cupidity, malign folly or vanity could put forth. Men greedily devoured all that the Dallas', Galts and Medwins published, and found their appetites unsatiated as before. *The life of his mind*, the thing that they *really*, though unconsciously wished to know, could only be written by himself; and in his own writings only do we find it. These are fortunately sufficiently voluminous and various, and through these the world will continue to know that wonderful man, at least as well as he was known to his contemporaries.

No such memorial of himself has been left by Mr. Randolph. We have, indeed, many of his speeches reported with more or less accuracy, but what idea can the stenographer convey of the speech itself, *as spoken*. If the biography of Byron be said to be in his poetry, which will live while the language endures, so must we take, as the biography of John Randolph, his speeches, of which the words alone remain. The voice, the eye, the unconscious gesture, simple, unstudied, grand, imposing—the

* We do not undertake to decide whether this mistake is attributable to Mr. G. or to the Printer's Devil. It was as easy for Mr. G. to blunder in copying Mr. Randolph's manuscript, as for the compositor to blunder in copying Mr. Garland's. *Both*, we are *almost certain*, had heard of Lord Chatham; but we are by no means sure that either knew that Pope and Lord Chatham were not contemporaries; that either had ever read a line of Pope's works; or that either ever heard of the existence of such a man as Lord Cobham.

peculiar figure and unique physical structure of the speaker—all these are gone.

Truly the task to which Mr. Garland addressed himself was not a light one; and, supposing him to understand his subject enough to be aware of its difficulties, he would hardly feel it a harsh censure to be told that he has failed. Yet we are afraid that he would be a little restiff even under this mild sentence. There is too much reason to fear that he did not sufficiently understand his subject to feel its justice. Indeed, we should be glad to believe that had Mr. Garland been about ten times as well qualified for his work as he was, he would have been sensible that he was still not half qualified to undertake it. To be half capable of comprehending the character of such a man, he must have been wholly incapable of regarding his remains as matter to be ground up into bone-dust, to be used as manure for worn out lands. We say this, not because Mr. Garland's own account of his means of knowledge shows that they were exceedingly meagre. We say it, because it is true of Mr. Garland, as of others, that a man's writings best show the man. If the book before us gives but an imperfect sketch of John Randolph, it has at least the merit of being a full length likeness of Hugh A. Garland, so that they who knew the former are put in condition to judge whether any possible means of information could make him adequately known to the latter. It carries on its face Mr. Garland's excuse for its deficiencies. He has done what he could. His error was in supposing it possible to sound the depths of ocean with a fishing-line—to paint sun-light with yellow-ochre—or to give a just idea of a grand overture by piping it on a penny-whistle.

Then, while we repeat that Mr. Garland's sources of information were, by his own showing, very scanty, we wish to be understood as laying no great stress on this fact. We will only say, *en passant*, that access to a correspondence with one or two persons, and an acquaintance with one or two friends of a man so little understood by those who knew him best, as Mr. Randolph certainly was, afford very slender materials for a biography. This, which is universally true, is particularly so in the case of Mr. Randolph.

There is a crisis in the lives of many men, (perhaps of all,) which, in a moment, decides their destiny. For that

little moment, man seems constituted master of his own fate, and on the choice he makes in that moment his fate depends. That there was such a moment in the life of Mr. Randolph, has always been the opinion of those who knew most of his history ; and all such, with one accord, have referred that crisis to some time during his sojourn in Philadelphia, between 1790 and 1794. But what was the nature of the crisis—what was the choice he made—what act, what event it was that decided the future course of his life, and changed the whole nature of the man—*who knows?* Certainly none of those to whom Mr. Garland had access. The whole of this critical portion of Mr. Randolph's life is disposed of in sixteen pages, (vol. i., pp. 45–61,) seven of which are taken up with a panegyric on Mr. Jefferson, and seven more with a chapter about Tom Paine and Edmund Burke.

The desultory character of Mr. Garland's book must be our excuse for a digression here on the subject of these two celebrated writers. We see, with amazement, that Mr. Garland speaks of Mr. Randolph as having been a disciple of Burke at the early age of eighteen. It can hardly be doubted that he read his letter on the French Revolution on its first appearance, and that he was not insensible to its surpassing eloquence. But the idea that even at that age he adopted the doctrines of that great master of political philosophy, in whole or in part, is indeed new. Indeed, it is at variance with all the early history of the man. How many are yet alive who remember that he discarded the use of the common era, as a badge of the faith which he wholly rejected, and, in all his dates, adopted the French calendar ; and continued to use it until near the end of the century. We have good authority for saying, that however much he was disgusted with the brutal coarseness of Paine, he admired his talents and did not much dissent from his opinions, especially on the most important of all subjects. On the same authority, we say that he considered the now forgotten work of Mackintosh on the French Revolution, as a masterly refutation of Burke. We very much doubt if he ever became a convert to the views of Burke, until the events of the last four years of Mr. Jefferson's administration led him to suspect that there may be something in the enjoyment of Liberty, which soon disqualifies a people for that self-government, which is but another

name for freedom. "It is ordained," said Burke, "in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters." We very much doubt whether Mr. Randolph ever had his mind awakened to this great truth until the time we speak of.

Returning, then, to Mr. Garland's account of the three years spent by Mr. Randolph in Philadelphia, we find that, after deducting the episodes about Jefferson, Burke, and Paine, there remains one short chapter. As there is little in Mr. Garland's two volumes with which we are disposed to *adorn* our pages, we hope to be excused for inserting this entire.

"We are not to suppose that a youth, in the joyous hours of his dawning faculties, devoted his time, or any great portion of it, to the society of sober statesmen, or to the grave study of political science. Far other were the associates and companions of John Randolph during his residence in the Quaker city, even at that day renowned for its intelligent, polished, gay, and fashionable society.

"With occasional visits to Virginia, and a short residence of a few weeks in Williamsburg during the autumn of 1793, Philadelphia, till the spring of 1794, continued to be his place of abode. His companions were Batte, Carter, Epps, Marshall, and Rose, of Virginia; Bryan of Georgia, and Rutledge of South-Carolina. Most of these were young men of wealth, education, refined manners, high sense of honor, and of noble bearing. John W. Epps afterwards became a leading member of Congress, married the daughter of Mr. Jefferson, and in 1813 was the successful rival of Randolph on the hustings before the people. Joseph Bryan, likewise, in a short time, became a leading character in Georgia, was a member of Congress from that State, and to the day of his untimely death, continued to be the bosom friend of the associate of his youth. Most of the others, though unknown to fame, adorned the social sphere in which they moved, and were noble specimens of the unambitious scholar and the gentleman. Thomas Marshall, the brother of the Chief Justice, and father of Thomas Marshall, the late member of Congress, is still living. He is a man of extraordinary powers, and great learning: his wit and genial humor are not to be surpassed. Those who knew them well agree that his natural talents surpass those of his late illustrious brother, the Chief Justice. Robert Rose was a man of genius; he married the sister of Mr. Madison, and might have risen to any station in his profession (which he merely studied as an ornament), in let-

ters, or in politics, that he aspired to; but, like too many in his sphere and station in society, he lived a life of inglorious ease, and wasted his gifts, like the rose its sweets, on the desert air. With such companions, we may readily suppose there was fun and frolic enough; but nothing low or mean, or vulgar or sordid, in all their intercourse. The correspondence of some of those young men at that period, is now before the writer. It is very clear that Randolph was the centre of attraction in that joyous circle of boon companions. And while there can be no doubt that they indulged in all the license allowed at that time to young men of their rank and fortune, yet he passed through that critical period of life without the contamination of a single vice. Though, many years afterwards, he said, "I know by fatal experience the fascinations of a town life, how they estrange the mind from its old habits and attachments." Bryan, in February, 1794, wishes him all the happiness that is attendant on *virtue and regularity*. Again, in speaking of one of their companions, to whom Randolph had become strongly attached, he expresses a hope that he may prove worthy of the friendship,—'possessing as you do,' says he, 'a considerable knowledge of mankind, your soul would not have knit so firmly to an unworthy object.'

Most of those young men were students of medicine. Randolph also attended with them several courses of lectures in anatomy and physiology—sciences that are indispensable, not only to a professional, but to a liberal and gentlemanly education. We do not learn, as many have supposed, that he studied law at that time in the office of his relation, Edmund Randolph, the Attorney General. Two years after leaving Philadelphia, Bryan writes that he is rejoiced to hear his friend has serious thoughts of *attacking the law*. He tells us himself that he never, after Theodorick broke up his regular habits at New-York, devoted himself to any systematic study, except for the few weeks he was in Williamsburg, in the autumn of 1793. So we conclude that he never made the law a matter of serious study, certainly never with the view of making it a profession.

"In April, 1794, he returned to Virginia. In June he was twenty-one years of age, and then took upon himself the management of his patrimonial estates, which were heavily encumbered with a British debt. Matoax was still in the family, but was sold about this time for *three thousand pounds sterling*, to pay off a part of the above debt. The mansion house has since been burnt, but the same estate now would not bring three hundred dollars, although it is within three miles of Petersburg.

"Richard Randolph, the elder brother, lived at Bizarre, an estate on the Appomatox, about ninety miles above Petersburg. It is near Farmville, but on the opposite side of the river, in

Cumberland county. John made his brother's house his home, while his own estate, called Roanoke, lay about thirty miles south on the Roanoke river, in the county of Charlotte."

And this is Mr. Garland's account of a momentous time in the life of one whose biography he thinks himself qualified to write. It was precisely here that we opened the book—and *this* is what we found. But as soon as our vexation at this disappointment began to subside, we found some amusement in the blunders which Mr. Garland contrived to perpetrate in this short chapter of *NOTHING*s. Mr. Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky, it seems, was one of Mr. Randolph's boon companions at Philadelphia, and he was the father of Mr. Marshall, late of the House of Representatives; and he is still living, and a man of extraordinary powers and great learning. Now, all this may have been true, as much of it certainly is, of Dr. Lewis Marshall. Thus explained, the four erroneous statements may be said to resolve themselves into a mere mistake of a name. But, unfortunately, that mistake displays absolute ignorance of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived in the United States. Three of the others are men of whom nobody ever heard, at least from Mr. Randolph. *Of Epps*, and *to Epps*, he did speak; but when did he ever speak *of him*, or *to him*, but with scorn and contumely? Mr. Randolph's uniform deportment to Mr. Epps was such as he himself would not have borne from mortal man. In the Rutledge here mentioned, we recognize our own Henry Middleton Rutledge, for whom we know that Mr. Randolph cherished, through life, the tenderest friendship. In Mr. Bryan, too, we recognize one better known in this, and the neighbouring State, than even in Virginia, as the *bosom* friend of Mr. Randolph, and the only *bosom* friend of his whole life. Of them it is well known, that, during certain years, in which they were inseparable companions, each was privy to all that concerned the other, while purse, and thoughts, and feelings, were all in common. The joyous and companionable temper, which characterized Mr. Randolph in his youth, made friends for him, according to the nomenclature of the world, of all who approached him, and whom he did not choose to repel. But the *bosom crony*, from whom nothing was concealed—the friend that sticketh closer than a brother, was Joe Bryan:—He and he only.

With all others, though constitutionally frank, he had *some* reserve, and his reserve, whatever might be its degree, was impenetrable. His sagacity detected, in an instant, the slightest attempt "to recover the wind of him, and pluck out the heart of his mystery," and, in that instant, he who made the attempt, found himself irrecoverably thrown off to a distance, from whence any approach to intimacy was ever after impossible.

With Mr. Bryan, as we have said, he had, notoriously, no reserves—with Mr. Rutledge very few. The next place in his youthful friendship, but *longo post intervallo*, was Governor Tazewell. They were play-fellows at school *before the time* of which we have spoken. They were companions in youth *soon after*. Now we are grievously misinformed if Governor Tazewell has not often spoken of a strange, portentous, and mysterious change, which came over Mr. Randolph, young as he was, in the very interval of which we speak. But the cause of it? Who could speak of that? Who can be named, besides Mr. Bryan, who, during a considerable portion of that interval, had any sort of intercourse with him? Mr. Bryan alone, as the friends of Mr. Randolph believe, was privy to that, whatever it was, which would unlock the mystery of his life and character.

Did Mr. Garland know Mr. Bryan? That gentleman left sons. Did he ever make their acquaintance, and gather from them any hints that might have dropt from their father? In after life Mr. Randolph had friends, to whom he might have unbosomed himself; men to whom he might have spoken freely of the incidents of that time of life in which men "in a moment plunge their years in stains eternity cannot efface." Did Mr. Garland make the acquaintance and win the confidence of such? and did he imagine the precise Dr. Brockenborough, and the sanctimonious Frank Key, to be of the number? Had he known Mr. Randolph, he would have known that his character had as many phases as the facets of a diamond, and the phase in question was not one which men like these ever looked upon. In saying this, we do not mean to impute hypocrisy or duplicity to Mr. Randolph. Just the reverse. In certain moods of his mind, he had no pleasure in the society of some men; in different moods, others were equally distasteful. Each set saw him in the mood which adapted him to their society, and with each

he was open, unreserved, unconscious of acting a part, and "pouring himself out as plain as honest Shippen or downright Montaigne." He had friends in after life, to whom he may have spoken of the events of his youth. Such were Watkins Leigh, Henry S. G. Tucker, William Leigh. Did Mr. Garland seek to them for information? If he did, was he repulsed—or did his own consciousness tell him that from such men, on such a subject, he could expect nothing but a rebuff?

The sum of the whole matter is, that, of that momentous sojourn at Philadelphia, this biographer knows nothing worth telling; but that, while there, Mr. Randolph "attended *several courses in anatomy and physiology!*" If so, with his quickness of perception and apprehension, and the decided interest in the subject which such volunteer attention implies, he must have been one of the first anatomists and physiologists in the Union. Yet we have never heard that he displayed at any time (and he was not a man to conceal his knowledge) any greater acquaintance with these subjects, than may be found in any educated man, who has friends among the faculty. We have little doubt, that, without reading a word, Mr. Randolph could, in one week, have sucked more knowledge of anatomy and physiology from his old friend, Dr. Gilliam, of Petersburg, or from his more recent friend and neighbour, Dr. Robinson, of Farmville, than all he knew when he left Philadelphia. This hasty dismissal of these three momentous years of Mr. Randolph's life, with only a few scraps of unimportant matters, most of which we know to be inaccurate, disposed us to read no farther. But our task was before us, and we performed it. We were encouraged, too, by reflecting, that although, so far, Mr. Garland had obviously written by guess, yet, in the more advanced part of his work, he would have the aid of ampler materials. We read on, therefore, in the hope of seeing a connected and digested narrative of that part of Mr. Randolph's *political* life, during which he was a principal figure in the history of the United States.

This part of his subject Mr. Garland introduces, by referring to the well-known political sentiments of Mr. Randolph's step-father, and his two kinsmen, Dr. Tucker of South-Carolina, and Dr. Bland of Virginia, both members of Congress when he was a youth in Philadelphia. That his mind was much influenced and established in

the principles he maintained through life, by the teachings of these gentlemen, can not be doubted. But, not content with this, Mr. Garland chooses to imagine that Mr. Jefferson, *Secretary of State*, and Mr. Edmund Randolph, *Attorney-General* of the United States, found leisure from the toil of organizing, out and out, a new experiment in government, to lend their aid in forming the mind of a boy of eighteen. This gratuitous and unauthorized conjecture, Mr. Garland founds on a relationship between the parties, which, in one instance, at least, we suspect him to have made much nearer than it really was. This mistake, if it be one, certainly renders his theory more specious, though it does not make it true that Mr. Randolph had more than a casual acquaintance with one of those gentlemen; nor does it change the fact, that, with the other, his relations were rather unfriendly. But Mr. Garland's object was to make a book and sell it, and he thus furnished himself with a pretext for introducing a panegyric of seven pages (vol. 1, p. 46) on Mr. Jefferson, and an episode of ten pages, of the same clap-trap character, (vol. 1, p. 85,) on the connexion of Mr. Edmund Randolph with the famous Fauchet letter. No incident in the history of the Union had less to do with the biography of John Randolph. This last may, indeed, be considered as a disproportionate part of what Mr. Garland calls a "History of the Times," which he professes to regard as a necessary prelude to the political history of one who did not come upon the stage until all the controversies which had grown out of this particular affair had subsided.

The political history of Mr. Randolph commences with some account of his first canvass for a seat in Congress. This, too, is made to furnish occasion for a chapter on Patrick Henry; and then, at length, the drama opens with a sketch of the last appearance of that great orator, and the simultaneous advent of the successor, who was to catch his mantle, at the moment when he was taken away from the eyes of men. The coincidence was remarkable, and it might be supposed that the scene was one to be ever remembered. Of Mr. Garland's account of it we shall speak hereafter. At present we proceed, as, in reading the book, we proceeded impatiently, to that part of the history of the United States and of the political history of John Randolph, of which it may be said that neither can be understood without a right understanding of the

other. If Mr. Garland understood either, he has not enlightened his readers. We, who lived in that day, remember Mr. Randolph on the floor of the House of Representatives, in 1803, when not yet quite thirty years of age, the leader of the republican party, the champion of the Administration in that house, the co-worker of Madison and Gallatin, through whom they carried into effect their plans of statesmanship and finance; we saw him three years afterwards suddenly and mysteriously separated from his old associates, and leading away "one-third of heaven's host." During the ensuing seven years we saw these followers, one by one, fall away—some broken down by the popularity of the Administration, some won by its blandishments, and some, as we would fain hope, yielding to honest convictions, until he stood alone, supported only by conscious integrity, a stout heart, and "such constituents as no man ever had." There he stood, surrounded on every side by deadly foes, denounced by the press and reviled by the many-voiced clamour of the multitude. There he stood, amid "the host of Hatred," dealing blows on every hand, from which the boldest of his assailants shrank. We saw how, to silence him whom none could answer, the freedom of debate was stifled by new rules, before unknown to parliamentary law. Meantime, we saw him undermined at home, and, for a season, deserted by his constituents, fall, but to rise again. But before his re-appearance on the political arena, the scene was changed. The drama in which he had acted so conspicuous a part was played out, and he only came back to witness the fulfilment, in part, of a prophecy, the truth of which, in all its bitterness, the South experiences at this day. "As Randolph foresaw and predicted," says Mr. Garland, "we came out of the war with Great Britain without a constitution." What Southern man can read, without a smile of bitter scorn, what follows:—"Mainly to his exertions, in after years, are we indebted for its restoration." *Its restoration!* When? By the accession of a President under whose triumphant administration the sovereignty of the States was made a "hissing and a byeword?" By the accession of a party which afterwards, to sustain itself in power, trampled on the dignity of the State of New-Jersey, and desecrated and cancelled her great seal by the hands of a menial of the House of Representatives? An act without parallel except in that of

the wretch who, by force, compelled his own wife to endure the foul embrace of his own servant! And how will the reader bear to be told that that abject tool of power is the very man, who takes the name of John Randolph on his polluted lips, and presumes to write what he calls a biography of that great champion of freedom, of the constitution, and the rights of the States? What sort of a history could he be expected to give of the struggles of such a man against principalities and powers?

Written for a Southern market, his book must praise both Randolph and Jefferson. But how to write that most important and interesting part of Mr. Randolph's life in which the two were in diametrical opposition and deadly hostility? How to make out the identity of the party which trampled on South-Carolina and insulted N. Jersey, with the States Right party of which Mr. Jefferson was at one time the chief, and Mr. Randolph at all times the champion? How to explain Mr. Randolph's steady support of Mr. Jefferson for four years, and his unwavering opposition ever after—his enthusiastic zeal, at first, for General Jackson, and his fierce denunciations of the proclamation, and his dying wish for but life enough to lose it in the field in defence of the sovereignty of South-Carolina? How to explain all this, and yet find "no variableness nor shadow of turning" in either of the three men, was the task which Mr. Garland proposed to himself. There were four ways of telling the story. It might be told to the prejudice of Mr. Randolph; it might be told to the prejudice of his adversaries; it might be told so as to make a pretty equal distribution of praise and censure among all parties; lastly, it might be told so as that no mortal could tell how or why the separation between them came to pass. Mr. Garland has chosen the latter plan, and has so executed his task, that he represents both as equally true to the last to the principles on which they first united and afterwards disagreed. That Mr. Garland should have thought himself the proper person to give a history of such a matter, is the most remarkable instance of self-delusion and presumption that has ever come under our notice. His only escape from the dilemma was to leave that most important part of the history of Mr. Randolph as he has left it—a blank.

It is not possible for us, within the limits of this article, to supply this defect. Indeed, we are not prepared to do

so. No history of the matter has ever been written, and it remains for some future biographer of Mr. Randolph to perform the task. Until that is done, the history of the war of 1812 will be made up of the non-importation law, the embargo, the orders in council, the declaration of war, and certain battles. Peter Parley would put the whole in a dozen short paragraphs, and his boys would know as much about it, as the men of this generation have the means of knowing without consulting contemporary authorities. The proper place for a connected and intelligible account of the causes which led to that war, and of the *modus operandi* by which it was brought about, is a biography of John Randolph. In such we yet hope to see it. But justice will never be done him by one who can only forgive his abhorrence of centralism, and of the Adams's and Clays of the federal crew, and his devotion to the constitution and the rights of the States, in consideration of his breach with Jefferson and Madison. Still less will he receive it at the hands of one, who, sympathizing with his hostility to federalism, cannot permit himself to see spot or blemish in Jefferson, Madison, or Jackson. The former will condemn him unsparingly. The latter—worse still—will damn him with faint praise.

Before dismissing the political history of John Randolph, we will redeem our promise to take some notice of Mr. Garland's melo-dramatic sketch of his opening scene and the closing scene of Patrick Henry.

This will be found at vol. 1, p. 129, chap. 21, under the fantastic title of the "RISING AND SETTING SUN."

Of this chapter we shall speak in no measured terms. A portion of it is taken from Wirt's life of Patrick Henry; and all the rest is sheer fabrication. We speak on the authority of no less a man than Dr. Archibald Alexander, President of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and then President of the College of Hampden Sydney, in Prince Edward county. He was present, and a communication from him to a Virginia periodical happened to make its appearance at the same time with Mr. Garland's book. By this authentic testimony almost every word in this account, except that with which the readers of Wirt are already familiar, is proved to be false. Mr. Garland, indeed, at the end of a speech of nearly eight pages, which he puts into the mouth of Mr. Randolph, endeavours to screen himself from this imputation. He says, "we do

not pretend, reader, to give you the language of John Randolph on this occasion; nor are we certain even that the thoughts are his. We have nothing but the faint *tradition* of near fifty years to go upon, and happy are we if our *researches* have enabled us to make even a tolerable approximation to what was said." *Tradition! Researches!* Who, besides Mr. Garland, ever heard from *tradition* one word of what Mr. Randolph said on that occasion? But Mr. Garland does not pretend to have given the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Randolph; nay, he has some little doubt whether even the thoughts were his. Whose thoughts, then, whose words, are they? Who reported them to Mr. Garland? Or is it, or can it be, that *Hugh A. Garland* has undertaken to make a speech for John Randolph—thoughts, words, and all? What a pity that typography afforded no means of giving, also, the tones, the gestures, the whole manner! No doubt Mr. Garland is as competent to give these as what he has given. What a pity that it is impossible for him to assemble the whole people of Virginia, or at least the people of Mr. Randolph's old district, and give them the benefit of a rehearsal, by Mr. Garland himself, in Mr. Randolph's own peculiar manner! How would their ears tingle at hearing a successful imitation of that voice which haunts the dreams of all who ever heard it! To hear *him* exclaim "Alas! alas!" Yet we are afraid Mr. Garland might be at fault in this. He has put this exclamation in the mouth of Mr. Randolph, but we incline to believe that this is a word which Mr. Randolph never did use, except in derision.* But, to drop the metaphor," says Mr. Randolph, according to Mr. Garland. Mr. Randolph

* We remember to have heard, long ago, an anecdote characteristic of Mr. Randolph's distaste for "oh," and "ah," and "alas," and all that sort of *exclamatory* oratory, which is express to this point. On the motion to commit Aaron Burr on the charge of high treason, the Attorney-General, Mr. Cæsar Augustus Rodney, one of your speech-makers and professed orators, forgetting that the point under consideration was the *probability* of the guilt of the accused, which, in the eye of the law, is always in the inverse ratio of the enormity of the offence imputed, concluded a speech, wordy but not long, with a common-place declamation about the amazing wickedness of treason, and wound up with a poetical quotation, which opened with "Ah me!" As soon as he came to this, Mr. Randolph dropped the paper, and clapping his hands, broke out into one of his fits of uncontrollable, childlike, infectious laughter, exclaiming,

"Ah me! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron."

was certainly much addicted to speaking "by parable and metaphor," as honest Morgan says, but not only did he himself never betray any consciousness of so doing, but his very auditors were rarely conscious of it. We would not be the man who would acknowledge himself so cold-blooded a pedant, as to own that, while listening to the mingled wit and wisdom which this extraordinary speaker always expressed in words a child might understand, he was aware of the use of any figure of speech known to rhetoricians. Mr. Randolph was a firm believer in Butler's maxim, that

"All a rhetorician's rules
Teach only how to name his tools."

And though he played with them all, as a child with his toys, it may be doubted whether he cared to know one of them by name.

One great point in Mr. Randolph's eloquence, was his perfect ingenuousness, some part of the effect of which might have been lost if he could have been ever detected in practicing the arts of the orator. Indeed, in this respect he stood alone among men known and distinguished chiefly as orators. He never subdued his mind to the uses of his tongue. He enquired after *Truth*, and not after that which might be most easily glossed over, and made to pass for truth, nor that which the multitude might be most ready to accept as truth. How many, endowed by nature with the dangerous faculty of leading captive the minds of those who hear them, think only of their own momentary triumph—their own temporary success—and the applause which is to greet their own ears! Will such men choose to commit themselves to an opinion, however true, however important, which can only be maintained by severe argument, by reasonings incomprehensible by the common mind, and which carries with it corollaries of unpalatable truth—when the opposite opinion abounds with plausibilities, speciosities, clap-traps, and stereotyped declamations? Ask your Clays, and McDowells, and Wises, *et id genus omne*,—the whole family of shallow thinkers with loud voices and long tongues. They are afraid to think, lest they be led to advocate something unpopular. Why Mr. W***, to this day, has never permitted himself to reconsider one of the crude notions he entertained, when, as a boy, he may have been called

on in a spouting club to justify the slaughter of Cæsar by the younger Brutus, the sacrifice of his sons by the elder, or the murder of his sister by Horatius. Every gem of eloquence which then won the plaudits of his school-fellows, is still at his command, ready to be produced, if need be, to justify the ignominious execution of any man who shall dare to stand in defence of the rights and safety of his native State against federal usurpation !* This it is which fills the pulpits and platforms with abolitionists, and unionists, and democrats. John Randolph was not an orator of that sort. His reliance was on the faculty of presenting *truth* in such an aspect that men should know, and love, and reverence it as *truth*. This was the great secret of his eloquence. And, since him "who spake as never man spoke," none has ever carried home to the hearts and minds of men the conviction of so many truths, which, but for him, they would never have received, for which they were wholly unprepared, and in defence of which, after adopting them, they knew not how to reason, though they could not doubt them. The conviction thus imparted was like the "white stone, in which is written a new name which none can read, but he who hath it." "I can put out my hand and touch it," said a plain countryman among his constituents, "and there's the way I know it's true."

But Mr. Garland has infected us with the spirit of digression. We return to his *cartoon* of the scene at Char-

* Mr. W— calls himself a State Rights' man, yet, in the Virginia Convention, he has proposed to limit the power of the Governor over the militia ;—for what reason ? *Lest* he should make good the words of old John Floyd, who declared that he would leave his bones on the banks of the Potomac before the President should march a hostile force against South-Carolina through Virginia ? This proposition *will be* adopted ! Virginia *will* deny herself the power to spread the banner of her sovereignty over her people, and to interpose her authority between them and a charge of treason against the United States. Hamilton contended that State sovereignty was in no danger while State *organization* remained. Mr. W— would break up that *organization*. Hamilton said that the State governments stood between the people and federal aggression, ready to be the *voice*, and, if necessary, the *sword*, of their discontent. Virginia is counselled by Mr. W— to *throw away the sword* ;—and—*she will do it !* Why, then, should South-Carolina wait ?—unless she too means to slide down the inclined plane, at the bottom of which lies abject submission to outrage, wrong, and ruin ? The cognizance of Virginia is her own Rattle-snake, with head aloft, fangs erect, tail brandished ;—dignified, patient, forbearing ;—careful to warn, but sure to strike if the warning be disregarded. The thought was noble—the image grand and characteristic. Mr. W— proposes to pluck out the fangs, but increase the number of rattles to two,—*one* for State Rights, the *other* for *Union* !

lotte Court-house. No doubt it was well worthy to be represented by the pencil of a Raphael, whose picture of the transfiguration is probably as near the truth as Mr. Garland's sketch. He talks of his *researches*. He is convicted, by his own words, of having made none at all. The first step would have been to enquire—"who was there? who might have been there?" He bethought him of the president and professors of the neighbouring college. Did he enquire who they were? Had he done so, he would have been directed to Dr. Alexander, a living witness, an orator of high order, fully qualified to do justice to the scene. Instead of him, he blunders on Dr. Hoge, who was not there until many years after; and even sends away the good old man, who had probably not read or uttered a line of profane poetry for twenty years, snuffling a quotation from the "Deserted Village." How they who knew, and loved, and venerated him, must laugh at this picture!

We are aware that the harshness of this censure may seem to call for some excuse; and we are prepared to offer one. There is a passage in this work, which not only calls for coarser language than we will permit ourselves to use, but forever estops Mr. Garland of a right to complain of the severest treatment which he can ever receive at the hands of a *gentleman*.

It appears that there was a wild, worthless young man, of the name of Thompson, whose elder brother (then dead) had been the intimate friend of Mr. Randolph. This *roué* Mr. R. tried to reclaim; and, while there seemed any hope of success, gave him a home under his roof. When Mr. R. was away they corresponded, and some specimens of the correspondence are given as evidences of the early wisdom, and high and pure morality of the youthful Mentor, then little more than twenty-five years of age. There is, perhaps, no part of the work in which the author so well fulfils that first duty of a biographer—of making the reader *acquainted* with the man whose life he undertakes to write. But to this purpose it was by no means necessary to give any name, and still less to spread before the public a correspondence disclosing a tale of scandal injurious to the memory of the dead and the feelings of their descendants. This Mr. Garland has gratuitously and wantonly done. Under the gauzy veil of an initial, he discloses a tale of a criminal intrigue between

this profligate young man and a lady, whose descendants occupy the very first place in the society in which they live. Now we, at this distance, would not conjecture who the lady was. But we are told that in the place where she then lived, where she spent her whole life, and where her wealthy, honourable and talented sons reside, enough is remembered of such of the facts as no one is disposed to deny, to indicate, with absolute certainty, the person who is the subject of this atrocious calumny. Nor is the calumny confined to her alone, for, in seeking to justify himself to his reproving friend, this Lothario imputes all manner of baseness to the injured husband. Of all this, Mr. Garland, who long resided there, was aware. None better knew the worth and high standing of the descendants of this vilified pair, who could not walk the streets after the appearance of Mr. Garland's book, without encountering the offensive glances of those who had just been reading and gossiping about the imputed crime of their mother, and the imputed dishonour and baseness of their father.

When Aaron Burr bequeathed to his executor, for publication, a number of documents calculated to bring dishonour on reputable families, that gentleman took on himself the responsibility of suppressing them. For this he received the applause of the public, in all the length and breadth of the continent. What will that same public say to this gratuitous exhumation of a buried scandal, for no better purpose than to promote its sale by suiting it to the depraved taste of men of prurient imaginations and corrupt minds?

By what *honest* means Mr. Garland could have got possession of these papers, we are unable to conjecture. But, whatever the device resorted to, it could not be more dishonourable than the use he has made of them. If done in wantonness, and mere indifference to the peace and honour of families, it shows how illy qualified Mr. Garland was to sketch the life and character of an honourable man. If, as we have heard it surmised, this outrage on decency was perpetrated in order to inflict a wound on an honourable and excellent gentleman, the son of the lady in question, with whom Mr. Garland is supposed to be not on the best terms, then he has committed a crime for which no punishment which insulted honour can inflict will be too severe.

To that punishment we leave him. For ourselves we have dealt with him in mercy. We understand that, since he first conceived the design of this work, he has suffered losses, and sympathy with his family restrained us from aggravating their misfortunes by an earlier denunciation. For their sake we have given him time to sell his wares. We can allow him no more. He has now nothing to say why sentence should not be pronounced ; and our sentence is this.

The reader of the book will lay it down with no more knowledge of John Randolph, than he had before, except what is derived from ill-chosen specimens of his letters and speeches. The *outline* of the character is hardly less a caricature than the two miserable engravings prefixed to each volume. The *colouring* is such, as if one should attempt to give the complexion of Hebe with chalk and poke-berry juice. A multitude of minor facts, concerning which Mr. Garland might easily have had correct information, are so inaccurately stated as to take away all faith in his account of more important things ; while, of the inner life of the man, of the causes which made him what he was, of the blight that came over his heart and mind, and crushed into shapeless ruin the most beautiful moral and intellectual fabric that ever came from the hands of the Creator—of the stirring incidents which made his life a romance stranger than any fiction, and the innumerable characteristic anecdotes which might afford the materials for some approximation to an estimate and understanding of the extraordinary being who lived and died a mystery to those who knew him best, there is absolutely nothing but what has been, for twenty years, familiar to the public through those veritable chroniclers—the newspapers.

ART. III.—CAIUS GRACCHUS.

Caius Gracchus : A Tragedy. In five acts. By LOUISA S. McCORD. New-York : H. Kernot. 1851.

WE have long known Mrs. McCord as a remarkably vigorous writer of prose. Her mind is one of great directness—straightforward, earnest and singularly energetic. Her mental attributes are all masculine, and she is, perhaps, a little too heedless of the minor requisites—still very important in poetry—of grace and repose. She does not pause to polish the thought, satisfied of its integrity, and relying upon its intrinsic force to compensate for an occasional carelessness or rudeness. With this spirit, she grapples with subjects to which women seldom incline. Political economy, the social system, moral and industrial questions,—these form her frequent topics, and, in their discussion, she shows equal acquisition and reflection. She sees her points clearly, analyses them with dexterity, and enforces her conclusions with an earnestness and eloquence, that declare her own convictions, and seriously impress those of her readers. We have known her, in frequent reviews, engaging with success in such inquiries as task the best endeavours even of our ablest politicians.

In the drama of "*Caius Gracchus*," she comes before us, a second time, in the character of the poet. "*My Dreams*," a metrical collection, of more than two hundred pages, was issued from the press in 1848. It exhibited a very large variety of verse, a great variety of measures, and a mind contemplative as well as eager, striving boldly, and with characteristics at once forcible and fresh. It was in her poetry, however, that her disregard of grace and harmony was most conspicuous and least excusable. We permit to the prose author to be harsh when strong—to be careless of niceties and polish, when earnest, truthful and original. But one essential condition of poetry is harmony, symmetry and exquisite arrangement. The lack of these, even occasionally, must always, in verse, impair the success, if not the value of the sentiment. The ear revolts at the metrical abruptness, and the mind—to a certain extent enslaved by the ear—is apt to regard as a defect in the sense, that which is only a rudeness in the music. This was the occasional objection of the

reader to Mrs. McCord's collection of poems. To a certain, but smaller degree, the same objection will occur to the reader in perusing the tragedy of Caius Gracchus. He will admit the eager force, the rapid declamation, the impressive harangue, the bold suggestion and the earnest thought. He will feel the power of the writer at every page in this production ; but he will suddenly find himself checked by a rudeness in the verse, which is simply a carelessness, and which a moment's pause of the author, would have enabled her to cure ; and the carelessness of its costume will thus lead to a disparagement of the real beauty of the sentiment. It is in the eager and impatient temperament of our author, that she is thus sometimes regardless of the graces which should always wait upon the muse.

The story is that of the second Gracchus. It does not occur to us as one particularly well suited to the drama, unless by the employment of agencies and adjuncts such as history fails to provide. The career of Caius Gracchus does not afford that sort of heroism which dramatic writing demands. The events were monotonous—the character of Gracchus had some material defects. He was either too ambitious, or too little ambitious. Like Macbeth, he relished greatness, but was not willing to make the necessary sacrifices and exertions for it. Had our author given him a wife, such as Shakspeare gives the Thane, to work his ambition up to the necessary performances, we might have had action enough, such as the tragedy requires ; but this would have been in violation of the history. Gracchus feels and designs, but his performances are deficient. It is not possible to confer a dramatic dignity upon a character whose heroism contemplated no higher labours than the social and political amelioration of the condition of a people, whom we well know to be capricious, selfish, timid and unworthy. In plain terms, the Roman people, even at the time of the Gracchi, needed a Julius Cæsar or a Sylla. To provide them corn gratis, was simply to add to their degradation ; a pauper city absolutely requires a petty tyrant. Caius Gracchus was deficient in that stern severity of mood, which was necessary for their safety, not less than for their government.

It is evident that this tragedy was not intended for the stage. It lacks all the essentials of the *acting* drama.

There are few transitions, such as the stage requires—none to startle the imagination, make the heart tremble, and provoke indefinite yet deep anxieties in the spectator. The events are few, and are of a sort which rather requires narrative than delineation. The patriotism of Gracchus—so described—contrasted with the ambition of the senate, and the baseness of the people—illustrated rather by *speakers* than actors—affords matter for fine declamation rather than action. As a series of dialogues, then, upon these subjects, the piece is properly to be regarded. It is a poem rather than a play. It is a production for the closet. Here it will be read with pleasure—as affording frequent passages of remarkable energy and force,—bold and enthusiastic bursts of sentiment,—and morals and points of reflection which are delivered with epigrammatic terseness, and all the condensation and emphasis of the apothegm. We must give a few specimens, and leave the piece to our readers. Opimius, an enemy of Gracchus, thus describes the effect upon himself of the eloquence of the person whom he hates.

“He'll be the incubus will ride us yet ;
And faith, he'll spare no spurring when he mounts.
His flashing eye has that *within it speaks*
A daring spirit, near which, did he live,
Tiberius now would seem to us mild and humble.
His voice has tones which strike into the heart.
I late was in Sardinia, and I heard
When he addressed the troops. There was a thrill
Upon each noted wording of his tongue,
That made me shiver. Terror was upon me,
And why I knew not. While I hated him,
And could have plunged a dagger to his heart,
Tears crept into my eyes, and I must weep
When he upbraided them their want of duty.
I felt as if myself had sinned, and been
The recreant soldier whom his tongue disdained.
And when he spurred them to a nobler course,
My bounding heart burst forth its loud huzza ;
Spite of myself, it worshipped Caius Gracchus.
And yet I hate him. If his burning words
Can stamp them so, upon a heart like mine,
Which nature, circumstance, and every tie
Point him its bitter, great antagonist,
What wonder if the people hail him home,
Not with applause, but wild and frantic transport !”

Language like this—bold, free and truthful—must—did the piece possess the proper incidents—have made it tell upon the stage. We have italicised three words, in whose relations the reader will detect a grammatical imperfection, and one of those carelessnesses by which a fine passage is occasionally impaired.

The colloquial freedom and force of the following scornful description, need not be insisted on to the reader of taste and intelligence.

“Ah! who is this?

My once-time friend! Why Livius Drusus, you,
When last I quitted Rome, ('tis, let me see,
Some three, four years ago,) were then, me-seems,
A noble-minded Roman, who cringed not
Flattering the mighty rich. 'Tis true, this gown
Was of a coarser texture; Livius showed
Less exquisite in dress. I'm from the camp,
And have forgot how city manners change.
This butterfly, fresh from the chrysalis,
Must read my lesson to me. When he crawled
In caterpillar form, I can remember
That Caius Gracchus was to him a god,
To whom he could not low enough demean
And bow himself to the earth; but now his wings
Belike, being spread, he'd soar a higher flight.
I crave your pardon, Drusus; you would take
Your place in the Senate; or, at least, have lands
And monies to re-gild these gaudy wings.
True! true! all this must be; and then, of course,
When in the palm of every Senator
Who meets you bowing, glittering silver lies,
And with his “Good-day, Drusus,” he doth slip
The bait into your sleeve, how can it be
That Gracchus should be other than a scoundrel!
Faugh! Let us go! His cant doth sicken me!
Paternal Senate, says he! Ha! ha! ha!
Paternal humbug! Curse it! Let me pass.”

The majesty of the people is described as a thought enthroned. Of course, this is seeing the people through the idealizing medium of the most confiding democracy. This allowed,—see how nobly the illustration is conveyed by our author.

“You word it well; an enthroned thought it is!
The might of mind, whose myriad streamlets meet,
One gathered flood of condensed light to form.

Each dirty rivulet its ripple brings,
 Which in the sweeping current mingling, drops
 Its dust and dross. Its purer part goes on,
 And on, and on,—until at last the whole,
 By the great alchemy of reason, flows
 Pure as it must be, from its origin.
 Thought sprang from God, and all bestained with earth,
 Struggling and creeping still, at last the truth
 Is forced upon the day. The world's great mind
 Though stumbling oft in error, must at last
 Work out its vexéd problem, and perfection
 Wrought from reflected deity in man,
 Burst sun-like from the mist of error forth."

Gracchus, in the following passage, betrays the fact that he is equally unfit to be state or stage hero. He soon desponds, and the line we have italicised contained the single vital want in his history. The workman was not equal to his task. The passage contains also a commentary upon his previous eulogium upon the majesty of the people—the "enthroned thought."

"All then seems vain. Our every scheme is nought,
 Each, as it nears us, in the light of hope
 All radiant glitters, as in early beam
 Of morning's sun, the dew besprinkled web.
 But, stretch the eager hand to seize it—lo !
 Our lightest touch its nothingness but proves,
 And with the broken fragment of its thread
 All shattered in our grasp, forlorn we stand,
 Orphaned of hope, and our own fancy's fool !
 Oh ! had I steeled my heart against ambition,
 And in its unity but held the hope
 That worked me first to action—seeking to bring
 The people to that perfectness which nature
 Makes their inherent right—I had not been
 Thus in the web of mine own faults entangled !
 My soiled hands, ungrateful to the gods,
 In impure sacrifice have lost their strength.
The workman is not equal to his task.

POMPONIUS.

Rather the task is one impracticable :
 From nature doomed to failure. For who talks
 Of the crowd's fickleness, talks nothing new.
 How oft to-morrow finds, where now they fawn,
 Their bitter mockery, or their loudest hate !

And to day's idol is the cast-off thing
Which yesterday they trampled under foot!
*Blame not the weakness of your hand, but rather
The rotten stuff you work on.*

GRACCHUS.

Yet, I feel
There dwells in them a self-redeeming power.
They must by nature's instinct have the sense
That I have sought to rouse. But I, unskilful,
Play not upon their hearts. Some loftier mind
Must wake the spirit that to me is dead ;
Rousing the human soul that in them sleeps,
To its high note of harmony and truth."

These extracts sufficiently show the style and manner of our author—the freedom and the energy of her versification. With one other, we must close. This will be found to exhibit, in equal degree, the power with which she writes, and the carelessness with which she publishes.

" Rouse ! For shame !

Wake up your flagging energies ; be bold
To probe beneath these flutterings : you will find
Your courage sound beneath them. For the right,
Man even in despair should ever strive :
The very effort, howsoever vain,
Is always something gained. To the great work
It warms the blood of the world, which wrestles on
Still against failure, like the strong man struggling,
Until the end of truth at last is reached.
We are the thews and sinews of the world,
And in our efforts there is nothing lost ;
All work to good or ill. Go with these friends ;
For life and duty strive ; nor be the coward
Who, shrinking, dreads on his own heart to look,
And dies, to shun responsibility.
My son, I know, can never thus be brought,
By fear, to shirk his manhood."

The wife of Gracchus, in this play, does nothing ; nor is Cornelia—the proverbial Cornelia—of more importance to the agency. This is one of the defects of the piece as a drama. Both should have been endowed with more character, and been made active auxiliaries of the hero. By the way, Cornelia, the mother—and not Licinia, the wife—should have given the dagger to Gracchus. The

act is not consonant with the characteristics of the latter, as the author has portrayed her. For that matter, it is rather more in keeping with the *historical* Cornelia, than with the same personage in the play. As a piece for the closet, these objections are of minor importance. But, could the author have done more for the women of the piece, its claims in stage and closet, alike, would have been wonderfully increased. We have no space for farther comments; but, trust we have said enough to commend this drama to our readers. A tragedy by a Southron, and a lady, is surely no such ordinary event, that we should pass it with indifference.

ART. IV.—GAYARRE'S LOUISIANA,

Louisiana; its Colonial History and Romance. By CHARLES GAYARRE. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

WE have, in a previous issue of this periodical,* enjoyed the pleasure of speaking, in language of high compliment, of the "*Histoire de la Louisiane*," of the author before us. In that work, he was very far from exhausting the *materiel* which belonged to the progress of his native State. His affections still bore him back to a field which delighted and exercised his imagination, and having, in the previous publication, detailed the absolute events in her career, as a historian, he now seizes upon the picturesque, in the same progress, and appears before us in the character of an artist. His present plan is to paint, in glowing colours, those portions of the history of Louisiana, upon which the mere historian is not permitted to dwell; but which, from the romantic in their details, their novelty, caprice, variety and wildness, and the pathos with which they have been invested, by extremes of character and situation, are susceptible of a dramatic and poetic illustration, such as the severer disquisitions of history are not supposed to sanction. In this labour, at once of love and art, our author

* *Vide* Southern Quarterly Review, vol. ix., no. 18, for April, 1846, ART. *Histoire de la Louisiane*, par Charles Gayarré.

does not propose to violate the truths of history, or transgress any of the laws of the probable. He simply designs to fill up the deficiencies of testimony—to supply such portions of the fact as the bald and hurried chronicler has omitted—to give flesh and blood to the skeleton, and to animate the narrative with such a glow as the reality might be conjectured to possess, and as we should expect to behold, if the scenes which the historian simply narrates, were now to be witnessed, in actual progress, beneath our sight. Such a plan was quite proper to the manner in which this volume was written. It consists of a series of lectures, designed for a popular audience. The lecturer enjoyed larger privileges than the historian, simply as he addressed the living ears of his audience. He was permitted to dilate upon the tragical, to delineate the picturesque, to show the history in action, and to borrow all the resources of art, to rouse the feelings, inspire the anxieties, and satisfy the sympathies no less than the curiosity of his hearers. His style, accordingly, is permitted to be more ornate than would be becoming to the mere historian. He is allowed to enter more into such details, of events minor to the history, and insignificant, in comparison with the leading object, than would be suffered to the chronicler. Traits of individual heroism—episodes which give us brief biographies of favourite persons—descriptions which commend to us, in the colours of the painter, the scene which is made remarkable by the action—these, form privileges, in his case, which the historian does not venture to assert. To a certain extent, Mr. Gayarré has exercised all these privileges. He writes in the character of the speaker. His style is that of one addressing an audience, at once popular and refined. It is copious, clear, glowing—highly ornate and ambitious—sometimes swelling a little too loftily for propriety—at other times pitched on a lower key, and speaking sweetly to the tender, the pathetic and the mournful. His standards, in this species of composition, admit of the most perfect freedom, and, while he may narrate as simply as the historian, where his subject-matter admits of no ambitious rhetoric, he may rise, the next moment, to the highest moods of the orator and poet. We do not deny to this class of writing the privilege of finding a speech for the hero, or a song for the woman whose love shares

in his soul, the ascendancy of glory and the passionate thirst of fame.

A portion of these lectures were given to the public in 1848, in a neat duodecimo, from the press of Appleton & Company. The four first lectures, with the preface, constituted that initial volume. Its success prompts the seven additional lectures, which make the second series. Both series are contained in the new edition, which is under notice, and it is probable that a third may yet follow, from the favour of the public, bringing the narrative more nearly to our own times. At present, it terminates with the events of 1743. It opens with a picture of the country in its primitive condition, in 1539, the period of the expedition of Hernando De Soto. Of the career of that famous knight errant, the Adelantado of Florida, the public have recently been freshly advised, by the publication of Theodore Irving's pleasant compilation from the Portuguese and Spanish narratives. They will probably be yet better informed on this career, when the "History of Alabama," by Mr. A. J. Pickett—now in the press—shall be put in print. We shall, accordingly, say nothing of De Soto, in this connection, contenting ourselves with referring the reader to the spirited and animated summary contained in the first of Gayarré's Lectures. Of the richness of the field which he surveys, at the opening of his course, the virgin and wondrous world of the Southwest, its curious problems, and the mysterious origin of its people, our author gives us a sufficient idea, in the accumulated questions contained in the following paragraph :

"Whence came the Natchez, those worshippers of the sun with eastern rites? How is it that Grecian figures and letters are represented on the earthen wares of some of these Indian nations? Is there any truth in the supposition, that some of those savages, whose complexion approximates most to ours, draw their blood from that Welch colony which is said to have found a home in America, many centuries since? Is it possible that Phœnician adventurers were the pilgrim fathers of some of the aborigines of Louisiana? What copper-coloured swarm first issued from Asia, the revered womb of mankind, to wend its untraced way to the untenanted continent of America? What fanciful tales could be weaved on the powerful Choctaws, or the undaunted Chickasaws, or the unconquerable Mobilians? There the imagination may riot in the poetry of mysterious migrations ;

of human transformations; in the poetry of the forests, of the valleys, of the mountains, of the lakes and rivers, as they came fresh and glorious from the hand of the Creator; in the poetry of barbaric manners, laws and wars. What heroic poems might not a future Ossian devise, on the red monarchs of old Louisiana! Would not their strange history, in the hands of a Tacitus, be as interesting as that of the ancient barbarian tribes of Germany, described by his immortal pen? Is there, in that period of their existence which precedes their acquaintance with the sons of Europe, nothing which, when placed in contrast with their future fate, appeals to the imagination of the moralist, of the philosopher, and of the divine? Who, without feeling his whole soul glowing with poetical emotions, could sit under yonder gigantic oak, the growth of a thousand years, on the top of that hill of shells, the sepulchre of man, piled up by his hands, and overlooking that placid lake, where all would be repose, if it were not for that solitary canoe, a moving speck, hardly visible in the distance, did it not happen to be set in bold relief, by being on that very line where the lake meets the horizon, blazing with the last glories of the departing sun? Is not this the very poetry of landscape, of Louisianian landscape?"

For the philosopher, here is, indeed, a fruitful world for exploration—for the poet, a wondrous field for invention and creation. How far these questions may be answered in our time, or in any time, is beyond our conjecture; but we do not despair of the prospect. The progress of discovery, in these and similar fields of research, has been very considerable in our day. We see Nineveh unfolding its awful and mysterious portals, and making vague revelations of wondrous dynasties, through strange characters and hieroglyphs. The East and West are responding to each other, in voices, the speech of which it may be our lot yet to understand. The study of ethnology and archæology, urged with unwonted vigour at this moment, is holding out large encouragement to those who yearn for the opening of these old seals of history. With the daily accumulation of material, to which most civilized nations are holding forth the most noble lures, and furnishing the most appropriate aids, we shall, at all events, very soon be enabled to adjust and classify the materials in our possession, and from these educe a rational system, by which to comprehend, however faintly, these obscure histories. One remark may be made, with regard to the query of Mr. Gayarré, in respect to the

Welch colony of Madoc, supposed to have been in this country. In a publication which we made, a few years ago, in relation to this very subject, we drew the reader's attention to the Sagas of the Northmen, lately edited by Professor Rafn, which record the discovery, by certain Northmen, in an unknown region, to the west of Europe and beyond a wide stretch of ocean, of a strange people, a white race, who spoke a dialect so like the Irish, that the Northmen, who were familiar with the ports of Ireland, could readily comprehend it. We then asked if this did not give some countenance to the tradition in respect to Madoc—and whether there was anything kindred in the two languages, the Welch and Irish. Recently, Mr. Borrow, in his *Lavengro*, has asserted that the languages are so nearly allied, that, from a knowledge of the Irish, he could readily comprehend the Welch. The inquiry deserves to be pursued.

From the disastrous progress of De Soto, his death and burial in the Mississippi, there was an interval of one hundred and thirty years, before the appearance of any other of the white race on the soil of Louisiana. In 1673, a small body of Europeans and Canadians passed from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, under the guidance of Father Marquette, a monk, and Joliet, a merchant. "That humble monkish gown of Father Marquette," says our author, "concealed a hero's heart, and in the merchant's breast there dwelt a soul that would have disgraced no belted knight." Such a journey as they made, from the lakes and by the rivers of the country, almost from one extreme to the other, must have been marked by many curious and interesting adventures. That they succeeded in this journey in safety, and without provoking the hostility of the red men, may be held due to their own prudent conduct, the smallness of their body, which occasioned no fears, and the curiosity which their appearance must necessarily have inspired. They retraced their way, still without molestation, to Quebec, and there gave the first knowledge of the mighty river, whose sinuous route they had pursued. Their information justly excited wonder and enthusiasm; but seven years were suffered to elapse before a Frenchman again appeared upon the Mississippi. In January, 1682, Robert Cavalier de la Salle, accompanied by the Chevalier de Tonti, three monks and forty soldiers, took possession of

the country at its mouth. He followed up this act by establishing a settlement, but did not live to witness the success of his experiment. He seems to have been a noble spirit, and we should have been better pleased had our author gone more into the details of his career.

The second letter of Mr. Gayarré proceeds with the history of the settlement. The successors of La Salle were Iberville and Bienville. The chapter opens with a sea fight, off the coast of New-England, between the French ship of Iberville, of 42 guns, and *three* British men-of-war, one of them a 52. Three against one are fearful odds, and when the odds are in favour of British, against French, we Anglo-Americans, who have learned all our lessons out of English books, are not the people to doubt how such a fight must end. But we are mistaken. The French ship is the victor. The British 52 is sunk. The victory is against all odds. The battle is not, in this instance, to the strong. Our author assures us of the truth of his narrative. It was, perhaps, necessary to do so. You will hardly read the story in British histories. Mr. Gayarré labours ambitiously, in his description of the fight. Here, we think, he rather transcends the proprieties of art. He is too declamatory. His enthusiasm is strained. In a rhetorical point of view, the narrative is very faulty, and becomes turgid and affected, and the examples of bad taste are frequent. Take a couple of samples. The author stops, in his description of the effect of the crashing broadside, to speak of himself and his own emotions. He is speaking to an audience who are supposed to keep their seats—who are unconcerned listeners, if not spectators, and comparatively cool. How must they have relished this passage? “What a spectacle! *I would not look twice at such a scene—it is too painful for an unconcerned spectator! My breast heaves with emotion—I am struggling in vain to breathe!*” How can this be, when you are not only breathing, but speaking, narrating and declaiming? If your emotions are of this sort, you *cannot* speak them. You feel too much for speech. But there is a still more remarkable specimen of this sort of hyperbole. Take the following: “That storm of human warfare has lasted about two hours; but the French ship, salamander-like, seems to live safely in that atmosphere of fire. Two hours! *I do not think I can stand this excitement longer!*” This is a sad anti-climax.

It would not have been quite so bad to have said, "I cannot stand it longer!" but to say "*I do not think* I can stand it," is terribly to defeat the whole force of this picture of supposed excitement. How should the spectator of such a scene think, or say that he thinks, while the battle still goes on. To suit the action to the word, making such a speech, the orator should have dashed in among his audience, striking right and left, and realizing physically all the tumults which he says are striving in his soul. There are not many of these frigid extravagances in our author, and there is much honest and generous animation and enthusiasm. Such exaggerations as these totally defeat his object, and show him to be really and totally unexcited. He is an unconcerned spectator. Ambitious writing, of this class, is the most dangerous of all literary experiments upon an audience or reader. If they keep cool the while, the orator or writer is very apt to be laughed at. He should never forget Hamlet's lesson to the player. His rules hold good in writing as in playing. "In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness," etc. But, we are too well pleased with our author generally, to linger over these occasional trippings of a careless mood, and an unpruned taste. He does not often give us so much cause of censure, and we doubt not that he will take our fault-finding in a mood quite as friendly as that in which we show it.

Our battle scene is over—the British 52 is sinking—one of their 42's dismantled and dropping away with the wind, and the other, a floating wreck, has struck to the lily of France. Iberville and Bienville, who were brothers, entered the Mississippi in March, 1699. They were both remarkable men, "had been through several campaigns at sea, and had encountered the dangers of many a fight. The father, a Canadian by birth, had died on the field of battle, serving his country; and, out of eleven sons, the worthy scions of such a stock, five had perished in the same cause. Of the six who remained, five were to consecrate themselves to the establishment of a colony in Louisiana."

Our author here gives us a very interesting account of the progress of Bienville, in his approach to the Mississippi—his visits to the Chandeleur Islands, to Biloxi, Cat

Island—so called because the French found it full of 'coons or possums, for which cat was the most appropriate name in their experience—Ship Island, and other places. Their entrance of the Mississippi, and the description of its mouth, affords the author occasion for a very pleasing paragraph. At Bayagoulas, an Indian village, Iberville finds a letter from the Chevalier de Tonti to La Salle, left by the former, who, hearing of a fleet from France, to colonize on the Mississippi, made a romantic visit to meet him, from the northern lakes to the Balize, with twenty Canadians and thirty Indians. The brave Baron was compelled to return without enjoying the contemplated meeting. From the Balize, Iberville advanced up the Red river, meeting with traces of De Soto, as well as Tonti. He explored all the lakes and bayous contiguous to New-Orleans—Pontchartrain and Maurepas. At the naming of these places, our lecturer gives us a couple of neat biographical sketches of the two remarkable men from whom their names were taken—episodes which, however agreeable, are scarcely appropriate to such a narrative, and somewhat impair its symmetry and interest. Lake Borgne, our author tells us, was so named because the French thought "that it did not answer precisely the definition of a lake, as it was not altogether landlocked, or did not, at least, discharge its waters only through a small aperture." * * * * "It looked like a part of the sea, separated from its main body by numerous islands—Lake Borgne meaning something incomplete or defective, like a man with one eye." The naming of a beautiful lakelet in this region, after St. Louis, beguiles our author into an episode, descriptive of the career and character of that famous crusader-monarch, which should have been left to other histories. It is obnoxious to the objection urged to the biographies of Pontchartrain and Maurepas, that they embarrass and interfere with the local narrative. Passing from the Bay of St. Louis, Iberville proceeded to that of Biloxi, where he made a settlement and constructed a fortress. "Sauvolle, a brother of Iberville, was put in command, and Bienville, the youngest of the brothers, was appointed his lieutenant." A few huts having been erected, and a few clearings made, Iberville sailed for France. Sauvolle, soon after, proceeded to explore the country. Bienville had charge of the expedition for this purpose, and soon found his way

among certain tribes, who were at war with the British settlements of South-Carolina. Only two days before his arrival among them, one of their villages had been assailed by two hundred Chickasaws, headed by two Englishmen. Bienville returned to Sauvolle, at Biloxi, with this important intelligence of the old—may we not say natural, enemies—then resumed his progress, visiting the bay and river of Pascagoulas, and the people of Mobile. Exploring the bayous, Plaquemines and Chetimachas, Bienville encountered an English Captain, in a vessel of 16 guns, at *English Turn*, whom he *turned* back, by the assertion that the region was already occupied by French settlements. Hence, according to our author, the well-known name which we have given. But we have our doubts about the matter. English Turn is not French, and a name fastened on a place is more likely to be given by those who remain than by those who depart. The matter is of little importance; but we have yet something to learn on this head. If named by the English, they probably meant English Town, not Turn, and would not have conferred a name in consequence of a circumstance so insignificant. Bienville possibly arrested them while establishing a settlement. Referring to Father Montigny, a parish priest, who, with other wanderers from Canada, had passed down to the Mississippi, our author is seduced into another of his episodes, which are pleasing in themselves, but which do not belong to his narrative, and, by their interposition, tend to diminish its interest. Galon de Montigny, the ancestor of Father Montigny, had the honour of bearing the banner of France, at the battle of Bouvines, and he bore it manfully and nobly, against fearful odds, as became an ensign-bearer under Philippe Augustus. Several pages are given to his conduct on this occasion, and we complain that they are out of place. Father Montigny and Father Davion are among the patriarchs of the Louisianian wilderness. Of the latter, our author gives us a very agreeable biography, from which we detach the following closing passage:

“Father Davion lived to a very old age, still commanding the awe and affection of his flock, by whom he was looked upon as a supernatural being. Had they not, they said, frequently seen him at night, with his dark, solemn gown, not walking, but gliding through the woods, like something spiritual? How could

one, so weak in frame, and using so little food, stand so many fatigues? How was it, that whenever one of them fell sick, however distant it might be, Father Davion knew it instantly, and was sure to be there before sought for? Who had given him the information? Who told him, whenever they committed any secret sin? None; and yet he knew it. Did any of his prophecies ever prove false? By what means did he arrive at so much knowledge about every thing? Did they not, one day, when he kneeled, as usual, in solitary prayer, under the holy oak, see, from the respectful distance at which they stood, a ray of the sun, piercing the thick foliage of the tree, cast its lambent flame around his temples, and wreath itself into a crown of glory, encircling his snow-white hair? What was it he was in the habit of muttering so long, when counting the beads of that mysterious chain, that hung round his neck? Was he not then telling the Great Spirit every wrong they had done? So they both loved and feared Father Davion. One day, they found him dead, at the foot of the altar. He was leaning against it, with his head cast back, with his hands clasped, and still retaining his kneeling position. There was an expression of rapture in his face, as if, to his sight, the gates of Paradise had suddenly unfolded themselves, to give him admittance: it was evident that his soul had exhaled into a prayer, the last on this earth, but terminating, no doubt, in a hymn of rejoicing above.

“Long after Davion’s death, mothers of the Yazoo tribe used to carry their children to the place where he loved to administer the sacrament of baptism. There, these simple creatures, with many ceremonies of a wild nature, partaking of their new Christian faith, and of their old lingering Indian superstitions, invoked and called down the benedictions of Father Davion upon themselves and their families. For many years, that spot was designated under the name of *Davion’s Bluff*. In recent times, Fort Adams was constructed where Davion’s chapel formerly stood, and was the cause of the spot being more currently known under a different appellation.”

Iberville returned to Biloxi in December, 1699. He brought a commission for Sauvolle, as Governor of Louisiana, Bienville, as lieutenant-governor, and Boisbriant, as commander of the post at Biloxi. Iberville proceeded, without loss of time, to establish himself on the Mississippi, his movements being precipitated, in consequence of the discovery made by Bienville, of the English sloop within its waters. On the 17th January, 1700, a fort was constructed on the first solid ground, about fifty-four miles above the mouth of the river. While thus engaged, he

received a visit from the Chevalier de Tonti, who had again paddled down the lakes and rivers from Canada, hearing of a colony in Louisiana. He stayed with them three days and then returned; Iberville and Bienville accompanying him as far as the present site of Natchez. They were struck with the situation, and Iberville "marked it down as a most eligible site for a town, of which he drew the plan, and which he called 'Rosalie,' after the maiden name of the Countess Pontchartrain." The Natchez, was the name of a powerful nation of red men, occupying an extensive range of country. Of this people, their gloomy superstitions and wild ferocity of character, our author gives us a first and sufficiently fearful impression in the following extract:

"When the French were at Natchez, they were struck with horror at an occurrence, too clearly demonstrating the fierceness of disposition of that tribe, which was destined, in after years, to become so celebrated in the history of Louisiana. One of their temples having been set on fire by lightning, a hideous spectacle presented itself to the Europeans. The tumultuous rush of the Indians—the infernal howlings and lamentations of the men, women, and children—the unearthly vociferations of the priests, their fantastic dances and ceremonies around the burning edifice—the demoniac fury with which mothers rushed to the fatal spot, and, with the piercing cries and gesticulations of maniacs, flung their new-born babes into the flames to pacify their irritated deity—the increasing anger of the heavens, blackening with the impending storm, the lurid flashes of the lightnings, darting as it were in mutual enmity from the clashing clouds—the low, distant growling of the coming tempest—the long column of smoke and fire shooting upward from the funeral pyre, and looking like one of the gigantic torches of Pandemonium—the war of the elements combined with the worst effects of the frenzied superstition of man—the suddenness and strangeness of the awful scenes—all these circumstances produced such an impression upon the French, as to deprive them, for the moment, of the powers of volition and action. Rooted to the ground, they stood aghast with astonishment and indignation at the appalling scene. Was it a dream?—a wild delirium of the mind? But no—the monstrous reality of the vision was but too apparent: and they threw themselves among the Indians, supplicating them to cease their horrible sacrifice to their gods, and joining threats to their supplications. Owing to this intervention, and perhaps because a sufficient number of victims had been offered, the priests gave the signal for retreat, and the Indians slowly withdrew from the

accursed spot. Such was the aspect under which the Natchez showed themselves, for the first time, to their visitors ; it was an ominous presage for the future."

Iberville, having established his fort on the Mississippi, returned to France, leaving to Sauvolle and Bienville the charge of the colony. They suffered a severe winter. The climate, as well of winter as of spring, wrought fearfully upon the colonists, producing sickness, despondency and death. Sauvolle, who was called a poet by Racine, by Bossuet an orator, and by Villars, a marshal of France, in embryo, was, unfortunately, a person of feeble physique, laboring under an organic affection. He died suddenly of disease of the heart, while looking out sorrowfully from the ramparts of Biloxi. The colony at this place had become a mere wreck.

Louisiana continued in the charge of Bienville, and Iberville re-appeared soon after Sauvolle's death ; but he did not long remain. The ocean was his proper field. The war with Great Britain, in 1703, found him once more a combatant, and in the French navy. During this period, the colony seemed on the eve of famine. But, in 1704, a small reinforcement of seventeen persons, was sent by Iberville, under the command of his brother Chateaugué. This was followed by another shipment of twenty damsels, meant for wives to the Canadians and Frenchmen—a very judicious reinforcement. Ducoudray came in 1705, but no Iberville. An epidemic this year thinned the feeble force of the colonists, sweeping off thirty-five of their number ; but this evil was nothing to an insurrection among the French women, who could not be persuaded to eat Indian corn. The gentle sex could endure much, but to stomach such food was impossible. We are not told in what manner this outbreak was quelled, but take for granted that no pains was spared in getting bread (*pain*) from Paris. The affair is thus briefly reported in one of Bienville's despatches :

“‘ The males in the colony begin, through habit, to be reconciled to corn, as an article of nourishment ; but the females, who are mostly Parisians, have for this kind of food a dogged aversion, which has not yet been subdued. Hence, they inveigh bitterly against his grace, the Bishop of Quebec, who, they say, has enticed them away from home, under the pretext of sending them to enjoy the milk and honey of the land of promise.’ En-

raged at having thus been deceived, they swore that they would force their way out of the colony, on the first opportunity. This was called the *petticoat insurrection*."

Faction soon lent its aid to the discontents of the settlers. Bienville, the governor, La Salle, intendant commissary of the crown, and the curate de la Vente, were at loggerheads—the two latter being deadly enemies of the former, who had restrained their ambition, and whom they constantly denounced with all his family. The Indians, too, were growing troublesome. Bienville had his hands full, and he soon made another enemy in one of the exported ladies whom he crossed in love,—she having serious designs upon his brother, Chateaugué. For five years, however, he bore up like a brave spirit against these antagonizing influences, making himself famous, and very much beloved by the many. Our author gives a grateful picture of his heroism. Iberville, meanwhile, was acquiring like reputation elsewhere; but we must not pursue his career. He was arrested in his progress, just when meditating an assault upon the English, of South-Carolina, by yellow fever, and perished of this disease. The news struck consternation to the hearts of the colonists of Louisiana. Bienville found himself treated with suspicion and contempt by the Chickasaws and Choctaws. He had but forty-five soldiers, and the red men knew his weakness. He was compelled to concentrate his forces, and abandon the settlement and fort on the Mississippi. His personal enemies were encouraged by the death of his brother. La Salle, of whom our author gives an odious picture, was their chief. They succeeded in their machinations. Bienville was superseded by De Muys; but De Muys died on his way to the new world, and Bienville continued in office. These civil discontents kept the colony from growth. In 1708, the population was little over three hundred. "Its principal wealth consisted in fifty cows, forty calves, four bulls, eight oxen, fourteen hundred hogs and two thousand hens." Such was the feeble beginning of one of our most opulent and luxurious States. An attempt was now made, but in vain, to exchange the red men for the black men. Three of the former were offered for two negroes, but without success. So anxious were the colonists to leave the region, that a watch was established over them, and they were forbidden to depart. Famine re-appeared. In 1709,

the only food of the people was acorns. Factions sprang up anew, and Bienville had his old curs, La Salle, the curate, and others, once more at his heels. In 1710, the famine increasing, Bienville had to quarter his men among the Indians, scattering them wherever they could find food. Thus, dying by inches, the colony lingered till 1712, when the King of France granted to Anthony Crozat the exclusive privilege, for fifteen years, of trading in the territory. This grant made Crozat the master of Louisiana. Our author gives us a very pleasant biographical sketch of this distinguished man, but we dare not venture upon any extracts. The reader will be compensated by looking to the original. It will suffice to show the condition of the colony at the time when Crozat obtained the royal charter. The military force did not exceed two companies, of fifty men each. There were besides, seventy-five Canadians in the pay of the king, who were used in every sort of service. The rest of the population brought the whole number to three hundred, and of these there were about twenty negroes. In proof of the French possession of the province, they had five posts or forts, each the centre of a petty settlement. These were at Mobile, Biloxi, Ship Island, Dauphine Island, and on the banks of the Mississippi. The fortresses were rude and humble, made of logs and clay, just adequate to temporary defence against any sudden enterprise of the savages. Fifteen years had been consumed in the attempt at colonization, and these were the only results.

The grant to Crozat brought about a change in the local administration. Bienville was superseded as governor by Cadillac, but was assigned the post of lieutenant-governor. His services were necessary, his experience was desirable, his abilities were acknowledged, and but little consideration was given to the mortification which he must naturally have felt at the imposition of a superior over him. This superior was a fantastic specimen of a decayed aristocracy. Lamothe Cadillac was a Gascon, with all the pride and vanity usually ascribed to his countrymen, a ridiculous creature, and, with an ancient castle, little better than a pauper. Our author gives us a most ludicrous picture of his ignorance, insolence, poverty and stupidity, which is scarcely a caricature. He had just brains enough to outrage those of other peo-

ple by his absurdities. It was a gross mockery of the public necessity to assign him a position of so much responsibility, and he obtained it through court favour only, his wife being a distant kinswoman of the Duke de Lauzun, a profligate nobleman, greatly in the favour of Louis XIV. Cadillac had dreams of finding another Peru or Mexico, in Louisiana, and of playing Cortez or Pizarro in his government. His arrival in the province tended greatly to the dissipation of his pleasant fancies. He was instantly disgusted. We give his own picture of the prospect before him, on his arrival at the settlement on Dauphine Island :

“ ‘The wealth of Dauphine Island,’ said he, “consists of a score of fig-trees, three wild pear-trees, and three apple-trees of the same nature, a dwarfish plum-tree, three feet high, with seven bad-looking plums, thirty plants of vine, with nine bunches of half-rotten and half-dried-up grapes, forty stands of French melons, and some pumpkins. This is the terrestrial paradise of which we have heard so much! Nothing but fables and lies!’ ”

He subsequently explores Lower Louisiana, and here is what he says of one of the most fertile regions of the world.

“ ‘This is a very wretched country, good for nothing, and incapable of producing either tobacco, wheat or vegetables, even as high as Natchez.’ ”

The more he sees, the greater his disgust. His colonists are not more grateful to his eyes than the region they inhabit.

“ ‘The inhabitants,’ says he, ‘are no better than the country; they are the very scum and refuse of Canada; ruffians, who have thus far cheated the gibbet of its due; vagabonds, who are without subordination to the laws, without any respect for religion or for the government; graceless profligates, who are so steeped in vice that they prefer the Indian females to French women! How can I find a remedy for such evils, when his majesty instructs me to behave with extreme lenity, and in such a manner as not to provoke complaints! But what shall I say of the troops, who are without discipline, and scattered among the Indians, at whose expense they subsist?’ ”

He adds: “The colony is not a worth a straw for the moment; but, I shall endeavour to make something of it, if God grants me health.” Cadillac needed other grants

from God, besides health, in order to effect his patriotic purpose. He never distrusted his ability, and quarrelled with all about him; and, after a little while, was compelled to write: "This whole continent is not worth having. Our colonists are so dissatisfied that they are all disposed to run away." Judicious Cadillac! His troubles and discontent were destined to indefinite increase. His career would serve for an admirable mock history, such as that which Irving has given us of the dynasties of the three marvellous Dutch governors of New Amsterdam. Our author has sketched this portion of his narrative very clearly, and somewhat in the manner of the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker. The vexations of Cadillac are highly susceptible of the humorous. Take a sample of the sort of annoyances which vexed him, and the tone in which he discoursed of them. He writes to the ministry:

" 'I have seen Crozat's instructions to his agents. I thought they issued from a lunatic asylum, and there appeared to me to be no more sense in them than in the Apocalypse. What! Is it expected that, for any commercial or profitable purposes, boats will ever be able to run up the Mississippi, into the Wabash, the Missouri, or the Red river? One might as well try *to bite a slice of the moon*? Not only are these rivers as rapid as the Rhone, but in their crooked course, they imitate to perfection a snake's undulations. Hence, for instance, on every turn of the Mississippi, it would be necessary to wait for a change of wind, if wind could be had, because this river is so lined up with thick woods, that very little wind has access to its bed.' "

Yet we must not quarrel with Cadillac, because he had no prevision in regard to steamboats. His disgust with the realm he had to govern and reclaim, increased with his daily discoveries. How he valued it, after a full survey, may be inferred from the following extract of another letter to the ministry:

" 'Give the colonists as much land as they please. Why stint the measure? The lands are so bad that there is no necessity to care for the number of acres. A copious distribution of them would be cheap liberality.' "

Every thing went wrong with his government. The Indians killed his Canadians, or they deserted him; his explorations resulted in nothing; he quarrelled with his chief personages, and his purse was emptied. He could

neither beg nor borrow, and there was nothing in the country that an honest man would consider worth stealing. His troops, finally, like the women on a former occasion, refused to eat corn, demanded wheat bread, and sent him a deputation to insist upon a redress of grievances. Cadillac clapt their spokesman into limbo, and soundly rated "his tail." His colonists soon made another demand, for free trade—"that all nations might be permitted to trade freely with the colony." "What would become of Crozat's privileges," says the sapient Cadillac, and he silenced his petitioners by a very impressive hint of a purpose to hang the bearer of any future petitions. The Curate de la Vente scented out two women of bad character, and demanded that they should be expelled the colony. "If I sent away all women of loose habits," quoth the savage governor, "there would be no females left, and this would not meet the views of government." Thus was Cadillac disquieted and annoyed on every hand. But his worst affliction was to come. He had a daughter, whom he greatly loved, and she perversely fell in love with Bienville, whom he greatly hated. The girl pined for the lieutenant-governor, and her health became endangered. It was only after a long and violent struggle with himself, his pride of family and place, his jealousies and prejudices, that Cadillac could be reconciled to such an alliance. But he did at last, and Bienville was summoned to a private conference with his superior and his enemy. He found the governor gracious for the first time, and was quite astounded at the good fortune which was offered him. But Cadillac was the most astounded of the two, when Bienville, expressing great gratitude, respectfully declined the gift. He was furious—mortified to the core,—his former hatred returned, with a deadlier feeling of vindictiveness than ever, and it was not long before Bienville was made to understand the bitterness of that hostility which he had thus coolly provoked. A pretext was afforded Cadillac by which to punish his insolent lieutenant. Four Canadians had been murdered by the Natchez Indians, one of the most savage and strong of the nations upon the Mississippi. Bienville was a second time summoned to the presence of the governor, whose manner was now satirical rather than gracious. "You will take Richebourg's company of thirty-four men, with fifteen sailors to man

your boats, and proceed to the country of the Natchez, arrest and punish the murderers of my Canadians, and establish a fort on the territory of the savages, that we may keep them in subjection." Bienville expostulated against the commission with no little indignation and astonishment. To be sent with thirty-four soldiers into the heart of a nation which could send a thousand warriors into the field, to seize upon their people and bring them to justice, while building a fortress among, to overawe them, seemed to him the very perfection of insane audacity. His expostulations were answered by a sarcasm. He felt that he was to be sacrificed; but his pride was stung, and without more words he proceeded to obey. He had great experience and great resources, and his second, Richebourg, was a fellow of Quixotic valour. On the 24th April, 1716, the two, proceeding on an expedition, the fearful consequences of which it was permitted to neither of them to foresee, had encamped on an island, in the Mississippi, opposite the village of the Tunicas, a friendly tribe, and about eighteen leagues from the Natchez.

The necessities of the enterprise compelled Bienville to adopt the subtlest measures. His force was too feeble for open conflict, and he had to resort to stratagem. The Natchez were not aware of the discovery which the French had made of the murder of the Canadians, and Bienville succeeded in beguiling several of their chiefs into his possession. He had taken the precaution to entrench himself, and to enclose three block houses, one of which was to be a guard-house, another a store-house, and the third a prison. He had not scrupled at a deception, such as that which the Natchez had themselves practised, for getting the Canadians in their power; and, having secured his captives, he charged them with the crime committed by their people, and demanded the heads of the murderers. He had previously taken due precautions to warn all the wandering Frenchmen of the expected collision with the Natchez. His boatmen were despatched, during the night, above and beyond all the villages upon the river, to give notice to the whites, who might be descending, of their danger. The result was that they rapidly crowded to his fortress, increasing his little force to seventy-one men. He felt himself now strong enough in his position to play his game with

audacity. The result was that the murderers were brought in, all but one, a chief named Oyelape, who could not be found. The Natchez would have boldly raised the hatchet of war, but they were taken by surprise. They had to submit for a season. Three heads were laid at the feet of Bienville, but that of Oyelape was wanting. The Frenchman was not to be imposed upon, and when he charged the Natchez with the deficiency, they pointed to one of the heads as that of the brother of Oyelape, whom they had thus made to suffer for the escape of the latter. Four more of the murderers happened to be among the prisoners of Bienville. These were put to death. One of them was a famous chief, who had white blood in him. He inherited the beard of his European father, and was known as the Chief of the Beard. His story might be wrought into a domestic forest romance or drama. Mr. Gayarré has given us his war, or rather death song, on the eve of his execution, though he does not tell us upon what authority, and the production may be that of his own muse. It is spirited and characteristic.

Bienville exacted solemn pledges from the Natchez, that they would pursue the fugitive chief Oyelape, and add his to the heads of the murderers already brought in. Selecting a site for a fortress, which should overawe the nation, he required them to furnish the timber for its erection. The exaction was complied with, and the fort, destined to become invested with a fearful future celebrity, was built on the banks of the Mississippi, and received the name of "Rosalie." The Natchez showed themselves apparently humbled, and, leaving a small command in the fort, under Major Pailloux, Bienville returned to Mobile, having successfully brought to a finish the perilous duty upon which he had been sent, and which, it was thought, must have ended in his destruction. He had triumphed over Cadillac, and, by his judicious management, courage, and excellent resource, had furnished a chapter, honourable to French enterprise, and abounding in proper materiel for the romancer. Bienville enjoyed another triumph over his superior. On his return to Mobile, he found that Cadillac had been superseded as governor. De l'Epinay was appointed to succeed him, and, in his absence, the colony was once more left in the hands of Bienville. But Cadillac had remained long enough in office to do mischief, and to leave

its consequences hanging like a cloud over other heads. His policy, or rather want of policy, had offended the Choctaws as well as the Natchez; but we must not go into details, nor dwell longer on the absurd government of that rare fantastic, Lamothe Cadillac. His whole career, as shown in our author's narrative, is charmingly ridiculous. In the hands of an adroit humourist, the history of Cadillac, during his administration of affairs in Louisiana, would make a very fascinating and mirth-provoking volume.

An episode which Mr. Gayarré gives us at this period, the hero of which was a youth, named St. Denis, a kinsman of Bienville, is recommended by our author in these terms: "I would recommend this expedition of St. Denis, and his adventures, to any one in search of a subject for literary composition. It is a fruitful theme, affording the amplest scope for talent of the most varied order. St. Denis is one of the most interesting characters of the early history of Louisiana." We concur in the recommendation of our author. The sketch which he himself has given is full of susceptibilities,—wild, fearful, pathetic,—various in events, and rapid in all its movements. But for its length, it should be given to our readers. It will reward the study equally of the dramatist and novelist. As a story, it almost writes itself.

On the 9th of March, 1717, De l'Epinay, the new governor, made his appearance, bringing with him three companies of infantry and fifty cohorts. He "brought to Bienville the decoration of the cross of St. Louis, and a royal patent, conceding to him, by mean tenure in socage, Horn Island, on the coast of the present State of Alabama." But De l'Epinay and Bienville soon disagreed; faction prevailed as before; Crozat's profits were as few and valueless as ever, and, sick of an enterprise which had brought him nothing but loss, he yielded his charter up to the king, in August, 1717. His story is one of melancholy interest, and may be read with pleasure in Mr. Gayarré's pages. With it, he concludes the first division of his work.

The second opens with a continuation of the history of Louisiana as immediately under the care of the crown. We are now introduced to the singularly interesting period in French history, distinguished by the creation of a royal bank, of the Mississippi Company, and Law's bold

and famous, or infamous, financial speculations. The history of these schemes, and of this adventurer, occupies the first of the chapter in the second division of the work. But we shall only note the contents of this chapter where they affect the affairs of Louisiana. The history of John Law and of French finance, during this period, may be very well read in other volumes. Crozat's surrender of the charter of Louisiana to the crown, was only introductory to its transfer to a company, called the "Western Company," or "Company of the Indies." In the hands of a commercial oligarchy, the colony was just as little like to prosper as in those of the ambitious and unhappy individual, Anthony Crozat. Louisiana and the Mississippi became, for a season, simply tributary to the schemes of the Scotchman, Law. The terms of the Mississippi charter were liberal and seductive. They are given at large in Mr. Gayarré's volume. Law was appointed director-general of the company, as he had been of the royal bank, and the two institutions were merged into one. Day by day, under the shrewd management of this vast operator, the privileges of the company increased, and its attractions enjoyed, accordingly, a corresponding increase. The shares of the company gradually rose from 500 to 10,000 livres, and all people were phrenzied with the rage to become proprietors of the stock. It now became the policy to paint the colony of Louisiana in colours quite the reverse of those employed by the poor, ridiculous, fantastic Gascon, Cadillac; and the press poured forth its pamphlets, showing the region to be exactly parallel to the garden of Eden, ere the fall of man, so far as its delicious fruits and climates were concerned, while in mineral productions, a language beyond, if possible, that to which we have recently been compelled to listen, *ad nauseam*, in the case of California, insisted upon treasures even more attractive to the peculiar passion of the times. Louisiana became, for a season, the life of France; and some of its obscurest and totally unimproved tracts were sold for 30,000 livres the square league. It is curious that the era of the Mississippi Bubble in France, was that of the South Sea Bubble in England. Verily, the nations are all periodically insane. But madness, if periodical—particularly a financial madness—is seldom of long duration. Law fell. The bubble burst,—and Louisiana shared in the opprobrium. It was no longer the paradise of Lou-

isiana, but the hell of Louisiana; and language became as copious in scorn and loathing, in regard to her territorial merits, as it had been in glorification and praise. Opinion rushed furiously to the opposite extreme. The climate of the country was outrageously disparaged. Colonization was arrested—the tide of emigration rolled back from its low and swampy margin, and, for a while, the evil done to the colony by the destructive patronage of Law, was as great as that which accrued from the brutally stupid sway of Lamothe Cadillac. The recovery was very slow; but the Western or Mississippi Company was still in existence, and, having contracted an obligation to colonize Louisiana, and to transport thither, within a limited time, a certain number of persons, it proceeded to do so in a manner as unscrupulous and iniquitous as any thing in Law's practice. Mr. Gayarre tells us that violence was resorted to for the purpose of procuring colonists, and that persons were employed throughout France for the purpose of kidnapping vagrants, beggars, gipsies, women of bad repute—all that class of persons who are generally supposed to help a country when they leave it. But the kidnappers did not confine themselves to such only. The power granted by the government to make away with bad citizens, was frequently exercised at the expense of good.

“It became in their hands an engine of speculation, oppression, and corruption. It is incredible what a number of respectable people, of both sexes, were put, through bribery, in the hands of these satellites of an arbitrary government, to gratify private malice and the dark passions or interested views of men in power. A purse of gold slipped into the hand, and a whisper in the ear, went a great way to get rid of obnoxious persons, and many a fearful tale of revenge, of hatred, or of cupidity, might be told of persons who were unsuspectingly seized and carried away to the banks of the Mississippi, before their voices could be heard when crying for justice, or for protection. The dangerous rival, the hated wife, or troublesome husband, the importuning creditor, the prodigal son, or the too long-lived father, the one who happened to be an obstacle to an expected inheritance, or crossed the path of the wealthy or of the powerful, became the victims of their position, and were soon hurried away with the promiscuous herd of thieves, prostitutes, vagabonds, and all sorts of wretches of bad fame, who had been swept together, to be transported to Louisiana.”

Louisiana was thus the gainer by the abuses of a power,

the legitimate use of which was only hurtful to her strength and morals.

Bienville was continued as governor of Louisiana, superseding De l'Épinay ; but he became unpopular with the colonists, because of his prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors to the red men. The first act under the new *regime*, was one which will forever couple his name with that of the great State which he had so zealously served when a colony. He chose the site of the present city of New-Orleans as that of the principal settlement of the province—showing, in this choice, the most conclusive proofs of his sagacity and forethought. The trade in negro slaves followed, and large numbers were brought direct from Africa. Colonists, of mixed quality as already described, poured in from France, and at the close of 1718 the province began to exhibit an appearance of stability which had never distinguished it before. But, in 1719, war broke out between France and Spain. Bienville captured the Spanish fortress at Pensacola, which he confided to the keeping of his brother, Chateaugué. But the place was again soon lost, being retaken by an overwhelming Spanish force from Havana. The Spaniards attempted to surprise the post at Dauphine Island, but were themselves surprised and defeated by a body of French and Indians. A second attempt was made, but with like result. Bienville, strengthened from France, and with a large subsidy of Indians, again invested and retook Pensacola. We can give none of the details of this war, nor of the episodes with which our author has enriched it, and we proceed, with all possible speed, to accumulate those facts only which contribute to the progress of the colony. The province was beginning to assume form and take consistency. Bienville would have transferred the seat of government to New-Orleans, but less liberal and thoughtful counsels prevailed, and the Bay of Biloxi received the preference. The commerce of the colony was improving, and a royal edict made it a monopoly of the company, as usual, to the great injury of the community. Soon, other and more tyrannical exactions were made to bear oppressively upon the feeble colonists.

“The opening of the year 1720 was signalized by a proclamation of a remarkable nature, issued throughout the colony in the name of the company. That proclamation informed the inhabitants of Lou-

isiana that they might obtain from the stores of the company at Mobile, Dauphine Island, and Pensacola, all the merchandises and provisions necessary to their wants. In case the colonists should make it a condition of their purchase, that those provisions and merchandises should be delivered at New-Orleans, they were to pay in addition a premium of five per cent.;—ten per cent. if to be delivered at Natchez;—thirteen per cent. at the Yazoo;—fifty per cent. at the Missouri and Illinois settlements. It was made obligatory upon the colonists to send to New-Orleans, to Biloxi, to Ship Island, and to Mobile, the produce of their labour, which the company engaged to purchase at the following prices: silk, according to its quality, at $7\frac{1}{2}$ livres to 10 livres; tobacco, first quality, at 25 livres the hundred pounds; rice, 20 livres; superfine wheat flour, 15 livres; rye, 10 livres; barley and oats, 90 cents; deer skins, from 15 to 20 cents per skin; if dressed and without the head and tail, 30 cents; hides, 8 cents the pound."

The poor colonists were thus decreed to the condition of mere bondsmen, to a commercial oligarchy, without enjoying the sure protection and support which inevitably accrues to the slave. In 1720, peace having been concluded between France and Spain, an effort was made by the Mississippi Company to establish commercial relations between Louisiana and the Spanish provinces of Mexico. The French established a post and fort in Texas, claiming that territory. The Spaniards made issue of fact on this claim; but the French persisted in it, and, but for Indian hostilities, which the colony of Louisiana was too feeble to encounter, at a spot so remote from her chief settlements, would have taken possession of the Bay of St. Bernard. Meanwhile, Natchitoches became a place of promise, and was entrusted to the charge of St. Denis, of whom we have already spoken, as a fine specimen of French chivalry. During this same year, the colony received large additions of population; more than a thousand Europeans, and half as many blacks, having emigrated to Louisiana. Of these, three hundred were assigned to the Natchez settlement, and the rest were scattered in small bodies, ranging from sixty upwards, in various portions of the territory. Increase of population had become absolutely necessary for safety. The colony was now large enough for commerce. It became necessary to increase the numbers of the people, for the common security. The Spaniards watched them with jealous eyes, the red men with decided hostility

The English, more to be feared than either, would probably make use of both. These English were from the contiguous settlements of Carolina. From thence issued squads of traders, men of bold, adventurous habits, great shrewdness, possessed of large acquaintance with the habits and nature of the red men, and their native intrepidity of character stimulated to the most restless enterprises, by the jealousies of trade and the long proscriptive natural hostility of their own towards the nation of the French. These, whenever the Louisianians penetrated the interior, were sure to encounter them. They suborned the savages, armed them, and led them in the conflict. In 1720, they had thus roused the Chickasaws against the French. The latter brought the Choctaws into the field against them. These two nations, with the Natchez, constituted the only really formidable races of Indians within the province. There were smaller tribes; but they were feeble, and these were mostly in alliance with the French, or in dependence upon them. By this time, the military strength of Louisiana had increased to twenty companies, of fifty men each. The colony was deficient in women. This deficiency was doubtlessly supplied by troops of girls, taken from the houses of correction in Paris. The population, such as it was, continued to increase. So did the discontents of the colony. What with the exactions of the company, and the perpetual strifes among their officers and agents, it could not well be said to prosper. A colony of two hundred Germans were sent, in 1721, for a settlement in Arkansas. These were followed by five hundred negroes. With the Germans came a person with whose name, in an episode, our author couples quite a romantic history. We abridge it to our limits. The Duke of Brunswick Wulfenbittel, had a daughter named Charlotte, a paragon of beauty, talent and virtue. Peter the Great had a vicious son, named Alexis. This youth saw the princess, and, in spite of his brutal tastes and nature, he became enamoured of her. The Tzar, Peter, heard of this love, if we may so call it, with pleasurable surprise. He commanded that his heir should marry the German princess. The Duke of Brunswick dared not refuse the proposed honour. The poor damsel was equally compelled to submit. Her young heart, meanwhile, had been given to another. This was the French Chevalier, D'Aubant, then serving in the

Duke's household, at the court of Brunswick. She was beloved in turn. When, after marriage with Alexis, she departed for St. Petersburg, D'Aubant accompanied her in disguise. The keen sight of love pierced through it. The princess immediately sent him a package, containing two billets. One was a passport from the emperor, permitting the chevalier to leave his dominions when he pleased; the other was a note, couched in the following terms:

"D'AUBANT:

"Your disguise was not for *me*. It could not deceive my heart. Now, that I am the wife of another, know, for the first time, my long kept secret—I love you. Such a confession is a declaration that we must never meet again. The mercy of God be upon us both!

CHARLOTTE."

In 1718, the Chevalier D'Aubant arrived in Louisiana, with the grade of captain in the colonial troops. He was a man of sorrows. He lived, as much as possible, in solitude. We quote a portion of our author's picture of this solitude:

"On the bank of the bayou, or river St. John, on the land known in our day as Allard's plantation, and on the very site where now stands the large and airy house which we see, there was a small village of friendly Indians. From the bank opposite the village, beginning where, at a much later period, was to be created the bridge which spans the bayou, a winding path made by the Indians, and subsequently enlarged into *Bayou Road* by the European settlers, ran through a thick forest, and connected the Indian village with the French settlement of New-Orleans. With the consent of the Indians, in order the better to indulge in his solitary mood, D'Aubant had there formed a rural retreat, where he spent most of the time he could spare from his military avocations. Plain and rude was the soldier's dwelling; but it contained, as ornament, a full length and admirable portrait of a female, surpassingly beautiful, in the contemplation of which D'Aubant would frequently remain absorbed, as in a trance. There was in this painting a remarkable feature, no doubt allegorical. Near the figure represented, stood a table, on which lay a crown, resting, not on a cushion, as usual, but on a heart, which it crushed with its weight, and at which the lady gazed with intense melancholy. This painting attracted, of course, a great deal of observation; but no one dared to allude to it."

The Princess Charlotte, meanwhile, the wife of Alexis, was the victim of her husband's worst brutalities. In his drunkenness, he felled her to the earth, with repeated blows, until life was apparently extinct. She recovered, but determined to endure no longer. With the aid of the Countess of Kœningsmarke, she took a sleeping potion, and the scene was re-enacted, with which Shakspeare has made us familiar in the tragedy of Juliet. She died in the public mind. She was buried in the public sight. But, only as a princess. She now lived as a woman. More successful in her scheme than Juliet, she emerges from her vault, and was one of the two hundred German emigrants who came to Louisiana in 1721. On reaching New-Orleans, her first inquiry was for D'Aubant. She was conducted at once to his dwelling, on the bayou St. John. The sequel may be given in the words of our author :

"It was on a vernal evening, and the last rays of the sun were lingering in the west. Seated in front of the portrait which we know, D'Aubant, with his eyes rooted to the ground, seemed to be plunged in deep reverie. Suddenly he looked up. Gracious heaven! it was no longer a mere inanimate representation of fictitious life which he saw—it was flesh and blood—the dead was alive again, and confronting him with a smile so sweet and sad, with eyes moist with rapturous tears, and with such an expression of concentrated love as can only be borrowed from the abode of bliss above. 'Oh God!' exclaimed D'Aubant, starting up and convulsively pressing his forehead with his hands, 'what phantasy of a fevered brain is this! Mercy on me!—I am mad!' But soon he felt that the being who nestled in his bosom, that the arms folded round his neck, were not creations of a delirious imagination. What pen could do justice to this scene? Away, then, with description! What need should there be of any effort of the mind to paint what the heart can so easily conceive? Suffice it to say that, on the next day, the Chevalier D'Aubant was married to the mysterious stranger, who gave no other name to the inquiring priest than that of Charlotte. In commemoration of this event, they planted those two oaks, which, looking like twins, and interlocking their leafy arms, are, to this day, to be seen, standing side by side, on the bank of the St. John, and bathing their feet in the stream, a little to the right of the bridge, as you cross it, in front of Alard's plantation."

* * * * *

"Although D'Aubant and his wife kept their own secret, and lived in almost monastic retirement, rumours about their wonderful

history were so rife in the colony, and the attention of which they became the objects subjected them to so much uneasiness, that D'Aubant contrived to leave the country soon after, and went to Paris, where his wife having met the Marshal of Saxe, in the garden of the Tuileries, and being recognized by him, escaped detection with the greatest difficulty. D'Aubant departed, with the grade of major, for the Island of Bourbon, where he resided for a considerable time. In 1745, on his death, his widow returned to Paris, with a daughter, the only offspring of her union with D'Aubant, and, in 1771, she died, in a state bordering on destitution. The particulars of this adventure are found in many memoirs of the epoch, and in the notes and papers of Duclos; but Lévesque, in his *History of Russia*, Grimm, in his correspondence, and the skeptic, Voltaire, in a letter, which he published on the 19th of February, 1781, deny the truth of the story, as being too improbable. However, the experience of centuries teaches us that nothing is more probable than improbabilities—and, must it not be inferred that there was some foundation for the romantic incidents I have recorded, when they assumed such a substantial shape as to become a subject of serious controversy with men of the highest distinction?"

It is in episodes such as these that our author finds his romance, and enlivens the monotony of history. We pass over minor details in the progress of the colony. In 1721, its white population did not exceed 5420 souls. In 1722, the garrison of Fort Toulouse, among the Alabamas, twenty-five in number, butchered their captain, Marchand, and, with their arms and baggage, took refuge in South-Carolina. They were pursued by a force of Indians, under a French lieutenant, overtaken, fought with desperation, and perished to a man. Disasters accumulated. A hurricane swept over the colony, producing great distress. The paper currency of the province soon proved worthless; the people were on the eve of a revolution against the "company," and the Natchez Indians, forgetting the severe punishment inflicted upon them by Bienville, again began their murderous practices upon the wandering Frenchmen. The situation of the colony was very gloomy. Troops and people were constantly striving to run away from their miseries. Desertion, insubordination, rebellion, were perpetually threatening the government. Bienville kept a firm heart throughout the whole. He succeeded in two favourite objects—the establishment of a post near the source of the Arkansas, and the trans-

fer of the seat of government from the Biloxi to the Mississippi, the site of New-Orleans. This was definitively effected in 1723. In September, of this year, a terrible hurricane nearly devastated the country. The infant settlement of New-Orleans was almost destroyed. The tempest lasted three days.

"The church, the hospitals, and thirty houses in the modest little hamlet of New-Orleans, were pulled down by the wind. Three ships that were in port were completely wrecked: the crops were destroyed: very few of the edifices on the embryo farms of the colonists could withstand the fury of the hurricane, and were swept away like chaff, or autumn leaves. The desolation was so widely spread, and so intensely felt, that the first impulse of the people in their despair was to quit the colony forever: and, no doubt, they would have executed their design, if they could have procured means of transportation. A company of infantry that had embarked at Biloxi for New-Orleans, availed themselves of this favourable opportunity for escape, took possession of the vessel, and forced her captain to sail for Charleston, where they landed safely with their arms and baggage."

It was long before the colony recovered from these disasters. But the policy of Bienville enabled him to effect much that was otherwise beyond the strength of his government. When threatened by the Chickasaws, he roused the Choctaws against them, and thus employed two troublesome enemies against each other. He himself fastened upon the Natchez, and brought them to temporary submission by exacting a score more of heads from among their warriors. But he had worse enemies in the colony itself, whom he could not always baffle; and, early in 1724, he was summoned to France to answer the charges brought against him. The affairs of company and colony were daily getting worse. The French government withdrew half of the military force which had been previously allowed for its defence; and the monetary affairs of the province were irretrievably disordered. The paper currency fluctuated in value, and continued, in spite of edicts, to depreciate. In 1724 the white population had undergone great diminution. It now numbered but 1700 souls, while the black had risen to 3300. In New-Orleans, at this period, the number of persons, all told, was about 1000.

To return to Bienville. In 1725 he made a highly successful defence before the French government, but was

dismissed from government. The success of his enemies was complete; and his brothers and nephews shared his overthrow. The result was great confusion, discontent and commotion in the colony. Perier succeeded to Bienville as governor. He had, in this capacity, a work upon his hands to which his abilities were quite inadequate. A picture of the colony at this period (1726) is given by Valdeterre, who had commanded at Dauphine Island and Biloxi.

“‘The inhabitants of this country,’ said he, ‘whose establishment in it is of such recent date, not being governed in the name of his majesty, but in that of the company, have become republicans in their thoughts, feelings, and manners, and they consider themselves as free from the allegiance due to a lawful sovereign. The troops are without discipline and subordination, without arms and ammunition, most of the time without clothing, and they are frequently obliged to seek for their food among the Indian tribes. There are no forts for their protection; no places of refuge for them in cases of attack. The guns and other implements of war are buried in sand and abandoned; the warehouses are unroofed; the merchandise, goods and provisions, are damaged or completely spoiled; the company as well as the colonists are plundered without mercy and restraint; revolts and desertions among the troops are authorized and sanctioned; incendiaries who, for the purpose of pillage, commit to the flames whole camps, posts, settlements, and warehouses, remain unpunished; prisoners of war are forced to become sailors in the service of the company, and by culpable negligence or connivance they are allowed to run away with ships loaded with merchandise; other vessels are wilfully stranded or wrecked, and their cargoes are lost to their owners; forgers, robbers and murderers, are secure of impunity. In short, this is a country which, to the shame of France be it said, is without religion, without justice, without discipline, without order, and without police.’”

Perier was active and vigilant. He quieted the Indian tribes, and the year 1727 was one of unprecedented tranquillity. The census of this time showed an almost equal population of whites and negroes—about 2600 each. In the summer of this year, he made the tour of the seaside settlements of the French, and thus affords an opportunity to our author for the incorporation with his narrative of some of that episodic and legendary matter which so gratefully relieves the details of history. We may remark that the tradition here given, with regard to the mysteri-

ous music of Pascagoulas, differs somewhat from the current legend.

"While among the Pascagoulas, or *bread-eaters*, he was invited to go to the mouth of the river of that name, to listen to the mysterious music which floats on the waters, particularly on a calm, moonlight night, and which, to this day, excites the wonder of visitors. It seems to issue from caverns or grottoes in the bed of the river, and sometimes oozes up through the water under the very keel of the boat which contains the inquisitive traveler, whose ear it strikes as the distant concert of a thousand Eolian harps. On the banks of the river, close by the spot where the music is heard, tradition says that there existed a tribe different in colour and in other peculiarities from the rest of the Indians. Their ancestors had originally emerged from the sea, where they were born, and were of a light complexion. They were a gentle, gay, inoffensive race, living chiefly on oysters and fish, and they passed their time in festivals and rejoicings. They had a temple in which they adored a mermaid. Every night when the moon was visible, they gathered round the beautifully carved figure of the mermaid, and with instruments of strange shape, worshipped that idol with such soul-stirring music, as had never before blessed human ears.

"One day, a short time after the destruction of Mauvila, or Mobile, in 1539, by Soto and his companions, there appeared among them a white man, with a long gray beard, flowing garments, and a large cross in his right hand. He drew from his bosom a book, which he kissed reverentially, and he began to explain to them what was contained in that *sacred little casket*. Tradition does not say how he came suddenly to acquire the language of these people, when he attempted to communicate to them the solemn truths of the gospel. It must have been by the operation of that faith which, we are authoritatively told, will remove mountains. Be it as it may, the holy man, in the course of a few months, was proceeding with much success in his pious undertaking, and the work of conversion was going on bravely, when his purposes were defeated by an awful prodigy.

"One night, when the moon at her zenith poured on heaven and earth, with more profusion than usual, a flood of light angelic, at the solemn hour of twelve, when all in nature was repose and silence, there came, on a sudden, a rushing on the surface of the river, as if the still air had been flapped into a whirlwind by myriads of invisible wings sweeping onward. The water seemed to be seized with convulsive fury; uttering a deep groan, it rolled several times from one bank to the other with rapid oscillations, and then gathered itself up into a towering column of foaming waves, on the top of which stood a mermaid, looking with magnetic eyes that could draw almost every thing to her, and singing with a voice

which fascinated into madness. The Indians and the priest, their new guest, rushed to the bank of the river to contemplate this supernatural spectacle. When she saw them, the mermaid tuned her tones into still more bewitching melody, and kept chanting a sort of mystic song, with this often repeated ditty :—

‘ Come to me, come to me, children of the sea,
Neither bell, book, nor cross, shall win ye from your queen.’

“The Indians listened with growing ecstasy, and one of them plunged into the river to rise no more. The rest, men, women, and children, followed in quick succession, moved, as it were, with the same irresistible impulse. When the last of the race disappeared, a wild laugh of exultation was heard; down returned the river to its bed with the roar of a cataract, and the whole scene seemed to have been but a dream. Ever since that time, is heard occasionally the distant music which has excited so much attention and investigation. The other Indian tribes of the neighbourhood have always thought that it was their musical brethren, who still keep up their revels at the bottom of the river, in the palace of the mermaid. Tradition further relates that the poor priest died in an agony of grief, and that he attributed this awful event and victory of the powers of darkness, to his not having been in a perfect state of grace, when he attempted the conversion of these infidels. It is believed also that he said on his death-bed, that these deluded pagan souls would be redeemed from their bondage and sent to the kingdom of heaven, if on a Christmas night, at twelve of the clock, when the moon shall happen to be at her meridian, a priest should dare to come alone to that musical spot, in a boat propelled by himself, and should drop a crucifix into the water. But, alas! if this be ever done, neither the holy man nor the boat are to be seen again by mortal eyes. So far, the attempt has not been made; sceptic minds have sneered, but no one has been found bold enough to try the experiment.”

Another legend, quite as curious, follows this in the pages of our author, but we must refer the curious reader to these for his satisfaction. We must confine ourselves to the progress of Governor Perier. He encouraged agriculture, and thus showed his wisdom. The year 1729 dawned favourably upon the colony. Our author here gives us some interesting details in regard to the evil consequences resulting from the marriage of Frenchmen with Indian wives. We cannot refrain from an extract, which will amuse the reader, and show Mr. Gayarré in his best manner.

“In the district of the Illinois, in 1720, the French had built a fort, and were living in good intelligence with the Indians, when the

commander, or governor of the district, no doubt with the intention of producing a deep impression on those barbarians by the sight of the number, the resources, and the power of the French nation, undertook to induce some of them to pay a visit to the *Great French village across the big salt lake*. He talked so much about the marvelous things to be seen in his own country, that he persuaded twelve of the Indians to follow him to France. One of them was the daughter of the chief of the Illinois, and she is said to have been the paramour of the governor. That officer, leaving the command of his fort to his lieutenant, descended the Mississippi, with his twelve Indian attendants, and a sergeant named Dubois, and arrived safely at New-Orleans, where they embarked for France. There, they were conducted to Versailles, introduced at court, and presented to the king, as a sample of his red subjects in Louisiana. They amused the *élite* of the aristocracy, by hunting a deer in the *Bois de Boulogne*, according to the Indian fashion, and the women, particularly the daughter of the chief of the Illinois, who was beautiful, were caressed and petted for a week by duchesses and such high-born dames. They even appeared on the floor of the Italian opera, in Paris, to perform Indian dances, and they had the honour of being the flitting wonder of a few days. The Indian princess was converted to Christianity, baptized in the splendid gothic cathedral of Notre Dame, with great pomp and ceremony, and then married to Sergeant Dubois, who, in consideration of this distinguished alliance, was raised by the king to the rank of captain, and commander of the Illinois District. She received handsome presents from the ladies of the court, and from the king himself. Her companions were not forgotten, and came in for their share of petticoats, shining blue coats, and cocked hats, lined with gold. They were, of course, very much pleased with their reception by their white allies, and after having seen every thing, and having been exhibited to every body, they left Paris and Versailles, to return to their distant home, and departed in high glee for L'Orient, where they took ship. With regard to the officer who had brought them to France, he remained in his native country, gave up forever all thoughts of returning to Louisiana and to Indian paramours, and married a rich widow, who, like Desdemona, had *loved him for the dangers he had passed*, among

‘ Cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.’

“The Indians, when they arrived at New-Orleans, were entertained in that city at the expense of the India Company. They were also supplied with boats and rowers, and with an escort of soldiers, and thus transported back to the Illinois. Great were the rejoicings among those people, who had long thought they had lost some of

their most important and most cherished members. Dubois took possession of the fort as the commander of the district, and there lived for a short time in the full enjoyment of power and peace. His wife, however, used to pay to her relations among her tribe, more frequent visits than he liked. One day, she helped her people to surprise the fort, and Dubois and the whole garrison were butchered without mercy. Madame Dubois then renounced Christianity, stripped herself of her cumbersome French dress, and returned to the worship of her old idols, to her early habits, and to the savage life which, it seemed, had lost in her eyes none of its primitive attractions. So much for the attempt to tame lions and tigers!"

This episode brings us to one of the most instructive and interesting of the chapters of our author—though we do not follow his order in the narrative—the description of the Natchez and other Indian tribes within the province. It also conducts us, naturally, to one of the most imposing of all the tragical events, of the many which occurred, in the career of the infant colony—an event which has won the regards of the French muse, and has been made classic by the oriental genius of Chateaubriand—we mean the last great conflict of the French with the Natchez—those Athenians of the Mississippi, as our author calls them.

At the period when the French first knew the Natchez, it was estimated that the latter people might have brought four thousand warriors into the field. In 1722, the period of which we write, their fighting men numbered but six hundred. Their population had diminished, from various causes, with a very frightful rapidity, but one which ensured comparative safety to the white colonists. The Natchez were a very ferocious, superstitious, and somewhat enlightened people. They were a sort of fire-worshippers. They claimed to have been born somewhere near the Sun's birth-place, to have passed from thence to Mexico, and, after an abode in the latter region for some centuries, to have moved once more in the direction of the East. They were probably driven thence by domestic wars, or in consequence of the irruption of more formidable nations. In 1722 their people were contracted within very narrow boundaries, along the Mississippi, their chief village being within three miles from Fort Rosalie, the site of the present town of Natchez. Their government was a despotism. The title of their sovereign was the Great Sun. His demise was always distinguished by the immolation, at his tomb, of a considerable number

of his subjects. The race was a handsome one, commonly tall, very few being under six feet, well made, vigorous, and highly symmetrical. Their complexion was a light mahogany, with jet black eyes and hair. A dwarf was an object of scorn, and men of five feet only were considered dwarfs. Their heads were rendered flat by pressure in infancy. Their women, however, subjected to degrading and painful employments, were far inferior, in personal beauty, to the men. Our author describes the Natchez as a very accomplished people. They were more inventive than the other tribes. Their implements showed ingenuity; their houses were so thatched as to be water-proof. Their pottery was well made, painted, and marked with hieroglyphics. In the culture of maize they were usually very successful. They knew how to dye skins with very rich colours; and, with the inner bark of trees and shrubs, they wrought garments, which were richly interwoven with the plumage of brilliant birds. Their canoes were sometimes forty feet long. But for their domestic habits and resources, we must refer the reader to the well filled pages of Mr. Gayarré. Their religion, superstitions, traditions, are all treated at great length in the volume before us. The Choctaws, in like manner, receive the attentions of our author. In the language of that people, Choctaw means "charming voice," and they were very musical. They occupied a fertile region, and were, unquestionably, very numerous. It is said that, at one time, they could bring 25,000 warriors into the field. But they were of coarser clay than the contiguous tribes, filthy, stupid, less brave, and yet more boastful, than any other of the races of the red men. Our author calls them the Bæotians of the Mississippi. The Chickasaws he styles the Spartans of the same region. They could marshal into the field from two to three thousand warriors. They were the most warlike of all the Louisiana races, had numerous slaves, well cultivated fields, and immense herds of cattle.

Perier did not suffer the defenceless condition of the colony to escape him, when he reflected upon the strength of these several Indian tribes. But the government of France did not give heed to his representations on this head. In fact, the expenses of the colony had been such as to discourage all appropriations of men or money which were not shown to be inevitably necessary. The govern-

ment was not prepared to recognize a necessity which called for money. They were soon to be taught a fearful lesson of the costliness of cupidity. The French settlements among the Natchez were particularly exposed. This people entertained a reasonable terror of Bienville. His removal from the government of Louisiana, probably lowered, somewhat, their fears of the French. Their veneration was still further decreased, when they were exposed to contact with local authorities at once brutal and weak. The settlement at Fort Rosalie was confided to a petty despot named Chopart. He made himself odious to the Natchez, and soon drove them to extremities, by demanding their surrender of the village of the White Apple—a favourite settlement, some six miles from the fort. They expostulated in vain, and were forced to the conclusion, that, to save themselves, it was necessary to destroy the French. They concerted for this purpose. A great council was held, and war was resolved upon. But the proceedings were kept secret with all the cunning of the savage. A general league was adopted, and, by a certain day, the red man agreed to fall upon the intruders. But the mother of the Great Sun, or emperor, had a liking for the French. She had been the wife or mistress of a French officer. By the exercise of a stern will, and much female cunning, she discovered the conspiracy. She betrayed it to the French, but Chopart only laughed at her. She resorted to another and a very doubtful means of saving them. The outbreak was to take place on a particular day. That all the tribes should act simultaneously, a bundle of sticks was assigned to each. Each stick represented a day. With the decline of each day a stick was to be withdrawn. The Indian woman determined to bring on the event prematurely, on the part of one of the tribes; and obtaining secret access to the temple, she withdrew some of the sticks from the bundle contained in the Great Temple. She did not forbear, meanwhile, to make her revelations to Chopart. He was still incredulous. On the 29th November, 1729, the Natchez struck, and struck, for the most part, fatally. The French, to the number of two hundred and fifty, were massacred in a few hours. Chopart was one of the victims. Very few escaped from the settlements of the Natchez. The habitations of the French were all fired, as soon as their owners were butchered. Revenge was now the sole duty before the sur-

vivors in other parts of the colony. St. Denis, of Natchitoches, was one of the first to fall upon them. He did so, in one of their entrenchments, and slew sixty. The Choctaw allies of the Natchez quarrelled with them, because of their partial distribution of booty. Numerous small details of strife, highly interesting, followed, before any event took place of influence upon the issue; and when the French did make a grand demonstration, the results were discreditable. The Natchez suffered particularly at the hands of the Choctaws and Tunicas—red men all—who were employed against them. They fled across the Mississippi, when it was found impossible to contend longer with their enemies. The war, says our author, ruined the Natchez, impoverished the French, and enriched only the Choctaws. Though dispersed, the Natchez kept up the war. They harassed the colonists by perpetual assaults. The French slew when they could, and burned their captives, but inspired no terror in the fugitives. The Natchez who survived found shelter with the Chickasaws, and continued troublesome. The French succeeded to, and took possession of, their domains. Governor Perier pursued them into the wilderness, up Red and Black river, and finally came upon a strong body of them, entrenched upon the Ouchata (?). A siege followed, and a good deal of severe skirmishing. Finding themselves about to be assaulted, they agreed to surrender. A storm came on, and interfered with the surrender. A large body gave themselves up; another body, taking advantage of the storm, made their escape, and left the work to be begun anew. Perier seems to have bungled greatly. The Natchez were only made more desperate by misfortune. They still numbered three hundred warriors. They still fought, and the Chickasaws were roused by the French to take up their weapons also. The Choctaws, too, were disposed to sympathise with the fugitive race, and other tribes, wrought upon by English influence, showed the edge of the hatchet instead of the bowl of the calumet. People began to cry aloud for a Bien-ville, in place of a Perier. The condition of the colony appalled its proprietors. On the 23d January, 1731, the "India Company" surrendered its charter into the hands of the king. It had existed fourteen years, and failed at last. The king made some prompt improvements. In order to revive the commerce of the colony, which the

company monopoly had destroyed, privileges were accorded to French subjects who would send trading vessels to Louisiana. The merchandize of France was exempted from duty in the province, and the produce of the latter entered the former free of duty also. The regulars maintained in the colony, were increased to eight hundred men, and—a tardy justice—Bienville was re-appointed governor. Perier had shown himself an honest man, but a rude and impolitic ruler, who had neither the sympathies nor the sense by which the red men could be conciliated. Bienville resumed the control of the colony in 1733, after an absence of eight years.

But the impolitic cupidity of the government still pursued him. It reserved to itself the right, for example, of fixing the price upon the commodities of the country, and of becoming the sole purchaser. To this were added natural misfortunes.

“ ‘I have found,’ says Diron D’Artaguette, ‘on my arrival at this place, two contagious diseases: first, the small-pox, which has carried off and is still killing, every day, a considerable number of persons of both sexes and of every age; and next, a general dearth of provisions, from which every body is suffering, and which has been the result of the destruction of the late crop by a hurricane. Our planters and mechanics here are dying of hunger, and those at New-Orleans are in no better situation. Some are clamorous for returning to France; others secretly run away to the Spaniards at Pensacola. The colony is on the eve of being depopulated.’ Such was the situation of the colony thirty-four years after its foundation.”

The Indians were all disaffected, and some of them troublesome. The Natchez were far from being destroyed. The Chickasaws surrounded them. It became obvious, that if they could not be conciliated, a war of extermination must follow. The Choctaws were spirited up against them, but without effect; and to add to the troubles of the French, D’Artaguette, one of their best officers, became inimical to Bienville. An expedition of the former against the Chickasaws failed. This people, with the Natchez, and officered by the English from Carolina, were always active, and lost no opportunities for doing mischief. The French, under the younger D’Artaguette, were beaten, with great loss, in the Arkansas. It became necessary to concentrate all efforts for the destruction of

the savages. The years 1735 and '36 were marked by great military preparations for this object. An invasion of the Chickasaw villages took place, but was badly managed. The red men were posted strongly in their entrenchments. They had English officers. The flag of England floated on their chief fortress. The French marched to the assault with nearly three thousand men, white men and Indians. They were discomfited, with prodigious loss. D'Artaguette, with a separate command, was beaten, made captive, and, with other officers, burnt. The forces of Bienville failed miserably, and suffered in like proportion. The whole enterprise was a miserable failure. The details, as given by our author, are full of interest, and given at great length. We dare not attempt to follow him. His work, lively, and full of anecdote and biography, will amply repay the reader for perusal. This portion of his narrative is particularly attractive, and affords, as he suggests, material for the romancer, at once rich and new. A second attempt against the same people was equally unfortunate, and ten times more disgraceful. It was marked by the most unmitigated imbecility.

The seventh lecture or chapter of our author, bringing his narrative down to 1743, though full of interest and pleasingly written, must pass without notice. It records the state of the colony at length, from 1736 to 1743, follows the wars between the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and is interspersed with description and anecdote such as warm the history, and justify its claims to the romantic. Bienville is superseded by the Marquis of Vaudreuil, and returns to France.

There is still another volume to be written. Our author may well devote himself to a continuation of the history which he has so well illustrated. From 1743 to 1850, more than one hundred years, in the progress of a State which has gone through so many hands, and so many vicissitudes, will afford abundant materials for another octavo, even should our author determine to pursue the plan of the present volume. This we should not counsel. The native interest of this history, the picturesque in its facts, will suffice to give it the vitality of romance, without the ambition of fine writing. He has given us an agreeable and instructive series of papers ;

but, we think, he would have been even more successful by the adoption of a style of more simplicity. As a lecturer, he was required to be ornate; as a historian, he must be more severe.

ART. V.—HAMMOND'S EULOGY UPON CALHOUN.

An Oration, on the Life, Character and Services of John Caldwell Calhoun; delivered on the 21st Nov., 1850, in Charleston, S. C., at the request of the City Council. By J. H. HAMMOND. Charleston: Walker & James. 1851.

WE were among the delighted thousands who listened to the discourse of General Hammond, upon its delivery in Charleston; and, high as was the estimate which we then placed upon the performance, the impression which it made, as delivered from the mouth of the orator, has been confirmed and strengthened by a calm and repeated perusal of it, as it now appears in print. The oration which will stand the test of deliberate perusal, may be assumed to possess qualities of intrinsic and original merit, very far superior to those which usually distinguish productions of this order. Mere grace, good taste, facility, and a grateful fancy, it is true, may secure this compliment, at least from a certain select class of readers; but, for the public at large, it is requisite that the printed oration should possess qualities of force, originality and suggestion, and an appropriate design, before it can reasonably hope to secure a judgment from the closet half so indulgent as that which is accorded to the same production when delivered from the stage. In the former situation, there is no excited mood to unsettle the judgment—no sympathy of the multitude, no magnetism of one's neighbours, to possess and prejudice the imagination. The voice, eye and manner of the orator—those influences which are so vital to success in public speaking—are all wanting. Time is allowed for examination, and the thought cannot be carried beyond our grasp and analysis, by a cloud of winged words. The tribunal of the closet is thus, accordingly, one quite too stern and severe

for the light, ephemeral ebullitions which issue from the stage and forum. Few orators, not blinded equally to the public and themselves, will willingly incur the perils of such a tribunal; and, where they do, it is too commonly the case that the reader wonders, and grows vexed with himself, that he has suffered his enthusiasm so completely to get the better of his judgment, as to applaud that, when spoken, which he painfully labours through in print. That the oration of General Hammond should improve under the second test, is quite conclusive in behalf of its claims to a higher rank than that of the class to which it is ostensibly assigned. This is the strict result of the exhibition of characteristics in the orator, which are really not demanded in the eulogist—where, as it were in recognition of the superior worth of his *materiel*, the orator rises from mere adulation into analysis, and, in truly developing the nature of his subject—in the just delineation of his endowments—taken from the depths and not the surfaces—seizes upon the hearer, or the reader, by surprise, and compels him to rise, also, to a higher intellectual and moral standard than that which he has been accustomed to employ on such occasions.

To estimate the claims and genius of such a man as Mr. Calhoun; to weigh his services and analyze his life, understand his motives, comprehend his principles, and pourtray fully and circumspectly his intellectual and political course, demanded very peculiar qualifications; whose union, in any one person, could be hoped for only in very rare instances. We have perused a very large number of the orations which have been occasioned by the death of the great statesman, *par excellence*, of the South, and have seen much to admire, and a great deal to commend. They all concur in certain general views of the subject. All delineate truthfully certain phases of his mind; and are all, more or less excellent as portraits. But we are compelled to say the same thing of the thousand engraved portraits of Washington and Jackson. Rude as they may be—unfinished—a mere sketch—they are still as thoroughly distinguishable, at a glance, for the person they are designed to represent, as the most elaborate painting from the hands of the great artist. This is due to general features only. The rule cannot fail, in its application, to any person who possesses a marked individuality of character and endowment. It is the salient that strikes

the multitude, and which is seized, in turn, by the sketcher; who, let him paint as rudely as he may, will scarcely fail of those more prominent features, which shall compel the general recognition. But, of all these eulogies and orations upon Mr. Calhoun, it is that of General Hammond, in particular, which impresses us, not only with the truth and felicity of the broad, bold outlines, but with the perfect propriety, the fitness and finish of the whole. In him seems to have been combined all the requisite qualifications for the analysis of such a subject; and we venture to predict that this, of all others, will be the production which will survive, as a historical document—in which the reader will see rather the judge and the historian than the eulogist—in which he will feel that the intrinsic evidence is such, that he will be justified in receiving the testimony as beyond challenge, free from suspicion as a work of just criticism, and free from the imputation of flatulency, as eulogy and tribute. In this will lie its value to the future; growing more interesting in course of time, and sure of an additional triumph, as the recognized contribution of South-Carolina to the archives of history—her estimate of the worth and greatness of her most illustrious citizen, made at his grave, but after the first pang and anguish occasioned by his loss had subsided into the subdued conviction that it was no longer remediable.

That General Hammond himself entertained the very highest standard of eulogy, when he addressed himself to his task, is sufficiently apparent from the following noble paragraph:

“The man is now no more. He has closed his career with us, to begin another, in a better world. But what he did, and what he said, while here, still live, and will live forever in their consequences, as immortal as the spirit which has returned to God. How he performed his part on earth it is ours now to consider. And, drying our unavailing tears, and burying, for the moment, in the deepest recesses of our bosoms, the love and reverence we bore him, it is our duty to analyze his life with the strict impartiality of a distant posterity, and to bring the thoughts and actions he left behind him to the great standard of eternal truth, that we may render complete justice to him, and gather, for ourselves and our children, the full measure of the lessons which he taught. The living man scorned fulsome adulation, and his living spirit, if permitted to hover over us now, and to hear our voices, and perceive the pulsa-

tions of our hearts, will accept no offering that cannot bear the scrutiny of time and the pure test of truth."

To prepare an eulogy, according to such a standard, requires no ordinary endowment, no ordinary courage. Such a performance must be no funeral eulogium—not even a special biography—must be, in fact, a *history*. Justice to Calhoun, himself, requires this, and will be satisfied with nothing less. The reputation which cannot endure such a test merits no remembrance. The statesman can be truly conceived, only in the wholeness of his character and position. He must be reviewed in his historical place and attitude. To do this properly, implies a certain distance from his times, and a retrospection illumined by experience and philosophy. We need to withdraw ourselves from the immediate atmosphere of the events we analyze. The fog must be allowed to disappear, the smoke of the conflict to ascend, so as to leave the field open; and we ourselves must be free from any interest in the action. This is the ordinary necessity of the historian. His difficulties are so much the greater, if he enjoys none of the benefits of this remoteness. If, therefore, he be near the period of his narrative, he must possess the greater intrepidity and conscientiousness—the greater prophetic sagacity, and the large comprehensiveness of intellect, "looking before and behind,"—to fulfil his duty with veracity and judgment, as standing in the place of posterity. We are, moreover, required to remember that almost the very same qualifications are necessary for the philosophical historian and the philosophical statesman. These two, above all others, must learn to comprehend each other. They need the same power of penetration and analysis, the same facility of combination, the same force and directness of deduction, the same appreciation of ultimate principles and universal truths; the same quick and just recognition of character, circumstances and policy; the same impartiality, the same devotion to truth and justice, the same clearness of vision and conception; the same perception of the relation of the external life of the nation to the causes of its growth, decline and change.

It is by the exhibition of these very attributes that General Hammond has, in his oration, so amply justified the appointment to the task, which he has executed with

such admirable ability. He has shown himself capable of becoming the historian of the statesman; of entering fully into the motives of his conduct, showing the grasp of his policy and the results which followed from its adoption. He has succeeded, moreover, in the difficult task of bringing out the strong individuality of *the man, Calhoun*, in due prominence, and yet, in just subordination and relation to the great *historical events* with which he was connected; and he has, in consequence of this discriminate management, escaped the sacrifice, on the one hand, of the clear exposition of the *personal statesman*, in his intellectual and moral peculiarities, to the march and development of *political events*; and, on the other hand, the great *general principles and lessons of history*, to the *special and individual biography*. His admirable and profound distinction of the general epochs of Mr. Calhoun's political career, illustrates the intellectual life and progress of the man, while it unfolds, with equal fullness, the political and historical course of the nation. And all this is done with a calmness and a dignity, in which the closest logic and the profoundest metaphysical thought, are inimitably combined with the lucid and unostentatious style of the historian. There is no awkward and ambitious obtrusion of the writer's moralizings, deductions and philosophizings. He does not stop you, in the midst of his narrative, to tell you he means now to embody himself in an apothegm, or a speculation; but the most important thoughts are suggested; the most fruitful reflections indicated; the most profound principles, instruction and reasoning, simply, naturally, and lucidly presented; all as involved, implied in, and directly flowing along with, the unbroken current of the narrative. This is the highest and most difficult achievement of the historian, in which he often fails, by arresting us with his own commentary; not suffering it to be evolved gradually, as he proceeds, but ostentatiously grafting it upon his details—stopping, as it were, to tell us that now he designs to show us the meaning, application and philosophy of his narrative—instead of making his page spontaneously teach us; by its own indwelling power and wisdom awakening us to thought, and to the perception of the instruction which it insinuates and reflects. Gen. Hammond's page does this, with a simple dignity and pregnancy of style, which, without their obscurity, blends,

to a remarkable degree, the discrimination, the sagacity, the enlarged mode of view, and the penetrating analysis of Thucydides and Aristotle; while his entire manner indicates that the historian and statesman are, in him, combined with the qualifications of the orator. The admirable discrimination with which he has seized and delineated the great historical and political facts, in their connection with his subject, and has indicated their true importance and profound significance, shows that he is master of the highest conception of history; while the analytic penetration, the enlarged philosophical appreciation, and the clear insight with which he has portrayed and illuminated the mental and moral characteristics of Mr. Calhoun; his motives, aims, influence, policy and historical position; amply show us that the author of this oration is gifted with the endowments which belong to the highest order of statesmanship. General Hammond's essay indicates, throughout, that, like Mr. Calhoun himself, he is accustomed to pierce to, and through, and to reason from, first and universal principles, and to view facts and policy in the light of a comprehensive and scientific understanding of government and political philosophy; and no one can comprehend the breadth of view, the profundity and clearness of conception, and the pregnant suggestiveness of this noble oration, without ranking its author among the very first statesmen of this confederacy—perhaps of this age.

In the unbounded admiration felt for Mr. Calhoun by the people of South-Carolina, and, in fact, by all his admirers, South and North, there was great danger to any orator or analyst who should fearlessly scrutinize his subject, with a disposition severely to insist only upon his certain merits. In the first feeling of his loss; with the full sense of his recent performances; with the spectacle, almost in our eyes, of his death in the capitol—in the harness—struggling, like a dying giant, amidst the throng of his enemies—with the feeling, too, that these enemies are ours; that they are still powerful and still threaten us, while our great champion no longer stands up to confront them;—it is not easy to speak in moderate language of what we owe him, or to measure his claims to our admiration by any standard which a fond enthusiasm would not suggest. But General Hammond, with an intrepidity not easy to emulate, does this. He strips himself and his

subject, of all the relations and influences of the present, which were calculated to impair the strict simplicity and severity of his analysis. He does not seek to slur over, to conceal, or to excuse, and apologize for, the inaccuracies or inadvertencies of judgment—those changes or inconsistencies—which may be found in the career of Mr. Calhoun, as certainly as in that of any, the most gifted statesman of the world. Mr. Calhoun was not infallible, and his progress was marked by eccentricities of policy and opinion, which it was only too much the habit with his admirers to deny or to evade. General Hammond does that justice to the real worth and endowments of his subject, which assumes that they can readily bear the full exhibition of any of the errors by which they were accompanied, without losing any of their claims upon the admiration of mankind. And he makes no puling apologies for thus boldly canvassing the performances of a life which can only be justly honoured when justly examined. Take an illustration of the manly dignity with which this duty is performed:

“In reviewing Mr. Calhoun’s political course, up to this period, if, with the sternness of the historian, we brush aside the splendid halo that surrounds it, and call to our aid the experience of a third of a century of rapid progress—above all, if we examine it by the effulgent light which he himself, more than all other men, has since shed upon the federal constitution, and judge it by those rigid and severe tests which he has taught us—we cannot fail to perceive that, brilliant, useful and glorious as it was to his country and to himself, his views, in many most important particulars, were essentially erroneous, and that he assisted powerfully in giving currency to opinions, and building up systems, that have proved seriously injurious to the South, and probably to the stability of the existing Union. These I have not hesitated to point out. It was due to truth, to history and to him.”

Here follows the most admirable plea for those changes of policy in Mr. Calhoun, which have but too frequently met with the censures, harsh and illiberal, of his enemies, and which have been usually quite as unfortunate in the sort of defence and apology offered by his friends. The argument of General Hammond is of a very different character, and will be found really to elevate the claims of his subject, even while conceding the errors and changes which have been alleged against him.

"It has been customary to apologize for these errors, by saying that they were the errors of youth. But Mr. Calhoun had no youth to our knowledge. He sprung into the arena like Minerva from the head of Jove, fully grown and clothed in armour : a man every inch of him, and able to contend with any other man. A severe moralist would point to them as conspicuous proofs of the fallibility of our nature, since the deepest devotion to the Union and his native section, and the most perfect purity of purpose, with the subtlest intellectual acumen and the profoundest generalization, could not save him from them. There may be much truth and wisdom in this view. But there are reasons why Mr. Calhoun should have fallen at that time into the opinions that he did, which, properly considered, would remove every shadow of suspicion from his motives, if any has ever been seriously entertained, and almost wholly excuse the most sagacious of men who laid no claim to inspiration.

"Although there were from the commencement of the Government two parties, one of whom contended for a strict, and the other for a latitudinarian construction of the Constitution, a review of the practical questions which arose between them would show that few or none of them were of a sectional bearing. The Alien and Sedition Laws, which produced the greatest excitement of any internal question, had no such tendency. The Funding of the Domestic Debt might have been so, accidentally ; but no question necessarily and permanently sectional, attracted serious notice until after the second war. In fact, under the administrations of the earlier Presidents, all those sectional jealousies which had displayed themselves so conspicuously during the Confederation ; and which are so prominent in the debates of the Convention that framed the Constitution, had been lulled to sleep ; and a large proportion of the ablest Southern men were Federalists. The great questions which did agitate the country, on which elections turned, and parties really, though not altogether, nominally divided off, were external, not internal questions. Our colonial habits still predominated, and we looked abroad for our dangers : for our enemies and our friends. English, French and Spanish negotiations : Jay's Treaty : the squabble with the Directory : the acquisition of Louisiana : the terrible wars of Europe : the aggressions on our neutral rights : and, finally, the embargo—non-importation—non-intercourse laws and war with England :—these were the great and deeply interesting subjects which absorbed men's minds and coloured all their political opinions. The Constitution was overlooked and violated by both parties ; and I believe it may be said that on no question of a constitutional character were party lines stringently drawn after the election of Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Monroe declared, on his accession, that we were "all Federalists—all Republicans."

"It was under these circumstances, and at a period when, above

all others, an ardent and patriotic mind would be least disposed to contemplate sectional interests or stickle about constitutional scruples, that Mr. Calhoun entered Congress. It was, indeed, the imperative duty of the patriot then to discard all mere sectional considerations; and, perhaps, to give the most liberal construction to the Constitution, to enable the ship of State to meet and ride out the storms which threatened to engulf it. The difficulties were immense. Mr. Calhoun, placed at once in a high and responsible position, and taking, as was said at the time, the war upon his shoulders, was absorbed, during his first three sessions, in devising measures to meet its pressing exigencies; and during the last three, in endeavouring to dissipate its injurious effects upon the currency, commerce and industry of the country. And considering the history of the past: the conduct of parties on internal constitutional questions: the habitual disregard of strict construction by the Republican leaders: the acquiescence of older and very able men of all sections in the constitutionality of the Bank, the Tariff and Internal Improvements, it is not at all to be wondered at, nor to be severely condemned, that, in the universal confusion, and burning glow of his broad patriotism, so fanned by current events, he should fail to look at the sectional bearing of propositions, or even of constitutional constructions. No man—not one in our wide confederacy—North or South—foresaw what was coming out of the convulsions of the war; and the measures adopted to ease down the country to a state of peace, and prepare her for a prosperous career under circumstances so greatly different as were those of 1815–17, from any she had yet encountered. Carplings and croakings there were, of course, and prophecies of evil, in abundance. But the results baffled all predictions: or, at least, verified so little of what any had foretold, as to place the wisest seer on no higher tripod than that of a lucky fortune-teller. Mr. Calhoun never croaked or carped. And if he erred in straying from the narrow, but only true path of constitutional construction, he may well be forgiven for following precedents that were almost consecrated—the examples of nearly all with whom he acted—and the impulses of a generous, confiding and wide extended love of country.”

The length of these quotations greatly abridges our space, but they serve to illustrate what is the object of this article—the merits of this oration. One more extract, and we must leave the reader to seek, in the performance itself, the proper means for determining upon the propriety of our applause. The matter which we now quote will have its interest at the present moment, apart from its connection with the career of Mr. Calhoun. It refers to the memorable question of nullification, or the interposition of

the State Veto. Speaking of the great debate in relation to the Force Bill—a debate which, General Hammond remarks, “will go down to future times and live an imperishable monument of the patriotism and courage—the wisdom and foresight—the genius and eloquence of Mr. Calhoun. His speech is not surpassed by any recorded in modern or in ancient times—not even by that of the great Athenian on the Crown:”—He adds :

“This debate can never be read without its being seen and felt that Mr. Webster, his only opponent worthy to be named, gifted as he is universally acknowledged to be with talent of the highest order, and remarkable even more for his power of reasoning than for his lofty declamation, was on this memorable occasion a dwarf in a giant's grasp. He was prostrated on every ground that he assumed. And if logic, building on undoubted facts, can demonstrate any moral proposition, then Mr. Calhoun made as clear as mathematical solution his theory of our Government and the right of each State to judge of infractions of the Constitution, and to determine the mode and measure of redress. When the dust of ages shall have covered alike the men, the passions and the interests of that day, this speech of Mr. Calhoun will remain to posterity, not merely a triumphant vindication of the State of South-Carolina, but a tower light to shed the brightest, purest and truest rays upon the path of every confederacy of free states that shall arise on the earth.

“It is not probable that State interposition will ever again be resorted to while this Union continues. More decisive measures will be preferred. But if the Federal Government was created by a constitutional compact between sovereign States, binding between those only who ratified it in Conventions: if only certain enumerated or defined powers were entrusted to it in its various departments, and all powers not granted it, explicitly reserved to the States entering into the compact: and if that compact appointed no special tribunal to decide when the Government thus created transcended the powers granted to it and trenched on those reserved by the States, it follows irresistibly that the States themselves must decide such questions: for if the Federal Government, by any or all of its departments, assumes, as an exclusive right, this transcendent power, then is that Government sovereign over those by whom it was created—the Conventions of the people of the States; the limits to its powers, supposed to have been fixed in the most sacred and binding form, were only suggestions addressed to its discretion, and the whole mass of rights supposed to have been reserved absolutely to the States, have no existence save from its grace and will. If, however, the States have, by virtue of their sovereignty—and if it be historically true at the time of the compact that each State was sepa-

rately sovereign and remains so still,—then, if each State has a right to judge, in Convention, of infractions of the Constitution, it follows, with equal certainty, that such State must determine for itself the mode and measure of resistance to be applied to such infraction, or else the right itself is a nullity. Two modes only of resistance are to be found. The one, to withdraw altogether from the violated compact: the other to nullify the unconstitutional act and compel the Federal Government to repeal it, or obtain a new grant of power from another Convention of the States. The Federal Government, or two-thirds of the States, may call a Convention for that purpose. A single State cannot. It must, therefore, surrender, not only its reserved rights, but its entire sovereignty, or resist, if need be, singly and independently, as South-Carolina did.

“In recommending Nullification to the State of South-Carolina in preference to Secession, which at that time it was almost universally agreed that a State had a clear right to resort to, Mr. Calhoun was mainly influenced by that deep, long cherished, and I might almost say superstitious attachment to the Union, which marked every act of his career from its commencement to its very close. For if there is one feature most prominent in Nullification as a remedial measure, it is that it is conservative of the Union—of that constitutional Union, which is the only Union a patriot can desire to preserve. It was also recommended by the authority of the leaders and founders of the great republican party, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, who had proposed this identical measure to Virginia and Kentucky in the memorable crisis of 1798.”

Here we must pause. Our space denies us farther privilege either of comment or quotation. But enough has been said and shown, we trust, to prompt every reader, solicitous of a correct knowledge of Mr. Calhoun's character, career and genius, to procure and preserve this oration. It exhibits, in the possession of the author, the very best essentials for the historian and biographer, in addition to other qualities quite as essential to the statesman. With this conviction, we rejoice at the rumour which has reached us, that General Hammond contemplates, if proper materials can be procured, a life of George McDuffie; another of Carolina's ablest public men and orators, whose history will be that, also, of one of the most interesting periods in the civil progress of the country.

ART. VI.—NEGRO AND WHITE SLAVERY—WHEREIN DO THEY DIFFER?

Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet; an auto-biography. New-York: Harper & Brother. 1851.

THERE are, as a recent writer in the *Edinburg Review* remarks, “two classes of philanthropists—the feelers and the thinkers—the impulsive and the systematic—those who devote themselves to the relief or mitigation of existing misery, and those who, with a larger patience, a deeper insight, and a wider vision, endeavour to prevent its recurrence and perpetuation by an investigation and eradication of its causes. The former (in imitation, as they imagine, of their Master) go from house to house assuaging wretchedness, but, alas! not always ‘doing good;’ relieving present evils, but too often leaving an increasing crop ever springing up under their footsteps; attended and rewarded by blessings, but doomed, probably, at length to feel that they have ill deserved them. Far different is the course of the latter class: their life is spent in a laborious research into remote and hidden causes; in a patient and painful analysis of the operation of principles, from the misapplication or forgetfulness of which our social disorders have sprung; in sowing seeds and elucidating laws that are to destroy the evil at a distant day, which they themselves may never see—while sometimes its pressure may be aggravated during the period which they do see. They are neither rewarded by the gratitude of those for whom they toil, (since the benefits they confer are often blessings in disguise, and *in futurum*,) nor gratified by beholding the fruit of their benevolent exertions; for the harvest may not be ripe till all of them have passed away, and till most of them have been forgotten. Nay, more: they are misrepresented, misconstrued, accused of hardness of heart by a misconceiving generation, and too often cursed and thwarted by the very men in whose service they have spent their strength. And, while those who have chosen the simpler and easier path are reaping blessings in return for the troubles they have ignorantly stimulated and perpetuated by relieving, these men (the martyrs of philanthropy) must find their consolation and support in unswerving adherence to true principles and unshrinking

faith in final victory ; and must seek their recompense—if they need one—in the tardy recognition of their virtues, by a distant and wiser time. While, therefore, the warm and ardent natures, which can find no peace except in the indulgence of their kindly impulses, are worthy of all love and, even amid all the mischief they create, of some admiration for their sacrifices and zeal ; and while we fully admit that they also have their mission to fulfil, we cast in our lot with their more systematic fellow-labourers, who address themselves to the harder, rougher, more unthankful task, of attacking the source, rather than the symptoms—of eradicating social evils rather than alleviating them.”

The author of Alton Locke is of the well-meaning but mischievous class, included under the head of “the feelers.” In sympathy for the wretchedness which he so vividly describes, he cannot think coolly upon the chances for remedying it ; and, because evil very evidently exists, he falls foul of the first fancied obstacle he meets, and, shutting his eyes, fights away, without taking breath to consider if, perchance, he may not be drubbing the wrong subject.

Political economy seems to be the special bug-bear of all such sentimental reformers. Because this science cannot extirpate evil, they rail against it as not only inefficient, but mischievous ; because the grand rule of *Laissez faire* cannot cure all ills, they blame it as the parent of all ; because God Almighty has not seen fit to make this world suited to their ideas of right and wrong, they would revolutionize it to some devil’s rule, which one-half of them, in their gentle beneficence, (for they are “good easy men,” well-meaning folks, this half of them,) deem some model-work of heaven, specially confided to them, the heaven inspired. The other half, mixed up of madman and fanatic, care not what devil’s brood may be let loose upon the world, provided the “higher law” be exalted, and reason and common sense forced back before their visionary schemes.

Alton Locke, most decidedly a work of talent, is throughout sprinkled with the impracticable spirit of reform, which now sets the world agog after some unfound and unknown system of improvement, which its seekers seem to imagine is to prove, as it were, some great strengthening plaister, to be clapped upon all weak places

in our sick and sorry world, where God's providence, having failed to make all perfect and healthy, wise prophets and new lights stand ready to better his works with their *nostrums* and *emplastra*. Like all quacks, however, do they not aggravate the evil, even unto death? The civilized world seems struggling almost in its death throes, while, like some poor patient, sweating under a Thomsonian steam-practice, and gasping for God's air and God's sun, we stand bolstered up with dreams of "phalansteries," "rights of labour," and "all men are free and equal" systems, vainly the while interceding "*Laissez faire!*" *Laissez faire*, God's glorious providence; *Laissez faire*, the beautiful system which he has established; and where he has seen fit to leave us subjected to the fearful influence of a Vesuvius or an Etna, what boots it that we go about, in a panic, to block up the volcanic might of evil with a cart-load of sand! Deeper research must make us acquainted with the cause, and larger, more far-seeing remedies must—if any can—alleviate the evil.

The civilized world seems, we have said, to be struggling in its death throes; not yet is "the strong man laid low," but "how long, oh! Lord, how long," can we resist the fearful influence which stands ready to sweep over us its desolating night of barbarism! Communism and Socialism, in their various forms and divers masks, now showing themselves in bald and fiend-like horrible indecency, with their bold cry of "no property," "no family;" now, again, with almost angelic gentleness insinuating the same ends, in sentimental wailings and tearful remonstrance;—Communism and Socialism are the doctors—the soul and body healers—to whom our future destiny seems in too much danger of being subjected; and, if they succeed in once shutting the door upon our true and patient friend, political economy, it will not, it is to be feared, take them long to steam us to death under their patent processes.

Alton Locke is, we repeat, a work of talent. There is a vivid reality about his descriptions which too well vouches for their truth, and touches us home—we of these Southern United States—by the great contrast which such a state of society presents, with the far happier, and every way more elevated, position of *our* labouring classes. Aye—negro and slave though these be—the white slave of England—great, proud, glorious England—

has sunk far lower than they, in the weltering abyss of misery and hopeless wretchedness. After a few further remarks upon the general tenor and merits of the volume, we will proceed to give some quotations calculated to prove this assertion.

There are, in the various characters of this volume, few who interest us strongly. The heroines (one of whom is intended as a very prominent personage) are distressingly vapid; and when, toward the conclusion, this most prominent one—this beau ideal of perfect womanhood—begins to prate of “emancipation of labour,” and a “holy war against the fiend of competition,” we feel that we have had quite enough of her. There is, indeed, a “vast machinery of good” in the world, needing only guidance to turn itself to some useful purpose in the end and destiny of man; but it is not the “dark ladye” of Alton Locke who has yet let in light upon the enigma of earthly sin and earthly sorrow. There is certainly nothing very novel in the discovery, that a perfectly virtuous world would cease to be a sinful one; but how to bring about so desirable a climax, is an enigma which the “dark ladye” does not solve. Individual virtue and self-sacrifice, beautiful devotion to truth and duty, are of daily, hourly occurrence in this God’s world of ours—for God’s world and no devil’s world it is—but a self-sacrificing community, where every clashing interest sways under and cheerfully submits to the good of all, making one mind and one soul of opposing thoughts, sentiments and wishes—such a community the world has not yet seen, and Alton Locke certainly does not teach us how to manufacture it.

In the widowed mother of Alton, we have a fine specimen of a human heart, welling forth all the better feelings of humanity, but crushed down by grinding bigotry, and smothering all its gentleness in conscientious fanaticism; and our heart aches at the glimpses given of his young and gentle sister, subdued by the same annihilating process. One sterling character gives life to the whole book. Oid Sandy Mackaye would be enough to tempt us through a dozen volumes of far inferior merit. We see the kindly heart which has broken loose from its trammels, after having been bred up by a “right stern auld Cameronian sort o’ body,” as he describes his father.

"I was unco drawn to the high doctrines ance, when I was a bit laddie, an' sat in the wee kirk by my minnie and my daddy; but as I grew and grew, the bed was ower short for a man to stretch himsel' thereon, and the plaidie ower straight for a man to fauld himsel' therein; and so I had to gang my gate a' naked in the matter o' formulæ, as Maister Tummas has it."

But though naked in the matter of formulæ, not the less was auld Sandy clothed with all true Christian graces, and we feel that he was on safe ground, when he tells us, midst his death-bed wanderings, that—

"There was a gran' leddy, a bonny leddy, came in, and talked like an angel o' God to puir old Sandy, anent the salvation o' his soul. But I told her no to fash hersel'. It's no my view o' human life, that a man's sent into the warld just to save his soul and creep out again; an' I said I wad leave the savin' o' my soul to him that made my soul; it was in richt good keeping there, I'd warrant. An' then she was unco fleyed when she found I did na haud wi' the Athanasian creed; an' I told her, na'; if he that died on the cross was sic a ane as she and I teuk him to be, there was na that pride nor spite in him, be sure, to send a pure auld sinful, guideless body to eternal fire, because he didna a' thegither understand the honour due to his name."

A higher philosophy and religion was Sandy's, than either Cameronian or Athanasian creeds; the philosophy and religion of true Christian charity.

"Ah! boy, boy, (he exclaims to young Alton) do ye think that was what ye were made for; to please yersel' wi a woman's smiles, or e'en a woman's kisses, or to please yersel' at all? How do ye expect ever to be happy, or strong, or a man at a', as long as ye go on looking to enjoy yersel'?"

The duties of life are its only legitimate enjoyments to the reasoning, thoughtful mind. And this brings us back to our caption—"Negro and White Slavery,—wherein do they differ?"

One grand point of difference presents itself as a corollary to the sentence we have uttered—the duties of life are its only legitimate enjoyments. These duties lie so plainly before every slaveholder, that there is no necessity for his travelling out of his way, and losing himself in philosophic and philanthropic mazes, to find them. We do not pretend to say that to the aristocratic master of

the white (*de facto*) slave, duties are not rife, and the means of fulfilling them, scattered at every step. But he may easily blind himself to them; he does not feel so intensely as the master of the negro (acknowledged) slave, the strong call for, the necessity of, curtailing his luxuries to supply the wants of his subordinate. In the case of the white (*de facto*) slave, each individual who uses his labour may say, and with some truth, "this is no affair of mine. It is no more my duty than that of A, or B, or C, to relieve this suffering. This is the duty of the community, not mine. Society is, I am not, answerable for this wretchedness." And so, with a recommendation to a charitable society, or an alms, which may serve, at most, to hold life together for a few weeks, the rich man has done his duty, and passes on to his business or his pleasures. The poor victim of society, too, passes on, to toil, starve, and die,—forgotten. Not so with the black (acknowledged) slave. In his case, individual responsibility cannot thus fling itself off upon society. "*Thou art the man.*" And public opinion, with its raised finger of scorn, combines with conscience, to shame the cruel or negligent master. Yes—marvellous as, to many, the statement may appear—the slaveowner (acknowledged) has, very generally, a conscience, which, combining with the kindness of feeling resulting from propinquity, produces a strong tie between master and slave, unknown, and to judge from his speech and actions, utterly inconceivable to the slaveowner (*de facto*)—the white slave-driver. We love our negroes. They form to us a more extended bond for human sympathies. We love our negroes; not as a miser loves his gold; but rather as a father loves his children. The tie, if not so close, is still of the same kind. As a larger family, associated in the same home interests, the same hopes and the same fears, they are of *us*—a part of ourselves. The grey-haired negro, who watches with pride the growth of his baby-master, exulting in his lordly air, and glorying, more perhaps even than the parent, in the progress of that young thing, the object of so many hopes and fears—does he find no tender point in that parent's heart, which extends its sympathies to the faithful negro, his children and his grand-children? That toddling boy, so watched and cared for, has he no soul to return with growing years and expanded feelings, the affections of negro as well as parent? Thank God! the

slaveholder is (spite of slander and reviling) still a man, and often, perhaps, a kinder, gentler, truer man, because, with so many to look up to him, so many to help and to be helped, so many to guide, his nature has educated itself to sympathy and kindness; he has learned in the school of experience, not theory, that "he prayeth well who loveth well."

"He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The lesson is forced upon him. He dare not turn away from suffering, and say, "go to the poor-house," "go to the authorities," "to the relieving officer," "the medical officer." He *dare* not—for the sorrow is his, the sickness is his. It is no merit to him that he heeds and soothes them. Society would mark him as a nuisance, if his sick or starving negro were driven forth, to seek charity from others. He dare not refuse. No merit, then, to *him*, because he relieves; but much merit to *the system* which thus puts a check upon individual selfishness, and, while it relieves the sufferer, softens and raises the heart of him who relieves. Public paupers, "street folks," are unknown to such a system. The charity of alms and of poor-rates is unneeded, while every day calls for the exercise of that higher charity, which "suffereth long and is kind," and without which, "though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor," it profiteth me nothing.

In contrasting the situation of the white and black slave, we mean no attack upon those institutions where the larger evil, as we consider it, (white slavery,) exists. The evils caused by governmental blunders and mistaken policy are usually the work of ages, deep-seated, and requiring much time and prudence to correct. Too often the gangrened sore, which is beyond all hope of remedy, other than a patient trusting to the powers of nature, is increased to agony by officious but kind-hearted interference, equivalent in efficacy to an old woman's "*yarb-teas*" and bark-plasters, prescribed for a sick heart. Such communities are indeed sick at heart, and can only, in their own patient efforts, find a chance of cure. There is a God above us, and He it is who sends the earthquake as well as the sunshine, the tornado as well as the ze-

phyr, evil as well as good. He has made the white man for *his* place; the negro for *his*. The white man, with his larger brain, and more highly developed faculties, is unfit for the position of the negro—could never be suited to it—and therefore, in contrasting the condition of these differing classes, we only show the contrast: we defend our institutions, without ill-will to others. Alton Locke, speaking of an assembly of proletarians, (white slaves,) remarks:

“We, for our part, shall not be ashamed to show foreheads against your laughing House of Commons—and say, what employment can such men find, in the soulless routine of mechanical labour, for the mass of brain which they almost universally possess?”

Our black slave is not troubled in this way. Admirably suited to his position, he is happy in it, if only let alone.

In turning over the pages of Alton Locke, we may everywhere find the most vivid descriptions of wretchedness, and scenes where, to use old Mackaye's words, “all around ye, in every gin-shop and coster-monger's cellar, are God and satan at death-grips.” Human nature, struggling in the lowest degradation, and only in its almost extinguished glimpses of humanity and godlike energies, not sinking to bestiality—truly, indeed, “God and satan at death-grips!”

“It was a foul, chilly, foggy Saturday night. From the butchers' and green-grocers' shops the gas-lights flared and flickered, wild and ghastly, over haggard groups of slip-shod, dirty women, bargaining for scraps of stale meat and frost-bitten vegetables, wrangling about short weight and bad quality. Fish-stalls and fruit-stalls lined the edge of the greasy pavement, sending up odours as foul as the language of sellers and buyers. Blood and sewer-water crawled from under doors and out of spouts, and reeked down the gutters, among offal, animal and vegetable, in every stage of putrefaction. Foul vapours rose from cow-sheds and slaughter-houses, and the door-ways of undrained alleys, where the inhabitants carried the filth on their shoes, from the back-yard into the court, and from the court up into the main street, while above, hanging like cliffs over the streets—those narrow, brawling torrents of filth and poverty and sin—the houses, with their teeming load of life, were piled up into the dingy, choky night. A ghastly, deafening, sickening sight it was.” * * * “We went on, through a back street or two, and then into a huge miserable house, which, a hun-

dred years ago, perhaps, had witnessed the luxury and rung to the laughter of some one great fashionable family, alone there in its glory. Now every room of it held its family, or its group of families—a phalanstery of all the fiends—its grand staircase, with the carved balustrades, rotting and crumbling away piecemeal, converted into a common sewer for all its inmates. Up stair after stair we went, while wails of women and curses of men steamed out upon the hot, stifling gush of air from every door-way, till, at the top-most story, we knocked at a garret door. We entered. Bare it was of furniture, comfortless and freezing with cold; but, with the exception of the plaster dropping from the roof, and the broken windows, patched with rags and paper, there was a scrupulous neatness about the whole, which contrasted strangely with the filth and slovenliness outside. There was no bed in the room—no table. On a broken chair, by the window, sat a miserable old woman, fancying that she was warming her hands over embers which had long been cold, shaking her head, and muttering to herself, with palsied lips, about the guardians and the work-house; while, upon a few rags on the floor, lay a girl, ugly, small-pox marked, hollow-eyed, emaciated, her only bed-clothes the skirt of a large, handsome, new riding-habit, at which two other girls, wan and tawdry, were stitching busily, as they sat right and left of her, upon the floor. The old woman took no notice of us, as we entered, but one of the girls looked up, and, with a pleased gesture of recognition, put her finger to her lips, and whispered ‘Ellen’s asleep.’

“The two poor girls were not only working their fingers to the bone, but—far worse—‘that other [as old Mackaye exclaims] prostituting herself’ to buy food for her freed. Is there no poetry there? Aye, and tragedy too.

“Look, there ’s not a soul down that yard but ’s either beggar, drunkard, thief or warse!” “Drunkards frae the breast! harlots frae the cradle! damned before they’re born! John Calvin had an inkling o’ the truth there, I’m a’most driven to think, wi’ his reprobation deevil’s doctrines!”

What man can read these, taken at random from amidst scores of similar passages, with which this work abounds, and compare the condition of such freemen (!) with that of the negro slave of these United States. And these scenes are not peculiar to England. Our Northern cities, in their filthy crowded cellars and dirty lanes, show scenes which may begin to compete with them. We have meetings of distressed needle-women in New-York, as well as London. Would to God that restless philanthropists, on both sides of the water, would learn to look at home for suffering brethren and sisters—to open their eyes upon the

misery nearest them—to give bread to the hungry, comfort to the sick—rather than squander their means and sympathies, they know not where or upon what. “What do ye ken about the Pacific?” asks old Mackaye of the young aspirant in poetry who has been exercising his imagination in some far-away scenes. What, we would ask of our abolitionist versifiers, what do you know about our slaves?

“Which is maist to your business? The bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o’ the other side o’ the warld, or these—these thousands o’ bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o’ your ain side, made out o’ your ain flesh and blude? You a poet! True poetry, like true charity, my laddie, begins at hame.”

Our questions would grow to a volume, were we to endeavour to transcribe one-fourth of those which make us shudder in the reading. We have no room for the horrible descriptions of the “sweaters dens,” with their hollow-eyed, sallow, starved and naked ghosts of humanity, who, until death relieves them, find no release from “the bond” which their misery signed in entering. *Free-men! Slaves!* Ha! ha! verily the English language would seem to need a new dictionary. We have no room for the scenes of agricultural wretchedness, with their “crowds of wan and haggard faces, lack-lustre eyes and drooping lips, stooping shoulders, heavy dragging steps and crushed, dogged air.”

One picture more:

“A room! A low lean-to, with wooden walls, without a single article of furniture, and through the broad chinks of the floor shone up, as it were, ugly glaring eyes staring at us. They were the reflections of the rushlight, in the sewer below. The stench was frightful, the air heavy with pestilence. The first breath I drew made my heart sick and my stomach turn. But I forgot every thing in the object that lay before me, as Downes tore a half-finished coat off three corpses, laid side by side, on the bare floor. There was his little Irish wife, dead and naked. The wasted white limbs gleamed in the lurid light—the unclosed eyes stared, as if reproachfully, at the husband whose drunkenness had brought her there, to kill her with the pestilence, and, on each side of her, a little shrivelled, impish child-corpse. The wretched man had laid their arms round the dead mother’s neck. The rats had been busy with them already; but what matter to them now?

“‘Look!’ he cried, ‘I have watched ’em dying! Day after day

I saw the devils come up through the cracks, like maggots and beetles, and all manner of ugly things, creeping down their throats, and I asked 'em, and they said they were the fever devils.'

"'It was too true—the poisonous exhalations had killed them. The wretched man's delirium tremens had given that horrible substantiality to the poisonous fever gases.

"'If you had taken my advice, my poor fellow, I said, and become a water-drinker.'

"'Curse you and your water-drinking! If you had had no water to drink or wash, for two years, but that—that, (pointing to the foul ditch below.) If you had emptied your slops in there with one hand, and filled your kettle with the other.' 'Drink! and who can help drinking, with his stomach turned with such a hell-broth as that, or such a hell blast as this air is here, ready to vomit, from morning to night, with the smells!'

"Ugh! it was the very mouth of hell, that room!"

Great God! and in this very town of London there are men who turn from such scenes, to preach a crusade against negro slavery! Is it ignorance? Is it satanic malevolence? What devil-born propensity can it be, which would drag our inoffensive negro down to this? And for what? That his master may be ruined in *his* downfall, and one flood of barbarism desolate this beautiful portion of God's earth. This portion? Is it *this* portion that alone would suffer? Can the Southern States of this Union fall alone? Must not our Northern sisters, now blinded by party violence, led astray by unprincipled demagogues and fanatical enthusiasts, must they not too sup of the bitter potion? Can they survive our fall? Can England, with all her pride of might and power, survive us? The restless, wretched population, with which, in all her glory, still she swarms, would not, certainly, be bettered or quieted by the cessation of her cotton supply. Who can calculate the effects of such a cessation? A tenfold accumulation of wretchedness, and certain revolution, would be its first effect upon England. What upon the world? Our limited sight fails to penetrate the chaos which would be the inevitable result. The cloudy future stands before us, a terrible uncertainty of horrors, and, like the mystery of some fearful dream, frights us the more from its undefined magnitude:

"Without me and within me; not imagined—felt."

This only sure—the accumulated civilization of eigh-

teen centuries must fall, and one sweep of barbarism cast back the world to the blind struggle, in which physical force is the only might, and the strong arm the only law. It may be said that God, in his wisdom, sees fit to sweep the moral world with something similar to those cataclysms which have operated his great crises in the physical. As one race of beings has followed upon the destruction of another, thus our civilization, religion, existence, must, perhaps, give way to some hidden rule, some mystery of mind, which must sweep us into utter annihilation, ere itself can struggle into being. It may be thus; for thus, only, can we explain to ourselves the fearful progress of the annihilating principle which advances upon us. Destruction hangs over us, like the sword of Damocles, suspended by a single hair; and yet we look at it, and laugh, and play with the fatal point, whose fearful vibrations threaten, with every instant, to bring down upon us our doom. Negro emancipation would be inevitably the death-blow of our civilization. By *ours*, we mean not ours of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi or Carolina—nay, nor of these Southern United States—nay, nor of this whole great empire, this young giant, whose infant strength startles its European forefathers with its newborn might; but *ours*—our civilization of this world of the nineteenth century, *must fall* with negro emancipation.

Who, in the hue and cry of abolition, remembers (it were well for each to condescend to remember) that the weapon they are sharpening against the slaveholder must cut both ways? Ruin is the no more certain result of their course to us than to themselves. But a game is playing for a premiership or a presidency, and to cast some weight—to load his die—the unprincipled politician joins with the fanatic, and, glorying in a majority of votes, or a casting of his opponent, rushes on blindfold, neither knowing nor caring, in his selfish triumph, for the terrible results, which *his day* may not see quite accomplished. Prater of frothy patriotism and philanthropy, but really dead to both of these virtues, he carries his point, and is happy, so far as triumph can make him so.

Another work, which we have not seen, "London Labour and the London Poor," by Dr. Mayhew, presents, we understand, a similarly harrowing collection (with the one which we now have under review) of the statistics of wretchedness. Of "street-folk," who pick up their live-

lihood from charity and accident, in the city of London, coster-mongers, bone-grubbers, old clothes men, etc., there are, according to his computation, no less than 50,000. These are, in habits and morals, of the lowest order of humanity—ready-made communists, as we read them, without the assistance of Louis Blanc & Co.—a population as inferior in decency, comforts and usefulness, to our negro population, as they are superior to them in race and natural capabilities. By what strange anomaly in reasoning can the illogical conclusion be drawn, that a system so degrading to the white man could possibly raise the black?

It is scarcely now a subject of dispute, that the black man is of inferior race to the white. Five thousand years of captivity, slavery and barbarism prove him incapable of civilization. Could any imaginable circumstances crush down, for that space of time, into such perfect stagnation, any people capable of improvement? In his natural home, Central Africa, what has existed to prevent his progress? Nothing, but natural incapacity. He has enjoyed, equally with the white races which have raised themselves to civilization, the undisturbed advantages of all the intellect which God Almighty has seen fit to bestow upon him. The white man, by his nature, has sought and found improvement. The negro, by *his nature*, has crouched contented, in the lowest barbarism. Only under the guidance of the white man has he, with a kind of monkey imitativeness, sometimes followed, to a very limited extent, the white civilization, seizing often its follies, but never its higher points of development. Sou-louque can order his coronation gear from Paris; but therein consists his closest imitation of his white models.

Negro-like and ape-like, enveloped in slavery, he is satisfied with his height of greatness, and quite indifferent as to whether his subjects regale themselves with a cannibal feast of roasted Dominicans, or ride naked about his dominions, in palm hats and golden spurs, (two amusements to which, we are informed, they are occasionally addicted,) or occupy themselves in any similarly innocent and enlightened manner. Oh! there are things so fearful in their folly, terrific and yet comically mad, we laugh even while we shudder, in the gazing. "There is nothing more frightful than active ignorance." A Grace Greenwood, a Whittier, an Abby Folsom, a Thomson, a Sum-

ner or a Garrison, may, in their ignorant fanaticism, set the world on fire. They play with sheathed lightnings, careless at what moment these may burst from their confinement, to light the funeral pile of all that is good and great upon our earth. To point a stanza or a paragraph, they rouse nations to madness. Too late, in the sweeping desolation which must follow, will they see the evil of their ways. The curse of Timon upon Athens but faintly paints what the world must see exemplified in the horrible results of their mad and ignorant interference, should it, in God's wrath against our world, prove successful. Almost in plain words do they give the shameful counsel:

“Matrons, turn incontinent!

Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their stead! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity.

“Bankrupts hold fast!

Rather than render back, out with your knives
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed—
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from the old limping sire—
With it beat out his brains! Pity and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night rest and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live!”

All this, and worse, (if worse can be,) is included in their system of negro emancipation—for negro emancipation is the emancipation of brute force. Necessarily, upon it would follow, in those regions where the negro race outnumbers its masters, a barbarism tenfold worse than Gothic or Vandal. Upon that, again, inevitably follows the extinction of the cotton crop; and upon the extinction of the cotton crop—certain and uncontrollable as fate—the extinction of civilization.

If such be the Almighty fiat—if only from the chaos which must ensue from such a wreck, God will deign to execute his designs for this world—we are indeed pigmies in his hands, and must bow to the overwhelming destiny.

But need we, in our blindness, work out our own destruction? A higher fate may be our destiny. The glorious mind of man—of the white man—which, in meridian vigour, now leaps forward to the grandest scientific discoveries, and throws open, almost daily, some new mystery of nature, may pause in its career, and hesitate to crush into oblivion the beautiful result of its own great works. God, in his mercy, grant that it may, and

“What in us is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
We may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.”

Pending the fearful doubt, we stand “even as men wrecked upon the sands, that look with the next tide to be washed off,” and the world totters

“Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.”

“Time was!” “Time is!” But play the laggard yet a little longer; and yet a little longer—on the verge of this so frightful steep, sit dallying with our doubts—then comes the end

“Of comfort no man speak:
We’ll talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and, with rainy eyes,
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
We’ll choose excutors and talk of wills;
And yet, not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposèd bodies to the ground?
And nothing we can call our own but death.

L. S. M.

ART. VII.—LORD HOLLAND'S REMINISCENCES.

Foreign Reminiscences. By HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND. Edited by SON, HENRY EDWARD LORD HOLLAND. New-York: Harper & Bro. 1851.

IN the memoir—which is a sort of cross between history and biography, or rather an infusion of biography and history into the social narrative—English literature is by no means rich. There is no sort of comparison, either in quantity or quality, between the possessions, in this respect, of this and the French language. The easy, flexible, and highly elastic temper of the French mind,—its conversational gaiety, quickness of transition and love of epigram and anecdote,—all seem specially to require a form of literature which shall enable them to lessen the restraints with the dignities of history, and to vary, with the introduction of new elements, the sober monotony of an individual portraiture. With them it is not enough that history shall have its tragedies; they require the comedy and farce also, that they may not too seriously grieve. Nor will they permit that you should concentrate your thought on the progress of the individual hero, for that would be a most offensive egotism. Life in groups, and history in *deshabille*—easy transitions from persons to events,—details, not merely such as are important to the leading progress and the leading character, but all such as in any way concern them,—these are necessary to be shown to the mercurial Frenchman; and, if history and biography show themselves too chary of their state, there must be such a compromise of their pretensions as shall enable the reader to enjoy their objects under another name. Hence the memoir.

The memoir has its advantages over both history and biography. Its moral claims are probably quite as great—its attractions, in a social point of view, much greater than either. What it loses in dignity it supplies in interest; and if the action be of less import to the affairs of nations, it enters more readily into the general appreciation of society. In this particular, memoir writing ranks next in order to prose fiction. It proposes the same general object—the delineation of man in society—in his domestic as well as public relations—as a man, no less than a master, a hero, or an authority;—by the fireside,

as in the *fauteuil* of state. What a field for the student, as for the mere spectator. How full of the natural for study, for contemplation, for curiosity. We go with an unaffected and sensible reminiscent through all his most interesting experiences. He introduces us to all his distinguished friends. We see how they unfold themselves within the circle to which they yield their confidence ; and where they show themselves reserved, we listen to his conjectures as to the motives of their conduct, and hear what he thinks of the genius and character of each. Of course, every thing depends upon his judgment and integrity. Even where his judgment is feeble, as in the case of Boswell, if his honesty be unimpeachable, and he shows all he knows, we can, at all events, form our opinions upon his testimony. These are great privileges to which he conducts us. The historian rarely possesses any like them. Our reminiscent does not speak as an historian. He only offers himself as a witness. He has been fortunate in the time in which he lived, the society he kept, the actions which he witnessed. He gives us the benefit of these grateful experiences. We go with him to the cabinet of the great man, into the tent of the hero, and the study of the philosopher and poet. Their works, their outer life, are known to us from other records. But the reminiscent supplies deficiencies in the history, which no other form of history can well supply. He shows us the subject in which our interest is awakened, in every possible situation which might awaken his. He carries with him the key that admits him by the back door into the chamber, where we find our hero in his dressing-gown. He has thrown off his state caparison, and, with it, the mask and armour with which most great men make their appearance upon the stage. Here, only, are we permitted to see his naked bosom. Here, only, does he permit himself to speak out his secret hopes, misgivings, fears, hates and affections ; and, if we are heedful of what he says, we shall be able to find all the clues which shall fathom those mysteries, of which, in his case, history and biography are equally and always full. Clearly, if our reminiscent, having these privileges, is honest, observant, and a proper judge of character, he can put us in possession of resources in thought, study, sympathy and general interest, which shall far surpass those afforded by almost any other sort of literary treasures.

Memoir writing, of the sort to which we now refer, is always the work of a contemporary. It is as the representative of his own times, that one surviving them, speaks of them to the future. He has been fortunate in the period in which he lived and the persons whom he knew. He has been cognizant, and the spectator of important events, the issues of which affect posterity. He has been a co-worker, or an intimate with those who have shaped the events of history or the character of society. He has seen these men in all situations, whether of action and ambition, of conquest or overthrow, in pride of place, or in the quiet and freedom of obscurity and retirement. He has been so constituted and so placed, that he has been suffered to hear from their own lips, or from the lips of others, their contemporaries, the true motives of their public conduct, and the impulses which have governed those public performances, the motives of which might otherwise seem problematical. He is at once the biographer, the historian, the analyst of society, and the boon companion. His requisites, thus implied, are good sense, a speculative judgment, an observing mind, grace of manner, and a right to good society. These confer the privileges, of which he makes good use; and, with large possessions of information, he sits down, in his old age, and discourses from memory, of the past, to a greatly curious and warmly excited future.

The *manner* of such a reminiscence is by no means an unimportant matter. As he does not aim at biography or history, he need affect no cumbrous and unnecessary dignity. His purpose is not philosophy, and the duty is not apparent which would make him unnecessarily profound. He speaks of persons, events and society, only as a witness; and the less pretension he exhibits, the more in behalf of his truth and influence. It strikes us that the reminiscence, who knows exactly what is due to his purpose in writing the memoir of his contemporaries or times, will adopt the manner of the well-bred gentleman at his dinner-table. His object is to please and to satisfy his guests in that way which shall be at once the most attractive to them and the most easy and natural to him. He is the octogenarian of the party. He is already living with posterity. All are young about him. What should they most desire to know? of what can he best inform them? Clearly, of his experiences,—his present,

which is the past to them;—and of those men and events, the fruit of whose works, and the consequences of which, constitute the crude possessions, which they must shape to their future uses. Keeping in mind his seniority, the authority which it necessarily implies, and the simplicity and freedom of the situation of the party, the style of the reminiscent must necessarily be conversational. He must be suggestive and provocative rather than full,—must seize upon the leading points of the subject of which he discourses, and only employ details when they are of salient and impressive character. He must be desultory; by which we mean that he must not so dwell upon any one topic, as to convey the idea of a history rather than a sketch. He must pass from topic to topic, though all these may hang together by natural relations. Bits of current history and narrative must be enlivened by rapid portraits of the individual actors—a sort of daguerrotype, in which passing lights are employed to show us the air and action of those who are engaged in the works in progress. A brief analysis of character, as it seems necessary to show us what may be the motives of performance, and what may be anticipated of those who attempt or achieve, occur at intervals,—all given unaffectedly, but with a sort of native art, which constitutes the charm of the narrator. The subject is prescribed by the company, and the reminiscent meets their requisition. He was present at a certain transaction. He states succinctly but clearly its causes, and connects them with the results which are known. He has heard the debate,—he describes it,—the manner of the orator, and gives some pleasant anecdotes about him. In this way, history is made dramatic and natural. Written in this manner, it is difficult to limit the claims of the memoir. It is superior very far to the diary, which is mostly costive, and from its very character, egotistical. The reminiscent is necessarily so, to a certain extent, but need not be obtrusively or offensively so. All will depend upon his good sense and his sense of the proprieties. The well-bred gentleman, at his dinner-table, recounting his experience, as we have said before, furnishes the best sort of model for this class of writers.

The author before us, seems, in considerable degree, to have recognized these conditions. Lord Holland was a man of good sense, tact, experience, and a perfect master

of conventional proprieties, after the fashion of the English school in which he had been reared. He was, perhaps, in some measure, an improvement upon it. From what we learn, he appears to have been free from the cold reserve of manner, and the slavish watch over the dignities of his caste, which so much impair the graceful and the amiable in the character of the English nobility. His habits were easy, his hospitality unbounded. If not himself a literary man, his tastes or affectations rendered him highly appreciative of those who were so. Holland House was the London caravanserai, where all men of established excellence in literature were sure of having a plate set, and a couch spread. It was the great place for literary re-unions. Lady Holland emulated her lord in these tastes and hospitalities. They were liberals—by which we are to understand nothing more, in politics, than that they were arrayed against the exactions of their government, whether at home or abroad. It was, perhaps, not often asked by them whether these exactions were justly founded, upon the necessities of Great Britain, and the caprices and eccentricities of the continental powers. Nor shall we venture to say in what degree the liberal opinions of Lord and Lady Holland were matters of taste and fancy, and not of principle, and an established body of opinions. We rather suspect the former. At all events, the results were grateful, at once to the amenities of politics and society. Lord and Lady Holland sympathized with the greatness and the fortunes, if not the policy and ambition, of Napoleon. Their attentions sweetened the solitude of his exile. Their sentiments were not unfavourable to his fame. A large portion of the volume before us is devoted to reminiscences of his career.

The work is posthumous. It is published by the son of the writer, Henry Richard, the present Lord Holland. He gives as a reason for its issue at this juncture, the recent occurrences on the continent of Europe. We are at a loss to see the force of this suggestion. What is said in the volume seems to have no useful bearing on present events. There are no leading views or experiences in the book, which might be useful, applied to contemporary progress. No small portion of it consists of matter which good taste might well have passed the pen over. It unfolds a shocking detail of the vices of courts,

confessedly of doubtful authority, which can only gratify the tastes of the prurient and *blazé*. A more scandalous chronicle, at the expense of courts, could not well have been prepared or preserved, and leads us to suspect that Lord Holland was, in some degree, the victim of tastes which too readily admitted of the graftings of a very low sensuality. We do not see what good can possibly accrue to society, or of what service to human necessities, the preservation of such filthy matter as here relates to the amours of Maria Antoinette, the Princess Radzivil, the King and Queen of Prussia, and a host of other noble personages. No doubt the contribution is well calculated to help other influences, of less questionable utterance, in disparaging courts and princes in the estimation of people,—but we are not so sure that, though political freedom gains something by the revelation, social morality does not proportionately lose. It may be observed, in connection with this subject, that Lord Holland, though evidently pleased to narrate the scandal, is not unfrequently compelled to put in a caveat, in respect to his own authority—a fact which puts the inadmissibility of the matter beyond all question.

Were this scandalous sort of stuff the sole matter of this volume, we should dismiss it to the stews in a single sentence. But, though occupying quite too many pages, it does not exclude a great deal of anecdote and information, which are quite interesting to the reader, without being offensive to decency. Lord Holland was not a philosopher,—perhaps not even a statesman or politician. His reminiscences derive but little value from his reflections. But he was a shrewd observer,—caught readily what was salient in the character of his companions, and had a genuine John Bull relish for a *bon mot*. His knowledge of the social and mental rank of the persons of whom he speaks, assists him greatly in the appreciation and delineation of their characters. We must give some samples of his volume.

Of Manuel Godoy, Prince of Peace, celebrated for his courtly intrigues, his good fortune, and the power which he acquired, in spite of low origin, a feeble wit and very inferior endowments, we have numerous pages. He superseded his brother as the lover of the Princess of the Asturias, and thus found his way to authority. His first step in politics was in the overthrow of the Spanish

Prime Minister of the time, Florida Blanca,—a name of well-known historical distinction. His successor was the Marquis of Aranda, under whose auspices, Godoy was introduced into the cabinet. He soon succeeded in ousting Aranda, also, from authority, but forbore to persecute him in retirement—thus exhibiting a greater share of generosity than is ordinarily possessed by courtiers. The progress of Godoy to power was rapid. A successful treaty which he made with the French, increased his popularity, and secured for him the title of Prince of Peace, by which he is chiefly known in history. He had already obtained that of Duke D'Alcudia.

“The vocabulary of titles was exhausted to express the favour of the court, and privileges of a new and ludicrous nature were invented to mark the sense entertained by his sovereign of his wisdom and success. As a specimen may be selected, the right of bearing an image of Janus before him on all solemn occasions—an emblem, says the patent, of his knowledge and foresight, which, like that false divinity, reflects on the past by regarding what is behind him ; and provides for the future by surveying equally all that is before him. He seemed, however, at that time desirous of deserving the unparalleled honours he had attained, for he endeavoured to confer some benefits on the community from which he derived them. At least his administration, from the conclusion of the treaty of Basle to the temporary decline of his favour in 1708, showed, notwithstanding the bad policy and worse conduct of a war with England, more disposition to reform abuses and to improve the condition of the people of Spain, and, above all, to reward, encourage, and promote every kind of useful talent, than is discernible in any other epoch of his long possession of power.”

His power with his mistress began to decline. Neither party was quite faithful to the other. Godoy married privately a Mademoiselle Tudo, a great beauty—a fact known to the King, but which did not prevent him from forcing on the favourite another wife,—a Princess of the Royal blood and cousin of his own. Bigamy is scarcely a deadly sin at Court, if there be any shadow of policy by which it may be justified. Godoy did not give up Mademoiselle Tudo upon his second marriage. He continued to offend the Queen, his former mistress. She had found a more agreeable substitute, and Godoy finally lost the King's favour as well as hers. He was dismissed, but, taking advantage of new political combinations, was restored to court and to favour. His resumption of power was not

favourable to the true policy of the country. His was fluctuating, heartless, and cowardly. His timidity of character and excessive vanity, led to numerous political blunders. Lord Holland writes :

“His conduct with respect to his allies, from the Portuguese campaign, and still more from the peace of Amiens, was a medley of inconsistency, presumption, temerity, perfidy, and irresolution almost unexampled in history.”

Such is the character which history gives of him. He truckled to the French, embroiled his country in a war with England, and played false with Napoleon. He was equally busy and blundering in the small intrigues of the palace. His power was feared, his person and character despised. The abdication of Charles IV. and the succession of his son Ferdinand, was the signal to the populace of Aranjuez for an assault upon him which had nearly resulted in his assassination. He was conveyed as a prisoner to Madrid, and afterwards consigned to the keeping of the French. In their charge he was still threatened by the populace. “Murat, to protect him from insult, conveyed him, part of the way (to Bayonne) in his own carriage, and was shocked, as he told me, at the fear he betrayed, hiding his head and creeping to the bottom of the carriage whenever they met on the road any body of Spanish soldiers or peasantry.” Godoy's character, in many respects, reminds us of that of Santa Anna. His imbecility in reverse, as shown by this paragraph, was precisely that of the Mexican President when he fell into the hands of the Texans. His ignorance of the most ordinary matters of geography and history, was as striking as his cowardice. Yet, remarks Lord Holland, “he must have possessed some good and counter-acting qualities, both of head and heart, to have retained power so long in Spain.” He adds :

“As I neither extenuate the vices nor soften the ridicules of this powerful favourite, but recount them as they have been described to me, it is at least fair to record the more favourable impressions which my slight personal intercourse and unimportant transactions with him left of his character on my mind. His manner, though somewhat indolent, or what the French term *nonchalant*, was graceful and attractive. Though he had neither education nor reading, his language was at once elegant and peculiar ; and, notwithstanding his humble origin, his whole deportment announced,

more than that of any untraveled Spaniard I ever met with, that mixture of dignity, politeness, propriety, and ease, which the habits of good company are supposed exclusively to confer. He seemed born for a high station. Without any effort he would have passed, wherever he was, for the first man in the society. I never conversed with him sufficiently to form any judgment of his understanding. Our interviews were mere interchanges of civility. But a transaction of no importance to the public, but of great importance to the parties concerned, took place between us, and he not only behaved with great courtesy to me, but showed both humanity and magnanimity. A young English gentleman of the name of Powell had, before the war between England and Spain, engaged either with General Miranda, or some other South American adventurer, in an expedition to liberate the Spanish colonies. He was taken. By law his life was forfeited, but he was condemned, by a sentence nearly equivalent, to perpetual imprisonment in the unwholesome fortress of Omoa. His father, Chief Justice of Canada, on hearing the sad tidings hastened to England. Unfortunately, hostilities had commenced, under circumstances calculated to exasperate the government and people of Spain. The Chief Justice was, however, determined to try the efficacy of a personal application to alleviate the sufferings of his son, by a change of prison, since he despaired of obtaining his release. Having procured passports, he proceeded to Spain, furnished with a letter of introduction to the Prince of the Peace from me, to whom he applied as recently arrived from thence, and not involved in the angry feelings or discussions which led to the rupture between the two countries. The Prince received him at Aranjuez, and immediately on reading the letter, and hearing the story, bade the anxious father remain till he had seen the King, and left the room for that purpose without ceremony or delay. He soon returned with an order, not for the change of prison, but for the immediate liberation of the young man. Nor was he satisfied with this act of humanity, but added, with a smile of benevolence, that a parent who had come so far to render a service to his child would like probably to be the bearer of good intelligence himself, and accordingly he furnished him with a passport and permission to sail in a Spanish frigate then preparing to leave Cadiz for the West Indies. When I saw the Prince of the Peace many years afterwards at Verona, he lamented to me that his situation would be very precarious if Charles IV. were to die, and he was desirous of ascertaining if he could find an asylum in England. The moment I heard of the event I apprehended, in 1819, I related all the above particulars to Lord Liverpool, and solicited a passport for the Prince of the Peace. Lord Liverpool said, that an English passport to a foreigner implied an invitation, and the government were not prepared to *invite* the Prince of the Peace to England;

but he authorized and urged me to assure him that he would be unmolested if he arrived there, and enjoy every protection for his person and property that a foreigner was entitled to. The answer of the Prince of the Peace to my communication of this assurance was concise, and to the following purpose: 'He had, for many years, disposed of the resources of one of the richest kingdoms in Europe, he had made the fortune of thousands and thousands, but I was the only mortal who, since his fall, had expressed any sense or shown any recollection of any service, great or small, received from him. I might, therefore, judge of the pleasure my letter had given him.' He did not, however, come to England."

This extract speaks favourably of his humanity. It closes with a terrible commentary upon the sort of honour and gratitude which is to be found at court. Of Florida Blanca, a minister who fills many pages in Spanish history, we have the following:

"He had been originally promoted from the Embassy at Rome to be Prime Minister, by Charles III., probably at the recommendation of his predecessor; for it was a maxim of that methodical and tenacious Prince to give his ministers, on their dismissal, retirement, or death, the nomination of their successors. Florida Blanca or Moñino, had the merits of his early profession, the law—application, accuracy and perseverance in business. He improved some branches of the administration, and in foreign negotiations showed both zeal and spirit, combined with an adequate knowledge of the real interests of his country. He had, moreover, the dexterity to evade, and on occasions even to resist that formidable power the church, without provoking its resentment or scandalizing its fanatical adherents. On the other hand, he was harsh, vindictive, and unjust, very jealous of his power, and mischievously active in extending ministerial authority at the expense and in defiance of the few remaining institutions of the state; all of which he endeavoured to humiliate and corrupt. He strove to convert the *grandees* into mere appendages to the pageantry of the court, the magistrates into servile instruments of the minister of the day. He succeeded but too well. Charles III. enjoined his son to continue him in office, and Charles IV. considered the injunction as sacred. It required time and intrigue to conquer his repugnance to any change. Perhaps his scruples would never have yielded, but for an accident which gave to the resolution the appearance, and indeed the reality of an act of justice arising out of virtuous indignation at misconduct. Florida Blanca had instituted a prosecution for a libel against a certain Marquis of Mancas, employed formerly as Spanish envoy at Copenhagen. In his eagerness to procure a sentence against him, he had the imprudence to dictate it in a letter to the President, or

acting President of the Council of Castile, whom he knew to be subservient to his designs. While the courier was on his way from the Escorial to Madrid, the President died of an apoplexy. The letter being directed to the title of office, not to the name of the individual, was delivered to and opened by the next in succession, to whom the duty of presiding in the court had devolved. He happened to be either an upright magistrate, or a man devoted to the party already formed against the Prime Minister. He accordingly dispatched a copy of the letter to the King, who, justly incensed at so indecent an interference with the course of justice, and urged no doubt by the Queen, overcame all scruples of breaking his promise to his father, and first removed and then banished and imprisoned the premier."

We pass over many pages and omit the reference to many characters of more or less historical interest, till we reach the name of Alexander of Russia, a personage of whom the opinions of Lord Holland differ very considerably from those which the world has been disposed to entertain. Of Metternich, also, he makes a report which is not that of the vulgar judgment. Of this celebrated minister, he says:—

"Originally a partisan of the French faction, and then a tool of Napoleon, has, no doubt, since the fall of that great prince, supported the system which succeeded him. He seems hardly qualified by any superior genius to assume the ascendancy in the councils of his own and neighbouring nations, which common rumour has for some years attributed to him. He appeared to me, in the very short intercourse I had with him, little superior to the common run of continental politicians and courtiers, and clearly inferior to the Emperor of Russia in those qualities which secure an influence in great affairs. Some who admit the degrading, but too prevalent opinion that a disregard of truth is useful and necessary in the government of mankind, have, on that score, maintained the contrary proposition. His manners are reckoned insinuating. In my slight acquaintance with him in London, I was not struck with them; they seemed such as might have been expected from a German who had studied French vivacity in the fashionable novels of the day. I saw little of a sagacious and observant statesman, or of a courtier accustomed to very refined and enlightened society."

To resume with Alexander of Russia. Lord Holland says he is obnoxious to a similar criticism with that on Metternich. But he was well educated, was good natured as well as vain, and desired to please accordingly. Napoleon pronounced him perfidious as a Greek. Alex-

ander's education was above his intellect. He had a dash of insanity in his composition, which was hereditary. He was tinctured with romance, and, according to Lord Holland, was at first really an admirer of Napoleon. But he soon grew frightened at his bold and ambitious projects. Talleyrand played a double game between the two, and counselled Alexander against the policy of his master. A little more moderation on the part of Napoleon, according to our author, would have continued his ascendancy over the mind of the Russian Autocrat. Even in Napoleon's reverses, says Holland—

“It required at that time all the persuasion and art of Pozzo di Borgo, (and few men ever possessed a larger share of both those commodities,) as well as a coincidence of fortuitous circumstances, to prevail on him to acquiesce in the forced restoration of the Bourbons. When I saw him in England, and for many months afterward, he was much taken with what he called ‘*Idées libérales.*’ He had not indeed reduced them to ‘*Idées nettes,*’ either in his conversation, or his understanding, but they gave him a notion of imposing representative constitutions on other countries, and even of preparing his own for the reception of some reforms tending that way. The atmosphere of Vienna, and the discussions about Poland, soon afterwards damped his ardour for popularity. Surprise, indignation, and fear at the sudden return of Napoleon in 1815, placed him at the head of the opposite party in the ensuing war and subsequent treaties. A mixture of policy and superstition suggested the holy alliance. Alexander blended some mysterious notions of duty toward God with schemes of worldly policy, tyranny, and ambition. He was at that time, in some measure, under the dominion of a Livonian lady, Madame Krudner, who after some celebrity acquired in her earlier years by the beauty of her person and the freedom of her pen, had become a visionary and devotee, and either pretended or imagined that she could divine the intentions of Providence. Alexander, it is true, was soon prevailed upon to remove her from his presence, but he continued liable to, and was perhaps never entirely exempt from, illusions of supernatural agency on the events of the world, and on his conduct in particular. He, for instance, wrote in his own hand a letter of invitation to an ignorant visionary woman in the Pyrenees, who had pretended to the gift of prophecy. Other traits of credulity and superstition have been related to me by persons well acquainted with the secrets of his court. A morbid reverence for Napoleon had made him long adhere to a policy, which, under the name of the continental system, was at variance with the wishes and interests of his subjects: an honest, but perhaps equally morbid sense of duty led him latterly to es-

pouse a principle, which, under the name of legitimacy, required the sacrifice of the national prejudices, and the surrender of the favourite project of the Russian cabinet to the preservation of the Turk, that natural enemy of his country, and persecutor of his religion."

Lord Holland thinks that Alexander was not privy to the murder of his father; but, enjoying the fruits of the crime and very grateful for them, he did not punish the murderers. He represents him as quite free, in the administration of power, from injustice, cruelty and revenge. "Alexander," says our author, "endeavouring to imitate Napoleon, vainly imagined that he could administer every branch of public affairs throughout his vast dominions. His intentions were pure, his impartiality unquestionable, but he had neither sagacity nor knowledge enough to secure him from the consequences of misrepresentation, or the errors of ignorance."

"His assiduity was indeed sufficient to injure his health and *impair his mind*, but quite inadequate to the pressure of business. Delays, amounting to denial of justice, often ensued. Real grievances were accumulating, and murmurs and complaints were increasing at the time of his death. If his accession proves how little security princes derive from unlimited power, his administration showed that the best and rarest qualities of a sovereign are insufficient to insure the welfare of his people under the preposterous system which invests him, in right of his birth, with the whole power of the state."

Of Mirabeau, our author gives us a passage, which we give the reader.

"Mirabeau had the talent, or at least the trick and contrivance, of appropriating the ideas and labours of other men to his purposes in a very extraordinary degree. I have been assured by one who knew him intimately, and acted for a short time as his secretary, that not only the reports he made, but the speeches he delivered, were often written by others, and read by him in the morning, or even run through and adopted by him (as I have seen briefs by our lawyers) while he was actually speaking. The various imprisonments and embarrassments to which his disorderly life and licentious pen had exposed him are well known. The prosecution against him in England was the malevolent contrivance of a crazy and faithless servant, who falsely accused his master of having robbed him. There was nothing remarkable in that incident, but the public and warm testimony of Sir Gilbert Elliott and Mr. Burke himself, in favour of a man whose influence on the French Revolution

was afterwards so conspicuous, and whose lax principles and immoral life furnished so fertile a theme for invectives against it. The vanity of Mirabeau exposed him, it is said, to a droll reproof. At some important political crisis, he was descanting in society on the qualities requisite in a minister to extricate the crown, the assembly, and the nation, from the difficulties in which they were involved, viz.: great knowledge, great genius, acquaintance and perhaps connection with the upper ranks, some common feelings with the lower classes, a power of speaking and of writing eloquently and readily, familiarity with the world, the popularity of a martyr from recent persecution, and many others, which it was obvious enough that he thought were united in himself. 'All this is true,' said a friend, 'but you have omitted one of his qualities.' 'No—surely? what do you mean?' 'Should he not,' replied the same sarcastic friend, 'be very much pitted with the small pox?'

Of Lafayette, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, we must make the following liberal and interesting selections:

"Lafayette assured me that, at a meeting of his friends, all present but two, agreed that monarchy must be, for a season at least, preserved; that France was not ripe for a republic; and that a constitutional King was still necessary. The Duke de la Rochefoucault earnestly urged, before the others had spoken, the declaration of a republic, though, when it was otherwise decided, he never courted popularity, nor sought to distinguish himself from his friends by referring to such an opinion. On the contrary, he did his utmost to maintain the constitutional system, and the King at the head of it. The meeting alluded to occurred after the arrest at Varennes, and in the hotel of the Duke de la Rochefoucault. Surely the Duke de la Rochefoucault was in the right. The establishment of a monarchy, with the view of ripening it into a republic, was as mischievous to the community as unjust to the monarch; and the notion that Louis XVI. could become a constitutional King, disposed to weaken rather than strengthen his own authority, after his intended flight, and with the Queen for his consort and adviser, was chimerical and puerile in the extreme. He had justified his deposal by his flight. It was imprudent in constitutionalists, it was madness in republicans, not to insist on it. Above all, it was, as the event proved, very mistaken mercy.

"Lafayette and others, however, from very generous motives, were averse to seizing such a moment for the subversion of monarchy; and they were actively instrumental in discouraging all harshness, severity, or insolence to the King and his family. I dined frequently with General Lafayette. He kept a sort of open table for officers of the National Guard, and other persons zealous and forward in the

cause of the revolution. I was pleased with the unaffected dignity and simplicity of his manners, and flattered by the openness with which he spoke to me of his own views, and of the situation of the country. He was loud in condemning the brutality of Petion, whose cold and offensive replies to the questions of the royal prisoners on their journey back from Varennes were very currently reported; and he was in his professions, and I believe in his heart, much more confident of the sincerity of the King than common prudence should have allowed him to be, or than was justified either by the character of Louis himself, or by truth as disclosed by subsequent events. Lafayette was, however, then as always, a pure, disinterested man, full of private affection and public virtue, and not devoid of such talents as firmness of purpose, sense of honour, and earnestness of zeal will, on great occasions, supply. He was indeed accessible to flattery, somewhat too credulous, and apt to mistake the forms, or, if I may so phrase it, the pedantry of liberty for the substance; as if men could not enjoy any freedom without subscribing to certain abstract principles and arbitrary tests, or as if the profession and subscription, nay, the technical observance of such tests and principles, were not, on the other hand, often compatible with practical oppression and tyranny. These strictures, however, on his blemishes, are less applicable to the period to which I am now referring than to most others of his public life; for with all his love of popularity, he was then knowingly sacrificing it for the purpose of rescuing a court from contumely and injury, and, though a republican in principle, was active in preserving the name, and, perhaps, too much of the authority of a King in the new constitution. He either tickled my youthful vanity, or gained my affections so much during my residence at Paris, that I caught his feelings, and became, for the time, enthusiastically persuaded of the King's sincere attachment to the new constitution. In this prepossession I was fortified by hearing his speech to the Legislative Assembly, which he delivered in a clear, but tremulous voice, with great appearance of earnestness. Perhaps the qualified terms in which he acknowledged his original approbation and acceptance of the constitution gave greater force to the very positive assurances which he made that he would adhere to it. He seemed in his engagements for the future to be under no constraint, when he could so manifestly avow his reluctance to acquiesce in the past. 'Enfin je l'ai acceptée et je la soutiendrai et dedans et dehors,' are words which still ring on my ear, and which made no small impression at that time on my mind, not hitherto steeled, by experience of their hollowness, to royal speeches and written paragraphs. Louis XVI. was at that very moment, if not the main instigator, a coadjutor and adviser of the party soliciting foreign powers to put down that very institution by force. Louis XVI., however, was neither a bad

nor a foolish man, and he certainly was not a cruel one. But sincerity is no attribute of princes educated in the expectation of power, and exposed to the dangers of civil disturbance. As Louis did not inherit, so neither did he acquire, that virtue by discipline or reflection. He meant the good of the people whom he deemed himself destined to govern, but he thought to promote that good more certainly by preserving than by surrendering any part of the authority which his ancestors possessed. Vanity, a weed indigenous in the soil and much favoured by an elevated state on which flattery is continually showered, confirmed that notion in his mind and disinclined him to any real confidence in his ostensible ministers and advisers. It made him fondly imagine that he never could become the tool of secret machinations, or the instrument of persons in his judgment so greatly inferior in intellect and acquirements, as those who surrounded him. M. de Calonne told me that when he had ascertained that the Queen and her coterie were hostile to the plans he had prepared, he waited on the King, respectfully and delicately lamented the Queen's reported disapprobation of his project, earnestly conjuring his Majesty, if not resolved to go through with the plan, and to silence all opposition or cavil at it within the court, to allow him to suppress it in time; but if, on the other hand, his Majesty was determined to persevere, suggesting the propriety of impressing on the Queen his earnest desire and wishes, that nothing should escape her lips which could sanction a doubt of the excellence of the measures themselves, and still less of the determination of the court to adopt and enforce them. Louis at first scouted the notion of the Queen (*une femme*, as he called her,) forming or hazarding any opinion about it. But when M. de Calonne assured him that she spoke of the project in terms of disparagement and censure, the King rang the bell, sent for her Majesty to the apartment, and after sternly and even coarsely rebuking her for meddling with matters, *auxquelles les femmes n'ont rien à faire*, he, to the dismay of De Calonne, took her by the shoulders, and fairly turned her out of the room like a naughty child. 'Me voilà perdu,' said De Calonne to himself, and he was accordingly dismissed, and his scheme abandoned, in the course of a few days.

"Marie Antoinette did not obtain an ascendant over her husband in consequence of any such complexion in him as had brought his cousins of the Spanish branch so often under the dominion of their wives. Indeed, though the calumnies against the unhappy Queen were often atrociously unjust, it is perhaps fortunate for her reputation that the nature of the topic is sufficient to account for the silence of Madame Campan respecting the causes of that *tardiness* of affection in the King alluded to in her work. Had that lady been released from the restraints which the delicacy of her sex imposed on her relation, she might have found it difficult to reconcile

a true exposition of the details with her avowed confidence in the virtue of Marie Antoinette, or at least to have persuaded men of professional experience, that the birth of the royal children was a proof and a triumph of surgical skill.

"As I was not presented at court, I never saw the Queen but at the play-house. She was then in affliction, and her countenance was, no doubt, disfigured by long suffering and resentment. I should not, however, suppose that the habitual expression of it, even in happier seasons, had ever been very agreeable. Her beauty, however extolled, consisted, I suspect, exclusively in a fair skin, a straight person, and a stately air, which her admirers termed dignity, and her enemies pride and disdain. Her total want of judgment and temper, no doubt contributed to the disasters of the Royal Family, but there was no member of it to whom the public was uniformly so harsh and unjust; and her trial and death were among the most revolting parts of the whole catastrophe. She was indeed insensible when led to the scaffold; but the previous persecution which she underwent was base, unmanly, cruel, and ungenerous to the last degree."

Of the Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe, late King of the French, Lord Holland affords us a more than commonly favourable report. He says, "I believe that no man has lived in my time whose character has been more calumniated, or will be more misrepresented to posterity." He represents the carriage and countenance of the Duke as prepossessing, and his manners as *perfect*. It was his superiority in these respects, as well as his command of money, that excited the jealousy of the court. His Parisian popularity first estranged the Queen, though our author does not scruple to hint that this estrangement was due to his neglect of her advances. It was certain that she hated him long before any political difference could have occasioned such a feeling. In his relations with Queen and Court, he was spared no insult or indignity. Artifices were employed to vex him, spoil his amusements, intercept his parties, and goad him with all sorts of mortifications. The charges against his courage were propagated by the Queen and her party, in defiance of truth and decency. Of his subsequent conduct, in connection with the revolution, our author says:

"Popularity and some triumph over the malignity of the court, especially of the Queen, were naturally enough his objects at the beginning of the revolution; he soon grew tired of the intrigues, then shocked at the excesses, and at last alarmed at the conse-

quences of that event; and before the time I am now referring to, 1791, his own ease and safety, and the protection of such as had incurred any enmities on his account, was all that he expected, or perhaps as much as he wished to obtain. Talleyrand, who knew him well, and who, in a joint work with Beaumetz, which was never published, shortly afterward delineated his character, described him to me as indifferent alike to the pursuits of pleasure or vanity, ambition or revenge, and solely intent on enjoying ease and preserving existence. He was so jaded (*si blasé, un homme si désabusé*), that he had outlived even the necessity of emotion (*le besoin de s'émouvoir*). There is, indeed, reason to suspect that the persons instrumental in creating and preserving his personal influence in Paris, were active agents in the municipal cabals and revolutions which preceded and accompanied the 10th of August and the 2d of September of 1792; and true it is, that the only party which showed the least disposition to identify itself with his interests, or to concert with him, consisted of a portion of those to whose language and manœuvres the horrors even of that last day are mainly attributed by well informed authors. Some of them, and Danton in particular, were not unwilling, in concert with the Duke of Orleans, to save the life of the King, and by a junction with the Brissotins and moderate republicans, to put a stop to the excesses of the populace, provided *they could obtain an oblivion and impunity for all that had hitherto passed*. But republicans and philosophers were as unreasonably hostile and nearly as blindly improvident wherever the Duke of Orleans was concerned, as the Royalists themselves. Scruples, honourable no doubt, but highly unseasonable, and not altogether consistent with their own conduct before and during the 10th of August, made the friends of Roland, Brissot, and Gaudet, revolt at any thing like coalition with men covered with the blood of their fellow-citizens, though such a junction was the obvious, and perhaps the solitary, method of preventing the effusion of more. Danton and his followers, who had so largely participated in the crimes of the Terrorists, were compelled to proceed with their associates, when they despaired of obtaining impunity from the triumph of the more inoderate and numerous but less popular party in the Convention. The Duke of Orleans could not have saved the King by voting against his death; and he more certainly than any one man in the assembly would have accelerated his own by so doing. On the other hand, he was also the one man in that assembly, on whom, had any counter-revolution occurred, the Royal vengeance would most unquestionably have fallen without mercy. Such considerations would not weigh with a Cato, but they were calculated to shake the constancy of ordinary men. The Duke of Orleans had, therefore, at least as much excuse for the vote he gave as the 360 who voted with him; and those who hold regi-

cide to be the greatest of possible crimes, have, nevertheless, no right to select him as the greatest criminal. He was well aware of the peculiarity of his own situation. Of that I have seen some curious proofs in a short narrative written by Mrs. Elliott, who had, I believe, lived with him, and who, on the score of old acquaintance, prevailed on him to save, through his garden at Monceaux, and at no small peril to himself, the younger Chancery, who was implicated in the affair of the 10th of August, and who, as was justly observed by the Duke in his hearing, so far from incurring any risk to serve him, would have been among the first to urge his execution. He was, to my knowledge, among the last to relieve the subsequent distresses of his generous benefactress, Mrs. Elliott, or to mitigate the censures with which it was the fashion in most companies throughout Europe to visit the name of the Duke of Orleans. That Prince perished soon afterward on the scaffold, and disproved one of the imputations cast upon him, by the composure with which he met his fate."

We are not sure that the opinion which Lord Holland expresses, in respect to the Duke's vote in favour of the King's death, is well founded; at all events, it is at variance with some of the best contemporaneous views of the subject. But the point is one, the discussion of which would be by no means profitable now.

The next subject of our author is Talleyrand, that arch, subtle, selfish, sagacious and highly witty politician. Lord Holland first met him in Paris, in 1791. The reader will find the following narrative full of interest. It includes some notice of M. de Calonne, another minister of ability and various fortune.

"I have seen him in most of his vicissitudes of fortune; from his conversation I have derived much of the little knowledge I possess of the leading characters of France before and during the Revolution. He was then still a bishop. He had, I believe, been originally forced into holy orders, in consequence of his lameness, by his family, who, on that account, treated him with an indifference and unkindness shameful and shocking. He was for some time *aumonier* to his uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims; and when Mr. Pitt went to that town to learn French, after the peace of 1782, he lodged with him in an apartment in the Abbey of St. Thierry, where he was then residing with his uncle, and constantly accompanied him for six weeks; a circumstance to which, as I have heard M. Talleyrand remark with some asperity, Mr. Pitt never had the grace to allude either during his embassy, or his emigration, or in 1794, when he refused to recall the cruel order by which he was sent away from England, under the alien bill. Talleyrand was initiated into public affairs

under M. de Calonne, and learnt from that lively minister the happy facility of transacting business without effort and without ceremony, in the corner of a drawing-room, or in the recess of a window. In the exercise of that talent, he equaled the readiness and surpassed the wit of his model, but he brought to his work some commodities which the latter could never supply, viz. : great veracity, discretion, and foresight. He displayed little or no talent for public speaking in the National Assembly. His reports and papers, especially one on education, procured him some celebrity, but were, I suspect, the composition of other men. His abilities were, however, acknowledged, for they were undeniable, and his future success foreseen. Of his joint embassy with M. Chauvelin, I have spoken elsewhere. He escaped from Paris five days after the 2d of September, with a passport from Danton, the grandee of democracy (*ce grand Seigneur de la Sansculotterie*, as Garat happily termed him.) And he acknowledged that the passport was not only useful to his immediate object, but became yet more eminently so, when he was anxious to return to France under the Directory. It proved he was no emigrant. I had here related the interview between Danton and Talleyrand, in which the latter had obtained his passport, as I heard it soon after the event from Danton, to whom I thought Talleyrand had told it; but Talleyrand assured me, (in 1830,) that the passport did not cost him a shilling, and that Danton did not attempt to cheat nor to bully him; on the contrary, that he was obliging and even friendly. He gave a very diverting account of the reasons which induced him to do so, and it was manifest from his manner of recounting the scene that he had written it down. It forms most probably a passage in his memoirs, but is in character and complexion very different, and indeed almost the reverse of that which I had heard and recorded, but have now erased. It is possible that the circumstances I had attributed to Talleyrand's escape from Paris in 1792, had occurred between some other person and Danton, and that I or my informant had affixed the wrong name. He lived in England very frugally, in Kensington-square; he sold his library, and he was on the point of engaging with a bookseller to publish memoirs in concert with the ex-President Beaumetz, a gentleman of some literary acquirements. They had written a life of the Duke of Orleans. The facts and remarks were no doubt chiefly furnished by Talleyrand, but Beaumetz was said to have contributed the style and method of the composition. Talleyrand, however bethought himself of the possibility of a return to France, and of the disadvantage to which a printed work of the kind might expose him. Beaumetz consented to suppress the publication, but the MS. probably remained with Talleyrand. Within these few years he has spoken to me of his memoirs, and read portions of them to friends of mine. It is remarkable that the passages and phrases

frequently quoted with praise, are such as relate to the same period as the joint performance of him and M. Beaumetz in 1793. Talleyrand disliked his residence in North America extremely. A curious paper written or dictated by him in the transactions of the Institute, records his opinion that the United States must ultimately connect themselves with the country from which they sprung, rather than with that to which they in some measure owe their independence. It is generally thought that he negotiated his return to France through Madame de Staël. He was on intimate terms with her, but had abandoned her society for that of Madame Grand, before the peace of 1802, when I saw him again at Paris. It became necessary, on the conclusion of the *Concordat*, that he should either revert to the habits and character of prelate, or receive a dispensation from all the duties and obligations of the order. He chose the latter. But Bonaparte, who affected at that time to restore great decorum in his consular court, somewhat maliciously insisted either on the removal of Madame Grand or his public nuptials with that lady. The questionable nature of her divorce with M. Grand, created some obstacles to such a union. It was curious to see Sir Elijah Impey, the judge, who had granted her husband damages in India, for her infidelity, caressed at her little court at Neuilly. His testimony was deemed essential, and he was not disposed to withhold it, because, notwithstanding his denial of riches in the House of Commons, he was at that very time urging a claim on the French Government to indemnify him for his losses in their funds. M. (Sir Philip) Francis, her paramour, then at Paris also, did not fail to draw the attention of Englishmen to the circumstance, though he was not himself admitted at Neuilly to complete the curious group with his judicial enemy and quondam mistress. M. de Calonne at the same period came to France on the plea of private affairs: but with equal levity, presumption and talent, he contrived to ingratiate himself with some of the most jacobinical ministers of the Consul; he had even concerted a plan with Fouché for supplanting Talleyrand and improving the financial system of Bonaparte. He introduced me to Fouché, whose countenance, manner, and conversation, exhibited at that time the profligacy and ferocity, the energy and restlessness, which one might well expect to find blended in the character of a revolutionist, and which, though more carefully concealed when he became a courtier, were the chief ingredients in the composition of that vain and unprincipled tool of the Republic, the Consul and the Bourbons. Talleyrand baffled his intrigue with the ex-minister of Louis XVI. The paper on finance written by Calonne, and delivered by the regicide ministers of police to the Consul, was answered in the *Moniteur* by the Consul himself, and the author, without being actually named, scornfully designated, and bitterly ridiculed and reviled. I heard Talleyrand banter his

old friend Calonne on his love of retreat, the night before he was compelled to quit Paris, and when Talleyrand possibly was aware that the order for his departure was actually signed. He was, however, by the clemency of the Consul and the remembrance of old friendship in Talleyrand, allowed to return to Paris shortly afterward, and immediately on his arrival he died of a pleurisy and a bad physician, to whom when he could speak no longer, he wrote in pencil these remarkable words : *Tu m'as assassiné, et si tu es honnête homme, tu renonceras à la médecine pour jamais.* This agreeable and remarkable man had long ceased to have any influence on public affairs. He was not only dismissed from office, and an emigrant from his country, but he was discarded from the council of the French princes, to whom he had unnecessarily sacrificed his own and much of his wife's fortune before I knew him. I lived much with him during the last three years of his residence in England. He is one of the few public men whose character seems to me to have been well understood and faithfully drawn by the writers of the day. Easy, obliging, friendly, sprightly, and communicative in the intercourse of society, and singularly perspicuous in the statement as well as transaction of business, he had a levity of character, an imprudence in conversation and conduct, and I am afraid I must add a disregard of truth, and not unfrequently an ignorance on the subjects about which he talked confidently and eloquently, which seemed almost incredible in a person ambitious of acting a part in the affairs of the world, but actually employed in situations of great importance."

The copiousness of our extracts will scarcely allow us to quote with much freedom from that one subject, most distinguished of all, to whom Lord Holland devotes fully one-half of the present volume. We allude to Napoleon Bonaparte.

We have already indicated the amicable relations which Lord and Lady Holland held with Napoleon, in his latter days. His lordship, with becoming simplicity of statement, gives us the details of this relationship. Napoleon was the proper lion of the pair. Their liberal politics naturally made them regard him with more indulgence than was altogether natural to the English people. They found apologies for his errors, and qualifications for his crimes and excesses. We are not sure that, in this, they did not display some of that solicitous servility which the vulgar call *toadyism*. Deriving their social distinction from reflected lights, it was natural enough that they should desire to occupy such a place in the public eye, in respect to the emperor, as should ena-

ble the world to recognize them on the platform with himself. The ambition was a small one, and was amiable in its exhibitions. The result was, that Napoleon remembered them in his conversations and his will. Some hours before the fact of his death was known in Paris, an anonymous billet, containing the words, "*Le grand homme est mort*," was left at Lord Holland's door, addressed to his lady. Napoleon's will bequeathed to her a snuff-box, of wrought gold, with a cameo of very large size set in the cover, representing a goat with a fawn riding upon it, nibbling at grapes on a vine-stalk. It had been a gift from Pope Pius VII. to Napoleon. In the bottom of this box he had written the words, "*L'Empereur Napoleon à Lady Holland, t'emoignage de satisfaction et d'estime*." The legacy was delivered, in great form, to Lady Holland, by the Counts Montholon and Bertrand. They made quite a scene of it, appearing, for the purpose, in the imperial uniform. The matter filled the public newspapers.

"The circumstance," says Lord Holland, "and the notoriety of the attention shown by Lady Holland to the illustrious prisoner during his exile, introduced us to the society of those who openly professed or sincerely felt most veneration for the memory of Napoleon in France. From their conversation the substance of the following notes is derived; but as the reader may be desirous to know how far I was qualified either to correct or estimate the representations I heard, by any previous personal observation, it may be necessary to state the extent and nature of such little intercourse as subsisted between Napoleon and us, either before or after his captivity."

Lord and Lady Holland were first introduced to Napoleon in 1802. He was then First Consul. His lordship was present when the deputation, headed by Barthelemi, came to confer upon him the consulate for life. He describes Napoleon as answering the deputation in a short written speech, which he delivered awkwardly. Of his countenance, he remarks that, though composed of regular features, both penetrating and good-humoured, it was neither so animated or dignified as he was led to expect. His voice, however, he tells us, was sweet, spirited and persuasive, in the highest degree, giving a favourable impression of his disposition, as well as understanding. His manner wanted ease and attraction, but was equally free from assumption and affectation. Lord Holland mentions that, while Napoleon was in his first exile, at Elba,

a project was entertained among the confederates, of transporting him to St. Helena. It was rejected by Austria. But the very conception and discussion of such a design, according to Lord Holland, "was surely sufficient to release an exiled emperor from the obligations of his treaty and abdication of Fontainebleau, and to justify his attempt to recover the empire he had lost." The fact reached Napoleon in some newspaper, sent him by Lady Holland. Lord Holland confirms the accounts which declare the neglect and ill-treatment of the emperor, when in the custody of Sir Hudson Lowe. He gives some curious particulars. Of the early life and habits of Napoleon, before his rise to power, we have the following :

"Many traits of his aspiring and ambitious character, even in early youth, have been related, and Pozzo di Borgo quoted (1826) a conversation with him when eighteen years of age, in which, after inquiring and learning the state of Italy, he exclaimed, "Then I have not been deceived, and with two thousand soldiers a man might make himself king (Principe) of that country." The ascendancy he acquired over his family and companions, long before his great talents had emerged from obscurity, was formerly described to me by Cardinal Fesch and Louis Bonaparte, and have been confirmed since by the uniform testimony of such as knew him during his residence in Corsica, or before his acquaintance with Barras, the Director. When at home he was extremely studious, ardent in some pursuit, either literary or scientific, which he communicated to no one. At his meals, which he devoured rapidly, he was silent and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Yet he was generally consulted on all questions affecting the interests of any branch of his family, and on all such occasions was attentive, friendly, decisive, and judicious. He wrote, at a very early period of his life, a history of Corsica, and sent the manuscript to the Abbé Raynal, with a flourishing letter, soliciting the honour of his acquaintance, and requesting his opinion of the work. The Abbé acknowledged the letter and praised the performance, but Napoleon never printed it. Persons who have dined with him at taverns and coffee-houses, when it was convenient to him not to pay his reckoning, have assured me, that though the youngest and poorest, he always obtained without exacting it, a sort of deference or even submission from the rest of the company. Though never parsimonious, he was at that period of his life extremely attentive to the details of expense, the price of provisions, and of other necessary articles, and, in short, to every branch of domestic economy. The knowledge thus early acquired in such matters was useful to him in a more exalted station. He cultivated and even made a parade of his information in sub-

sequent periods of his career, and thus sometimes detected and frequently prevented embezzlement in the administration of public accounts. Nothing could exceed the order and regularity with which his household, both as Consul and Emperor, was conducted. The great things he accomplished, and the savings he made, without even the imputation of avarice or meanness, with the sum, comparatively inconsiderable, of fifteen millions of francs a year, are marvellous, and expose his successors, and indeed all European princes, to the reproach of negligence or incapacity. In this branch of his government he owed much to Duroc. It is said that they often visited the markets of Paris, (*les halles*,) dressed in plain clothes, and early in the morning. When any great accounts were to be submitted to the Emperor, Duroc would apprise him in secret of some of the minutest details. By an adroit allusion to them, or a careless remark on the points upon which he had received such recent and accurate information, Napoleon contrived to impress his audience with the notion that the master's eye was every where. For instance, when the Tuilleries were furnished, the upholsterer's charges, though not very exorbitant, were suspected by the Emperor to be higher than the usual profit of that trade would have warranted. He suddenly asked some minister who was with him, how much the egg at the end of the bell rope should cost? "J'ignore," was the answer.—"Eh bien! nous verrons," said he, and cut off the ivory handle, called for a valet, and bidding him dress himself in plain and ordinary clothes and neither divulge his immediate commission or general employment to any living soul, directed him to inquire the price of such articles at several shops in Paris, and to order a dozen as for himself. They were one-third less dear than those furnished to the palace. The Emperor, inferring that the same advantage had been taken in the other articles, struck a third off the whole charge, and directed the tradesman to be informed that it was done at his express command, because, on *inspection*, he had himself discovered the charges to be by one third too exorbitant. When afterward, in the height of his glory, he visited Caen with the Empress Maria Louisa, and a train of crowned heads and princes, his old friend, M. Mechin, the Prefect, aware of his taste for detail, waited upon him with five statistical tables, of the expenditure, revenue, prices, produce and commerce of the department. "C'est bon," said he, when he received them the evening of his arrival, "vous et moi nous ferons bien de l'esprit sur tout cela demain au Conseil." Accordingly he astonished all the leading proprietors of the department at the meeting next day, by his minute knowledge of the prices of good and bad cider, and of the produce and other circumstances of the various districts of the department. Even the Royalist gentry were impressed with a respect for his person, which gratitude for the restitution of their

lands had failed to inspire, and which, it must be acknowledged, the first faint hope of vengeance against their enemies entirely obliterated in almost every member of that intolerant family."

Here is an anecdote which may be valuable to those who are at a loss to raise ways and means for ambitious purposes :

"On his first nomination to the army of Italy, the Directory is said to have been unable or unwilling to supply him with the money necessary for the journey of himself and his aid-de-camps to the spot, and their suitable appearance at the head-quarters of a considerable force. In this emergency, after collecting all that his resources, the contribution of his friends, and his credit, could muster, he is reported to have applied to Junot, a young officer, whom he knew to be in the habit of frequenting the gaming tables, and confiding to him all the money he had been able to raise, in itself no great sum, to have directed him either to lose the whole or to increase it to a considerable amount before the morning, as on his success that night at play, depended the possibility of his taking the command of the army and appointing Junot his aid-de-camp. Junot, after succeeding beyond his expectations in winning to an amount in his judgment equal to the exigencies of his employer, hastened to inform General Bonaparte; but he was not satisfied, and resolving to try his fortune to the utmost, bade his friend return, risk all that he had gained, and not quit the table till he had lost the last penny, or doubled the sum he had brought back to him. In this also, after some fluctuation, the chances favoured him, and Napoleon set out to his head-quarters furnished with enough to take upon him the command with no little personal splendour and éclat."

Here is something of Josephine and her superstitions :

"Josephine, with good manners, some beauty, and more sweetness of disposition, had some tincture of romance and superstition in her character. Half in joke and half in earnest, she was a great promoter of that spurious offspring of astrology and witchcraft which consists in telling fortunes by games of cards, cabalistic numbers, lotteries, palmistry, and other devices, which those who encourage them are compelled to laugh at and term mere pastime, but which those who laugh at them and find diversion in them, are apt in some little measure to consider, and even to credit. Napoleon, to amuse his mistress and torment his rival, affected to be an adept in palmistry. He told the fortunes of most of the company in a way which, never having been mentioned since, turned out probably ill founded conjecture, but on inspecting the hand of Hoche, he predicted that his rival would deprive him of his mistress, and that he would die in his bed. As both these events occurred, the

credulous and malignant enemies of Napoleon did not fail to impute the second as well as the first to his machinations. The premature death of the young and brilliant General Hoche in Germany, was gravely accounted for by poison administered to him by his successful rival in Italy, who, forsooth, to avoid suspicion and detection, had in a moment of gayety unnecessarily predicted the death he was secretly and wickedly contriving!"

Further, on the subject of Josephine, and of the resolution of Napoleon in regard to her divorce :

"Napoleon's love for Josephine was ardent and sincere ; it continued for some time, and his esteem and good-will towards her never ceased. Upon first assuming the title of Emperor, he began, however, to listen to suggestions, and perhaps, to harbour the design of another marriage, calculated to ensure his admittance into the college of legitimate sovereigns, and better suited to the foundation of an hereditary empire, by affording some prospect of issue. A lady who knew Josephine well, but who, though correct in her recollections and accurate in her language, is apt somewhat to dramatize her narratives, assured me that, on first assuming his new title, the Emperor told Madame Bonaparte in her cabinet, that his family, his ministers, his council, *enfin, tout le monde*, had represented to him the necessity of a divorce and a new marriage ; and that while she was leaning on her arm, with tears in her eyes, he walked backward and forward in a hurried and agitated manner, frequently repeating, "Qu'en dis-tu donc ? Cela sera-t-il ? Qu'en dis-tu ?" She replied, "Que veux-tu que j'en dise ? Si tes frères, tes ministres, tout le monde est contre moi, et il n'y a que toi pour me défendre !" "Tu n'as que moi pour te défendre !" exclaimed he with emotion, "Eh bien, tu l'emporteras." Josephine, in recounting the story, added that he never could withstand tears, and least of all the tears of a woman. According to her, whenever he thought it necessary to be firm, he assumed a short, harsh, and decisive tone, for the purpose of preventing those appeals which he was unable to resist. Others have concurred in assuring me that the unmannerly speeches in which he too often indulged, were the result of system rather than temper, and adopted to disconcert designs and elude importunity ; that his so much dreaded bursts of passion were the cloak of an easy and good humoured, not the ebullitions of a hasty or ungovernable disposition. This may be so ; but many will think he acted his part too well, and habit too often becomes second nature."

Lord Holland does not seek to solve the mystery which hangs about the execution of the Duke D'Enghien. He gives this instance as one of the few in which Napoleon exhibited obduracy, resisting the tears of his wife, the

entreaties of his family, and the intercession of public men. His lordship thinks that, if Napoleon had seen the duke, he must have pardoned him. He seems to think that the crime has been overestimated as such in public opinion. At all events, he shows sundry parallels to it, committed by princes who have suffered from no such reproaches.

Lord Holland states that Napoleon had some design of assuming the crown in 1803, but was dissuaded from it by his generals. He made the treaty of Amiens as an experiment, in the hopes of securing peace for France with England. But England, as he phrased it, "would absolutely have war." "Well, she shall have it." He expressed himself glad that it should be so, even while professing that he had really striven for peace; and reconciled the apparent inconsistency by a long, curious, and luminous exposition of his policy.

"If," says he, "the powers of Europe had been willing to let France and her new institutions subside into a tranquil and free government, if they could have borne *de bonne foi* to cultivate the relations of amity with her and her dependencies in Holland and Italy, she might have cherished the arts of peace, improved her internal condition, and sat down contented with the prospects of liberty and prosperity before her; but experience of peace for one year with England, and for more with the other powers, has confirmed my apprehensions and proved it to be hopeless. They never meant to leave France unmolested. But France, who would be hereafter unequal, is just now fully equal to contend with them all to advantage." "How so," said M. Gallois; "will not some years of peace add to the resources of France? Will not the beneficial effects of those changes, of which we have hitherto perceived little but the shock, be gradually sensible in the increasing riches and power of this great people?" "Granted," replied Bonaparte, "but riches and prosperity, for the purposes I am contemplating, may not be altogether the instruments best adapted to the end: d'ailleurs, l'armée! les généraux!" He described the latter at that moment, flushed with success, inured to fatigue, with fortunes half made, in all the vigour of life, and ardour of aspiring ambition. A few years' repose, during which they must be courted and enriched by the government, would damp their ardour and impair their capacity for war, and yet leave them, their descendants, representatives or favourites, with pretention to influence and command, difficult, and perhaps unjust to elude. In such a state, the country would be unequal to the sort of contest she was then contemplating; for the great powers of the continent must not merely be humbled—they

must be broken, shattered, and dismembered. In their present condition, they had the will, and they would, after a short peace, have the power to combine, to wrest from France the fruits of her victories, and, possibly, to blast all her prospects by a counter-revolution."

Lord Holland concurs in the opinion that the Austrian marriage was a fatal error. "The connection degraded him, altered his designs, both at home and abroad, tempted him to assimilate his government more and more to other monarchies, and deluded him with the hope that the princes of Europe might, in consideration of his foreign alliances and domestic authority, overlook the faults of his escutcheon, and be reconciled, in the form of a hereditary monarchy, to a title derived from the people." Josephine knew better, and predicted the reverse.

Of the Egyptian expedition, our author gives us a few interesting notes, which, he states, were gathered from the conversations of General Bertrand :

"In the first actions, the detachments of Mamelukes charged the infantry with the greatest confidence. They were utterly astonished at finding themselves repulsed by a compact body of men, whom, taken separately, they despised, not less for their diminutive stature, than for the wretched state of their accoutrements. Murad Bey thought nothing but cowardice could have led to the discomfiture of the first troops he had sent against the invaders. He was near strangling the officer who had commanded them, for flying before such 'Christian dogs.' 'As to myself,' said he, 'I will ride through them and sever their heads from their bodies like water-melons.' He did engage them, and at the head of a considerable force, but with no better success. He was thereupon yet more amazed and indignant. So enraged was he, that it was apprehended he would kill himself. When he afterward heard that the French commanders, and especially General Bonaparte and General Desaix, were little men, he imagined the French soldiers were fixed together in machine, and turned by some mechanical contrivance in the centre of each column. He could in no other way account for the steadiness of the phalax and the regularity of their movements. An interview with General Kleber somewhat consoled him, for General Kleber was tall and handsome. Murad Bey said, on seeing him, that he was glad to find there were at least some *men* in the army with which he had submitted to make a truce. But, whatever his impressions, or those of other Mamelukes or Egyptians might be, on the outward appearance of the French generals, they soon discerned the superiority of Napoleon in moral and intellectual qualities. Some grew to love, others to fear, all to respect him."

It was in Egypt that Napoleon became weaned from republicanism. His opinions changed with his election to the consulate. Lord Holland states, that this change was caused by the disgust which he conceived at the loathsome scenes of the revolution. Like all great men, his great object was *order*; and he studiously discouraged all doctrines or parties who were for effecting public change, in hope of problematical good. His glory sprang from the revolution; but this was no reason why it should perish there. We add an interesting passage from our author, in this connection:

"He was not even without apprehension that the prosperity and stability of his government, whether called consular, regal or imperial, would depend on the prevalence of those principles on which great national changes are founded and justified. Yet he was nevertheless disposed to endanger some of his personal security, rather than foment a spirit which he deemed incompatible with tranquil government and a due administration of justice. Like our Elizabeth, his principles and (though not to an equal degree) his temper, too, were at variance with his position. I mention these things in honour of truth, not of Napoleon. The partisans of authority, of pomp, and perhaps of superstition, in government, have a right to the sanction of this great man's opinion, though his endeavours to purchase their assistance were only successful while he stood in no need of it. Much, however, of his conduct towards royalists and republicans, emigrants and jacobins, especially during his consulship, sprang from a laudable desire of healing the wounds of the revolution, and from a sincere, patriotic, and well-suggested design, of blending all classes and parties in France, and uniting them in support of a common government, and in defence of the country. Soon after his elevation, he began, indeed, systematically to disparage the genius of those whose writings were supposed to have produced that alteration of sentiment on politics and religion, which had given direction, if not existence, to the French revolution. He must, in his heart, have admired Voltaire. His own manner of seeing many things showed that he had read and studied him too. If not, it proves how the genius and style of that lively, yet diligent and profound writer, have pervaded the age which succeeds him, and indirectly influences the thoughts and dispositions of the greatest statesmen of our time. I have been confirmed in my conjectures, of the secret admiration of Napoleon for Voltaire, by learning that he frequently read his plays aloud to his little society at St. Helena. He criticised, he censured, he ridiculed; but he read the same play over and over again, and his thoughts were much occupied with the subject. But, whether his own satirical turn and

quick perception of folly and falsehood were borrowed from Voltaire or not, he certainly was at some pains to decry that great writer's philosophy. He employed Geoffroy and Fontanes to write down the encyclopedists, and extol the authors of the age of Louis XIV. Under colour of vindicating the purity of language, the simplicity of composition, and the classical character of the French drama and poetry, many covert attacks were directed against the political and religious maxims of more recent authors, and yet more undisguised assaults encouraged against the moral character and intellectual attainments of the philosophers. Yet, while under the immediate protection of the consular and imperial government this warfare against public opinion was carried on, Napoleon himself, from some private predilection, from remorse, from candour, or from caprice, indulged in some acts of infidelity to his unnatural idols. He liked much, saw frequently, and gave both money and advice to Talma, whose style of acting, adapted to vigorous sallies of passion, and sudden vicissitudes of fortune, seemed connected with the new school, and was accordingly the object of Geoffroy's virulent and incessant abuse. Napoleon procured, if he did not write, some bitter answers to Geoffroy's diatribes on the theatre; and when that servile critic had, in his invectives against Voltaire, outstripped the bounds of his employer's policy, he secretly atoned for the outrage on departed genius, by silently erecting, in a church at Paris, a marble monument, to the great and calumniated philosopher of Ferney. To Rousseau he made no such atonement. He always spoke of his works with asperity and contempt, and, in one instance, took a very ungracious occasion of doing so. 'C'était un mauvais homme, un méchant homme,' said he, at Ermenonville, to Stanislas Girardin, who had been educated under the auspices, and whose place was decorated with various monuments, in memory of Rousseau. M. Girardin urged the beauty of his style and composition, and palliated the faults of his character, by ascribing to him great purity of intention and universal philanthropy. 'Non, c'était un méchant homme, *sans lui la France n'aurait pas eu de révolution.*' Girardin, smiling, observed that he was not aware that the First Consul considered the revolution such an unmixed evil. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'vous voulez dire que sans la révolution vous ne m'auriez pas eu moi? Peut-être pas; je le crois; mais aussi la France n'en serait-elle que plus heureuse.' When invited to see the hermitage, cap, table, great chair, etc., of Jean Jacques, he said, 'Ah bah! non, je n'ai aucun gout pour ces niaiseries-là, montrez-les à mon frère Louis; il en est bien digne.' He happened, however, to be unusually cross on that day. Josephine had offended him in more ways than one. He was even little enough to be nettled at her sitting down with the rest of the company, without waiting for him; for, even before he assumed the title of emperor, he grew somewhat

tenacious of outward ceremony, and thought, perhaps, that by exacting it as consul, he prepared and familiarized men's minds to the etiquette of a court. He was, moreover, sore at a hint thrown out, half in jest and half in earnest, that his success in shooting had been in consequence of some contrivance to lame the game, or to turn out tame animals, without his knowledge, for him to fire upon. He was a bad shot, but he was above once in his life indignant at discovering such a practice, which he justly remarked was childish and degrading adulation. He was, perhaps, at all times, and certainly during the first years of his elevation, more liable to unbecoming anger, at the abuse and calumnies of the public journals. His irritation at our newspapers contributed to estrange him from England, after the peace of Amiens, and to accelerate and embitter the rupture between the two countries. Yet he was much struck with a remark of M. Gallois, to whom he complained of the licentiousness of the English press. M. Gallois very pertinently observed, that he had volumes and volumes of libel, equal in malignity, against Louis XIV., but that nothing now was remembered of them but the fretful sensibility which that monarch betrayed about them, and the false steps in policy which, more than once, they had provoked him to take."

In an essayical portion of his narrative, Lord Holland refers to Washington and Cromwell. He eulogizes the former handsomely, at the expense of all the heroes of the past, and particularly for his forbearance to gratify his hates and his revenges. In doing this, he qualifies the eulogy, by suggesting Washington's want of power; as if, with the increase of his ambition, his power might not have undergone a corresponding increase—as if the power of all despots would not have been small as Washington's, had there been a similar forbearance of ambition to acquire it. He refers to the affair of Washington and General Lee, following the battle of Monmouth, as an instance in which Washington betrayed no disposition to forbear or forgive. Had Lord Holland read the history rightly, he would have quoted this transaction as remarkably in proof of his disposition to do both. His forbearance was peculiarly manifest throughout, and the trial of Lee was perfectly unavoidable. Lee forced the extreme issue upon Washington, as much through the vain hope of trying the strength of their respective popularity, as from his bad temper and feverish impatience of control. We concur with Lord Holland, however, in the opinion that Napoleon was not vindictive; that he was really in-

dulgent, and, if not easy of temper, was at least always disposed to be just. Of his administration we have the following, which seems to be confirmed by every impartial review of Napoleon's career :

"His dislike, and even his displeasure, seldom led to any persecution, or even permanent exclusion of the objects of it from promotion, though it exposed them to asperity of language, and other petty mortifications. He not only preserved in high employment, but advanced to higher, some persons whose opinions were most hostile to his system of government, as well as others, of whom he spoke with anger and contempt. In repressing the injustice of all authorities inferior to his own, he was impartial, severe and inflexible. Neither minister, prefect, officer, nor military authority, could venture to exceed the letter of the law. Never was government, in France, at least, so little military as that of Napoleon—never was justice more steadily and equally administered between men, and even between government and its subjects. There was, indeed, at the latter period of his reign, no security whatever against abuse but the knowledge, vigilance and will of one man ; but scarcely in an instance, save the conscriptions, when the empire was pressed for supplies of men, did that dependence on the ubiquity of the emperor's protection, and the inflexible impartiality of his administration, fail any of his subjects. Had any prefect or military man interfered with the election of deputies, nomination of juries, or common transactions of life, in the way since practiced in every department, such illegal and vexatious interference would, without even the necessity of a remonstrance, have been immediately punished and remedied, under the imperial government. The principles of freedom, which can alone secure good institutions from abuse, were nearly extinguished, under his absolute rule, and have revived and attained some vigour since his down fall ; but equality before the law, impartiality in the administration of justice, and certainty of redress, in case of any injury, either from individuals or from civil and military authorities, have not been greater, or even so great, under the succeeding governments, during peace, as they were under Napoleon, at war with half the world."

Of his abilities and industry, we have the following testimony :

"His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France, and none in employment, with whose private history, characters and qualifications, he was not acquainted. He had, when emperor, notes and tables, which he called the moral statistics of his empire. He revised and corrected them by ministerial reports, private conversation, and cor-

respondence. He received all letters himself, and, what seems incredible, he read and recollected all that he received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake. When he had an hour for diversion, he not unfrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged, with some surprise, was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eye were in his mind ever after. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes, through every year of his administration, and could, at any time, repeat any one of them, even to the centimes. Thus his detection of errors in accounts appeared marvellous, and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties in a way to create a persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a battalion charged, on a certain day, at Besançon. 'Mais le bataillon n'était pas là,' said he, 'il y a erreur.' The minister, recollecting that the emperor had been, at the time, out of France, and confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Besançon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud, and not a mistake. The peculating accountant was dismissed, and the scrutinizing spirit of the emperor circulated, with the anecdote, through every branch of the public service, in a way to deter every clerk from making the slightest error, from fear of immediate detection. His knowledge, in other matters, was often as accurate, and nearly as surprising. Not only were the Swiss deputies, in 1801, astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws and usages of their country, which seemed the result of a life of research, but even the envoys from the insignificant republic of Sar Marino were astonished at finding that he knew the families and feuds of that small community, and discoursed on the respective views, conditions and interests of parties and individuals, as if he had been educated in the petty squabbles and local politics of that diminutive society. I remember a simple native of that place told me, in 1814, that the phenomenon was accounted for by the saint of the town appearing to him, over night, in order to assist his deliberations. Some anecdotes, related to me by the distinguished officer who conveyed him, in the Undaunted, to Elba, in 1814, prove the extent, variety and accuracy of knowledge of Napoleon. On his first arrival on the coast, in company with Sir Neil Campbell, an Austrian and a Russian commissioner, Captain Usher waited upon him, and was invited to dinner. He conversed much on naval affairs, and explained the plan he had once conceived, of forming a vast fleet, of 160 ships of the line. He asked Captain Usher if he did not think it would have been practicable; and Usher answered that, with the immense means he then com-

manded, he saw no impossibility in building and manning any number of ships, but his difficulty would have consisted in forming thorough seamen, as distinguished from what we call smooth-water sailors. Napoleon replied that he had provided for that also—he had organized exercises for them afloat, not only in harbour, but in smaller vessels, near the coast, by which they might have been trained to go through, even in rough weather, the most arduous manœuvres of seamanship which he enumerated, and he mentioned among them the keeping a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea.

The Austrian, who suspected Napoleon of talking in general upon subjects he imperfectly understood, acknowledging his own ignorance, asked him the meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. On this, the emperor took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific and practical a way, that Captain Usher assured me he knew none but professional men, and very few of them, who could, off-hand, have given a so perspicuous, seamanlike and satisfactory solution of the question. Any board of officers would have inferred, from such an exposition, that the person making it had received a naval education, and was a practical seaman. Yet, how different were the objects on which the mind of Napoleon must have been long, as well as recently employed!

“On the same voyage, when the propriety of putting into the harbour of Corsica was under discussion, and the want of a pilot urged as an objection, Napoleon described the depth of water, shoals, currents, bearings and anchorage, with a minuteness which seemed as if he had himself acted in that capacity, and which, on reference to the charts, was found scrupulously accurate. When his cavalry and baggage arrived at Porto Ferrajo, the commander of the transports said that he had been on the point of putting into a creek near Genoa, (which he named, but I have forgotten.) Upon hearing which, Napoleon exclaimed, ‘It is well you did not; it is the worst place in the Mediterranean; you would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks.’ He then proceeded to allege reasons for the difficulty, which were quite sufficient, if the peculiarities of the little bay were really such as he described; but Captain Usher, having never heard of them during his service in the Mediterranean, suspected that the emperor was mistaken, or had confounded some report he had heard from mariners in his youth. When, however, he mentioned the circumstance, many years afterwards, to Captain Dundas, who had recently cruized in the Gulf of Genoa, that officer confirmed the report of Napoleon, in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. ‘For,’ said he, ‘I thought it a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creek, by observation and experience.’ Great as was his appetite for knowledge, his

memory in retaining, and his quickness in applying it, his labour, both in acquiring and using it, was equal to them. In application to business, he could wear out the men most inured to study. In the deliberations on the code civil, many of which lasted ten, twelve, or fifteen hours, without intermission, he was always the last whose attention flagged; and he was so little disposed to spare himself trouble, that, even in the Moscow campaign, he sent regularly to every branch of administration in Paris, directions in detail, which, in every government but his, would, both from usage and convenience, have been left to the convenience or to the discretion of the superintending minister, or to the common routine of business. This, and other instances of his diligence, are more wonderful than praiseworthy. He had established an office with twelve clerks, and Mounier at their head, whose sole duty it was to extract, translate, abridge, and arrange under heads, the contents of our English newspapers. He charged Mounier to omit no abuse of him, however coarse or virulent—no charge, however injurious or malignant. As, however, he did not specify the empress, Mounier, who reluctantly complied with his orders, ventured to suppress, or at least to soften, any phrases about her; but Napoleon questioned others on the contents of the English papers, detected Mounier and his committee in their mutilations of the articles, and forbade them to withhold any intelligence or any censure they met with in the publications which they were appointed to examine. Yet, with all this industry, and with the multiplicity of topics which engaged his attention, he found time for private and various reading. His librarian was employed for some time, every morning, in replacing maps and books, which his unwearied and insatiable curiosity had consulted before breakfast. He read all letters whatever, addressed to himself, whether in his private or public capacity; and it must, I believe, be acknowledged that he often took the same liberty with those directed to other people. He had indulged in that unjustifiable practice before his elevation, and, such was his impatience to open both parcels and letters, that, however employed, he could seldom defer the gratification of his curiosity an instant after either came under his notice or his reach. Josephine and others, well acquainted with his habits, very pardonably took some advantage of this propensity. Matters which she feared to mention to him were written and directed to her, and the letters, unopened, left in his way. He often complied with wishes which he thought he had detected by an artifice, more readily than had they been presented in the form of claim, petition or request. He liked to know every thing; but he liked all he did to have the appearance of springing entirely from himself, feeling, like many others in power, an unwillingness to encourage even those they love in an opinion that they have an influence over them, or that there is any certain channel to

their favour. His childish eagerness about cases led, in one instance, to a gracious act of playful munificence. He received notice of the arrival of a present from Constantinople, in society with the empress and other ladies. He ordered the parcel to be brought up, and instantly tore it open, with his own hand. It contained a large aigrette of diamonds, which he broke into various pieces, and he then threw the largest into her imperial majesty's lap, and some into that of every lady in the circle."

What admirable lessons are to be found in these extracts, for the ambitious statesman! How conclusive that, whatever the degree of genius, it is of little account, unless coupled with sleepless study and unrelaxing industry and method. With a few more passages we must conclude. Here is an anecdote, in which Napoleon, the man, scorning his associates, is forgetful of what is becoming in Napoleon, the emperor:

"The princes of the continent, when stooping to solicit a share of that spoil of dominion which Napoleon's victories had procured him, resorted to those means which they knew to be most prevalent and most efficacious in their own legitimate and unprincipled courts. They furthered, or hoped to further, their selfish designs by presents, bribes and flattery to the ministers and favourites of that man whom they have since spoken of as an upstart and usurper, unfit to be admitted into their princely society! He possibly connived at the practice. He most justly and cordially despised the pusillanimous creatures who resorted to it. He sometimes treated them with rudeness and insolence. He, on one occasion, dined with his hat on, when three kings and several sovereign princes sat uncovered at table. Returning from the chase, with the Kings of Saxony, Wurtemberg and Bavaria in the carriage, he stopped at the Malmaison, to pay a visit to his divorced wife, Josephine, and kept the monarchs waiting, at least an hour, at the door. The King of Bavaria, who recounted the story to my informant, was more diverted than affronted at the incident, and said, '*Puisqu'on nous traite comme des lacquais, il faut nous divertir comme tels,*' and, asking for bread, cheese, fruit and wine, regaled himself with that homely cheer, in the carriage or in the hall, with admirable good humour and excellent appetite. Such, or similar improprieties, were not unusual at his imperial court. The ill-breeding generated in camps and in clubs, and the dry, undignified formality, which often disfigures the manners of official men, were discernible in his drawing-room and ante-chamber; but there was no appearance, and very little reality, in the dissoluteness of manners attributed by our ignorant libelists to his family and favourites."

Lord Holland adds something more, on the subject of Napoleon's morals, and those of his court. He left a natural son, by a Polish lady, but his indulgences never became scandalous. The morals of his court offered a grateful contrast to what they had been in France, for centuries. His mind, incessantly employed, was singularly various in its objects. He was full of schemes, in behalf of science, letters and public education. His genius, according to Talleyrand, was inconceivable, and he had as rare sagacity as genius.

"Among his projects were many connected with the arts and with literature. They were all, perhaps, subservient to political purposes, generally gigantic, abruptly prepared, and, in all likelihood, as suddenly conceived. Many were topics of conversation, and subjects for speculation—not serious, practical or digested designs. Though not insensible to the arts, or to literature, he was suspected, latterly, of considering them rather as political engines or embellishments than as sources of enjoyment. M. de Talleyrand, and several artists, concurred in saying that 'il avait le sentiment du Grand, mais non pas celui du Beau.' He had written 'bon sujet d'un tableau' opposite to some passage in Letourneur's translation of Ossian, and he had certainly a passion for that poem. His censure on David, for choosing the battle at the straits of Thermopylæ as a subject for a picture, was that of a general rather than connoisseur—it smelt, if I may say so, of his shop; though, perhaps, the real motive for it was dislike to the republican artist, and distaste to an act of national resistance against a great military invader. 'A bad subject,' said he; 'after all, Leonidas was turned.' He had the littleness to expect to be prominent in every picture of national victories of his time, and was displeased at a painting of an action in Egypt, for Madame Murat, in which her wounded husband was the principal figure. Power made him impatient of contradiction, even in trifles, and, latterly, he did not like his taste in music, for which he had no turn, to be disputed. His proficiency in literature has been variously stated. He had read much, but had written little. In the mechanical part he was certainly no adept—his handwriting was nearly illegible. Some would fain persuade me that that fault was intentional, and merely an artifice to conceal his bad spelling: that he could form his letters well if he chose, but was unwilling to let his readers know too exactly the use he made of them. His orthography was certainly not correct—that of few Frenchmen, not professed authors, was so, thirty years ago; but his brothers, Lucien and Louis, both literary men, and both correct in their orthography, write a similar hand, and nearly

as bad a one as he did, probably for the same reason : viz., that they cannot write a better, without great pains and loss of time."

* * * * *

"In matters of importance, he would look over and correct what had been written from his dictation, and would afterwards repeat, word for word, the sentences he had composed and revised. His style was clear. 'Soyez clair, tout le reste viendra,' was a maxim of his. In matters of business, he very justly ridiculed and defied that absurd canon of French criticism which forbids the recurrence of a word twice in the same sentence, or even page. He had several volumes of his correspondence copied out and bound in folio. There is some mystery attending the fate of those books. From them, however, the 'lettres inédites' were published. M. de Talleyrand pretends that his copies sometimes varied, and that purposely, from the originals, for, according to him, Napoleon would not scruple, even in transcribing treaties, to substitute one word for another. The notes on the life of the Duke of Marlborough, which was printed at his expense, and by his desire, were, it is said, composed by him, and paragraphs of his writing were occasionally inserted in the newspaper. He wrote and printed, when a young man, at Avignon, in 1793 or 1794, a small political pamphlet, called 'Dejeuner de trois Militaires,' and I have already mentioned that he sent a manuscript history of Corsica, written before that period, to Abbé Raynal. But, whatever were his own writings, his criticism on the works of others was generally just, and always striking and acute. Le Mercier read him a play on the subject of Peter the Cruel. At the moment of his fall, that discomfited tyrant was made to say something like this:

'De tout mon vaste empire, il me reste un rocher.'

Napoleon observed, 'It will *never* do. You mean to rouse us to indignation against the man, and you put in his mouth a pathetic remark on the contrast between his former elevation and present ruin, that cannot fail to excite the compassion of every well-regulated mind.' The remark was subtle, and, considering subsequent events, curious and singular. It is possible, however, that this latter circumstance produced it, for the relator, though a worthy man, was a dramatic author. In reading, Napoleon leant to skepticism and paradox—as, for instance, he ridiculed as improbable the story of Cæsar's escape in the boat, and his speech to the boatman, and was much inclined to disparage the talents, and more particularly the military skill, of that extraordinary man."

But we must trespass no longer on the pages of this very agreeable volume. We have gleaned from it quite enough to prompt the reader to put himself in possession of the whole. Much of it might have been omitted ; but

we are grateful for the residue. We presume that his lordship left other volumes, devoted to his domestic, as this is to his foreign reminiscences. We shall be glad to be conducted by him into the delightful literary re-unions which distinguished Holland House for so many seasons. The familiar conversation of the British literati of the present century, about some friendly table, must be a rare treat. To see Scott, and Campbell, and Jeffrey, and Moore. Brougham, and Byron, and Sydney Smith, and a host beside, in social deshabille, wrought upon by such a host as my Lord Holland, and forgetting the asperities of rival schools in literature and politics, under the magic suasion of her ladyship, would yield such a tableau as few societies ever afford, and few spectators witness. Let us hope that this volume only precedes another, which shall realize for us this spectacle. In conclusion, let us express the regret that so few of our public men in America, having opportunities, make use of them in memoir writing. What scenes and anecdotes, illustrative of character and history, might there not be to compel the gratitude of posterity, were our politicians more heedful of the world about them, and the posterity which is to follow? What would we not give for such clever narratives, such lively portraits, of the administration of Washington, as those contained in this volume. Could we rely on Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, what a fund of delight and information might they not have left us. The talent of Wirt was particularly fitted for this sort of detail. Paulding might give us such a volume, or series of volumes, yet. So may Poinsett, who has enjoyed rarer opportunities of observation in society, knowledge of men in distinguished situations, and various experiences of travel, in the most interesting countries, than any American that can be named. Let us hope that he, at least, will accumulate his treasures of thought, association and experience, for the illustration of contemporaneous history and the delight of future generations.

ART. VIII.—ISLAMISM.

Mahomet and his Successors. Two volumes. By WASHINGTON IRVING. George P. Putnam. 1850.

IN attempting an impartial review of those leading incidents which gave birth to, and sustained the Mahometan religion, it is requisite that we refer to those circumstances, in the life of its founder, and the condition of society in that region from whence it originated, which tended to render that era an important epoch in profane history.

The youthful career of Mohammed, the son of Abdallah, (A. D., 570, the supposed period of his birth, until he attained his fortieth year, when his advent, as the inspired prophet of God, caused surprise and wonder among his countrymen,) was not distinguished by any remarkable events, which would indicate his future greatness. No star of glorious effulgence directed the Magi of the East to the place of his nativity; no prophet foretold, in the "ancient of days," his coming, as a spiritual prince, to rule a mighty people; nor did the oracle of any seer predict that, amidst the stony regions of Arabia, a child was born, whose genius (though bordering on fanaticism) would regenerate the idolatrous nations of Asia, and lay the foundation of a *new* religion, whose precepts would be acknowledged from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. The obscurity of his birth, the simplicity of his life, and the state of dependence to which he was subjected, involves the mind in a problem of mystery, which only can be solved by a vague reference to the force of circumstances, and to natural laws of society and man.

In tracing effect from cause, it is requisite that we refer to those peculiar operations in the domain of nature, which tend to develope particular events; and, either in the organic or inorganic kingdom, we discover positive laws emanating from some high intelligence, and controlling, through direct or indirect means, those relative incidents in the scheme of creation, which constitute the order and beauty of the universe. This philosophic axiom is prominently sustained in the countless revolutions to which this planet has been subjected, during its transition state, when being fitted as a suitable habitation for man; in the rise and fall of empires, from the earliest period of

authentic history ; in the advancement or dispersion of civilization, and the extension or enthrallment of christianity. Those changes have been dependent on physical influences, operating in the alembic of nature, and the gross depravity of our sensual existence ; in the correction of which, God, through his inscrutable providence, uses means which may sometimes appear inconsonant with our conceived opinion of that infinite mercy, goodness, and truth, which are the prerogatives of Deity. The lightning and the hurricane, with desolating wrath, prostrates the proud ingenuity of man ; the tempest and the flood cover the fair aspect of nature with wreck and ruin, and the governments of earth experience like vicissitudes of fortune, by some specific agency of the Divine Original.

The geographical features of every region tend, in an eminent degree, to the establishment of those peculiar customs which mark the character of its inhabitants ; and so very prominent is this law of nature, exemplified in the diversified habits of the Arabian, that its topography has been designated, as Arabia the stony, the desert and the happy. Hence we find, throughout that diversiter, which, from the earliest ages of antiquity, presents to our notice a marked division into petty tribes, each acknowledging a Sheik, or chief, as their ruler, but in no instance being united under one grand hierarchy, until, by the subjugation and dictation of Mahomet, the whole were fully organized under one theocratical government.

Mecca, the birthplace of the prophet, from the earliest date in their traditionary lore, was ever venerated as the chosen spot of Almighty power, from whence the true worship of the Creator of the universe should emanate ; for we find in the records of Arabian history, that it was there our first parents, after their expulsion from Paradise, erected a shrine for adoration to Jehovah. It became the Kebla of their hope for divine intercession, and, still revered through succeeding ages, the object towards which every devout Mussulman turns in prayer.

Here, according to the Arabian tradition, Seth, the son of Adam and Eve, erected a famous Caaba, "whose dome resembled the arch of heaven," and here, too, after the deluge had subsided, Ishmael, the son of the outcast, Hagar, reconstructed that temple, which the disciples of

Mahomet have-hallowed, with the same awe with which the early Christians venerated the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, and to which every Moslem deems a pilgrimage requisite for his salvation. But a cloud of gloomy superstition hovered over the confines of Arabia's arid peninsula, which had finally spread over the social, political, and religious horizon, of almost the then known world, until, in places where the refinements of civilization and the powers of art had swayed pre-eminent, the people sank into a state of the blindest ignorance, and the most wretched barbarism. Dissensions arose among the different tribes of Arabia, constant forays were made upon each other, until a state of anarchy ensued, and each division established for itself a peculiar religious worship, which, in the course of time, became a gross system of Polytheism. Like the sylvan groves of Grecian mythology, every locality possessed its shrine of separate sacredness, where some peculiar divinity was throned in state, as an object for religious veneration. Each sacred spot was supposed to possess some special influence over the temporal welfare, and the incense of sacrifice arose as a propitiation to the divine assemblage of celestial luminaries.

The origin of these corrupt and corrupting superstitions, and of the apostacy of man from the true worship of the patriarchal ages, may be traced to those combined influences of the Assyrian, Persian and Egyptian nations, by whom they were surrounded, and consequently an adaptation of diversified creeds, in each locality to which they were subject. The Chaldean, on the one hand, directed his adoration to the sidereal orbs; the Persian Magi contended for the dark, mysterious, and antagonistic principles of good and evil, or light and darkness, as regulating the destiny of man; while the Gods Osiris and Osiris, worshipped by the Egyptian, constituted the predominant powers in their mythology.

After the dismemberment of the empire of Judea, and the destruction of the temple by the Romans, the Jews spread in vast numbers over the districts of Arabia, and a corrupt system of Judaism was introduced among them, which eventually became amalgamated with their polytheistic worship. To this was superadded, at a later date, numerous sects diverging from the primitive Christian faith, arising from the Arian controversy, as to the essen-

tiality of the godhead, until, among this heretical mass of incongruous material, the various tribes within the bounds of Arabia, from uncertainty as to the true worship, in such a conflict of opinion, sank into a state of unquestionable atheism.

Such was the position of things, when the self-announced prophet, Mohammed, with disinterested zeal as to pecuniary advancement, but undoubtedly prompted in all his actions by personal ambition, entered on the mission of rescuing his country from the bonds of her gross superstitions, by proclaiming, to an ignorant and debased generation, the only true God. It matters not, in a political sense, whether he had personally received a divine commission, or was actuated by motives of philanthropy; enough that his object effected an amelioration of the condition of his countrymen, and rescued them, in a measure, from the slough of idolatry. In his warfare against atheism, we may feel warranted in the supposition, that with all his errors, Mahomet was the medium of divine interposition for man. We are enjoined by the precepts from holy writ, "to judge the tree by its fruit," and if we review the actions of Mahomet, in connection with the result of his mission, the inference is inevitable, that, in the progress of human events, his genius and power were directed by a higher will to a special and justifiable purpose. The question then naturally arises, whether the object attained, of destroying their idolatrous worship, and confirming the faith in a supreme director of the universe, could have been effected by another, or by any other means, in his day and generation, of moral and intellectual darkness?

If, as has been imputed to Mahomet, he was in truth an imposter, his habits and his acts, in our more enlightened age, must be viewed as those of a warm enthusiast in the cause of religion, and must thus demand our favourable consideration; for the ends obtained, notwithstanding the errors, conclusively prove the high ulterior objects which he had in view; and, although the opportunity was frequently presented of pecuniary aggrandisement and popular elevation, yet he always remained poor in purse, and content with fame.

When we view the acts of this remarkable man, after the lapse of twelve centuries, as transmitted to us by the Arabian historian, Abulfeda, we must concur with his biographer that conflicting motives are presented, tending

to distract us, in forming a correct opinion of his character. It is his perfect abnegation of self, however, connected with an apparently heartfelt piety throughout the various phases of his fortune, which tend to perplex the judgment. However much he betrayed the gross sensuality of human nature, after being elevated in worldly power, by the conquest of arms—and for which he no doubt derived a precedent from the biblical history of the monarchs of Judea,—still the devotional feeling and self-humiliation which marked the course of his life, up to the period of his apostolic mission, ever continued unabated.

If we view the conduct of his domestic life, as presented in the concurrent testimony of all the older writers, it will be found that a strong and ever enduring faith in a supreme being, whose *fiat* will reward or punish in the day of judgment for temporal actions, was the great principle on which his religion was founded.

The Koran, or Bible of Mahometan faith, as promulgated by the prophet, and evidently drawn in a measure from the precepts of the Old and New Testaments, inspire, throughout its pages, a spirit of pure and elevated piety, which inculcates that charity to all mankind constitutes the true groundwork of religion. Prayer, that vital duty of Islamism, and that infallible purifier of the soul, was his constant practice. “Trust in God,” was his comfort and support, in times of trial and despondency. On the clemency of God he reposed all his hopes of happiness in a future state, and this precept he enjoined on his disciples. Ayesha, the youthful partner of his bosom, relates that on one occasion, she enquired of him, “Oh prophet, do none enter paradise but through God’s mercy?” “None,” he replied. “But you, oh prophet, will not *you* enter except through his compassion?” Then Mahomet put his hand upon his head, and replied three times with great solemnity,—“Neither shall I enter paradise except God cover me with his mercy.”

When he hung over the death-bed of his infant son, Ibrahim, resignation to the will of God was exhibited in his conduct under his affliction, and the hope of soon re-joining his child in paradise was his consolation. When he followed the body to the grave, he invoked his own spirit, at the tomb, in an awful examination of *self*, to hold fast the foundations of the faith, the unity of God, and his own mission as a prophet. Even in his dying hour, when

there could be no longer a worldly motive for deceit, he still breathed the same religious devotion, and the same belief in his apostolic mission. The last words that trembled on his lips ejaculated a trust of soon entering into blissful companionship with the prophets who had gone before him.

His diction, observes a distinguished writer, "shows that he had drank deep of the living waters, from the fountain of truth, and if he failed to imbibe them in their crystal purity, it might be because he had drank from broken cisterns, and from streams troubled and perverted, by those who should have been their guardians. The faith which he had hitherto inculcated, was purer than that held forth by some of the pseudo-christians settled in Arabia, and his life had been regulated, up to the period of his flight from Mecca, according to the tenets which he had prescribed," as the rule of action for others, and for their final salvation.

Medina, the city of refuge, acknowledged him as a prophet sent for its regeneration; obeyed him as its temporal and spiritual prince; and, at the head of a powerful band of votaries, he sat out from thence to enforce his doctrines. From that time, his course was onward, to subjugate and to convert the idolatrous tribes of Arabia, by peaceful influences, if possible, or if not, by the sword and his victorious armies. The old doctrine which he had taught, of forbearance to his enemies, was then thrown aside; and we are informed that his march of conquest was too often sullied by violence and rapine, which, if not commanded, was submitted to by him. Yet, amidst all the scenes of strife, of sorrow and distress, which he was compelled to enact or witness, we discover the germ of his piety predominating in all his actions; and in the foray or pitched battle, his cry was still an invocation of God:—"Allah il Allah."

"He was," remarks the historian, "a man of great genius and suggestive imagination, but it appears to us that he was a creature of impulse and of excitement, and it is difficult to reconcile such ardent, persevering piety, with an incessant system of blasphemous imposture, nor such pure, elevated and benignant precepts, as are contained in the Koran, with a mind haunted by ignoble passions, devoted to the grovelling interest of mere mortality; his schemes grew out of his fortunes, and not his fortunes out

of his schemes," and, in this respect, his career strikingly resembles that of Oliver Cromwell.

In a strict acceptance of the term, (prophet,) we doubt the divine mission of Mahomet, as a command emanating expressly from Jehovah ; but that he was the son of destiny, and moulded by circumstances to fulfil certain intents of the Deity, at that particular period in the history of the world, must appear to every unbiassed mind, when we trace the course of events associated with the revolution of empires. The doubts then existing in the public mind, as to a great first cause, nay, we may state, the absolute atheism pervading the greater part of Arabia, rendered stringent measures requisite for the redemption of men ; and in the operations of Providence, such means have been adopted from the earliest period of sacred history in vindication of the decrees of heaven.

Throughout the Bible, instances innumerable are presented, of specific means chosen for the regeneration of mankind, as emanating expressly from Deity, which are apparently as repugnant to the better feelings of humanity as any of the practices of Mahomet. The star of Napoleon, that so long reigned in the ascendant, obscured at times by the sanguinary mist of hecatombs, was undoubtedly a meet act of retribution by Almighty vengeance, on the infidelity of France, and laid the foundation of that more perfect system,

" When Liberty's bright flag will be unfur'd,
And Kings shall bow to its imperious sway."

In reviewing the character of Mahomet, as presented by his biographer, we discover those traits of genius that elevate him far above the ignoble herd by which he was surrounded ; and, taking into consideration the low condition of literature and science at that period of Arabian history, he seems, both in thought and action, to have availed himself of all the advantages of practical improvement within his reach. In visionary speculations, his youthful mind dwelt on the sublime worship of the Sabeans, then prevailing in many parts of Arabia—when, in open adoration to the celestial luminaries, they worshipped the day-star as the God of life—the grand vivifier of nature—and the silver goddess of the night, with her attendant luminaries, as so many divinities presiding over the destiny of human existence.

Those mystic ceremonies, associated with the Chaldean religion, the altar of sacrifice arising from the mountain summit and the plain, from whence the perfumed incense ascended heavenward, and the Astrolabe defining in mysterious figures the horoscope of man's affairs, inspired in his heart the most lofty sentiments of poesy. His ardent imagination dwelt, in enraptured awe, on those soul-engrossing influences, and his mind, with deepest feelings of reverence, was directed to that great original, whose invisible agency had fashioned, with the most perfect unity of design, the material universe.

In connection with the Chaldean worship, there was disseminated over various portions of Arabia, during the early years of Mahomet, the Zoroastrian religion of Persia; and the mysterious rites of the Magian fire-worshipper, associated with the most gloomy superstition, as to the warring powers of good and evil, excited a spirit of inquiry in his mind, which was naturally imbued with a far more elevated impress of divine principles. Those rites of the Sabean and Magi were, to a great extent, incorporated in the more ancient polytheism spread over Arabia, and are illustrated in the idols of metal and of stone, that adorned the Caaba at Mecca.

When we reflect that the orphan Mohammed, the son of Abdallah, had been placed under the guardianship of his grandfather Moutalleb, and by him transferred at an early age to the care of his uncle Abu Thaleb, who successively had been the civil governors of Mecca, and to whom was consigned the charge of the temple, it will readily be perceived that no little influence was exerted, by the association of scenes around him, in fashioning his youthful mind against his own doctrines. Great must have been the energies of that individual, and indomitable the will, that enabled him to break through the restraint of ancient customs—to shake off all the lessons of superstition he had learned;—and, at the same time, to emerge from his comparative obscurity, to the position, not only of supreme ruler over the people whose superstitions he overthrew, but as the founder of a faith which was hostile to all their lessons.

Among all oriental nations, where the great principles of government are, to some extent, of a theocratic form, we find that the learning of the schools is confined to the officers of state and the ministers of religion. Although

history is silent as to the education of Mahomet, yet his biographers inform us, that, from the age of seven, until he attained his majority, his life had been spent principally within the precincts of Mecca and its venerated shrine.

The influx of strangers at their pilgrimage, annually, during the month of Ramadan, from the remotest bounds of Arabia and Syria, both for religious worship and for traffic, brought Mahomet in close association with Jew and Christian, and his susceptible mind embraced the opportunities furnished by such intercourse, to improve himself with practical knowledge. These advantages opened a field of speculation as to the reality of a Supreme Being, transmitted from the Shemitic faith by Hebrew legislators; and, in the mercy of an overruling Providence, engrafted on that ancient worship the principles of Christianity. From this, his mind became imbued with a faith in things seen—discarding the superstition of the ideal—and his innate sensibilities revolted at the annual sacrifice offered to three hundred and sixty representatives of Deity, claimed by various tribes, and deposited in the niches of the Mecca temple.

At the age of twenty-eight, Mahomet was united in marriage to Cadjah, a wealthy widow of Mecca; and, during the twelve succeeding years, was distinguished among the inhabitants of that city for probity of character, benevolence toward all mankind, and strict attention to his devotional exercises. So marked was his uprightness in all business transactions, and honesty of purpose, that he was termed by his acquaintances *al amin*, or “the faithful.” They were accustomed to consult him on all matters of disputation, and he frequently received marked distinction from his countrymen on important occasions, far above other citizens. In all this period of meditative ease and social influence, his mind was closely engaged in the investigation of spiritual matters; although, as history informs us, “from the youth of Mahomet he was addicted to religious exercises.” But now his thoughts, unincumbered by worldly cares, seemed to take a more extensive flight into the *unseen*; and divested of that abstruse philosophy which had pervaded the previous history of letters, his native powers of intellect turned calmly to review those sublime mysteries, associated with natural events, constituting, as a whole, the grand Diorama of the Universe, and from thence to deduce some theory of

cause and effect, desirable from, and directed by one, Great and Divine Architect.

It was now his custom, during the festival month of Ramadan, to withdraw from all intercourse with the world, and, in the solitary cave on Mount Hara, commune with the eternal spirit of Truth; and, if he failed in arriving at those benign laws which mark the Christian religion with purity, and which tend to its perpetuation, the error must be attributed to the ignorance of the age, which no one mind could ever prove adequate to remedy.

During those periods of immunity from worldly cares, he framed that code of moral precepts which, subsequently, from time to time, was transmitted to the world, and known as "the Koran." In these he proclaims one certain eternal truth, and one supposed fiction;—"there is but one God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God."

To this latter point, our attention is immediately directed, for herein consists the proof of his sincerity or his imposture. From thence, we deduce the moral power of cause and effect, tending to the development of certain ends, which eventually revolutionized vast kingdoms. Something more than human agency must have been requisite to overcome those strong prejudices, existing among the various tribes of Arabia, for old established customs, both moral and political, thus to change the tenor of social relation, and institute a new faith, whose moral precepts tended to unite in a vast hierarchy, the divisors of pagan worshippers, of which *he* became the grand high priest.

From the records which we possess of Mahomet's life, and the effects resulting from his mission, we are bound to believe him honest in his intent, as to the spiritual regeneration of mankind; and, however short he may have fallen of that standard which we now attach to morality, yet the thought, no doubt, was ever uppermost, that the corruptions into which mankind had fallen, was marked by the special indignation of the Almighty. "His ascetic habits, during a portion of each year, the natural bias of his mind, and the thoughts continually reverting to this one subject, naturally engendered that spirit of enthusiasm, which eventually resulted in a species of spiritual monomania."

Instances of a similar nature are often to be met with in profane history, and the operation of circumstances

tend to produce results, which have a prominent bearing on the future condition of society ; and that influence is, to a greater or less extent, displayed over every portion of the civilized world, Supposing his case analogous to those who have succeeded him in the disenthralment of mankind, from the bonds of superstition—and we see no good reason to doubt the comparison—there is every reason to suppose that his mission was designed by Divine Providence to throw down those barriers for the worship of the true God, and prepare the way, at least, for a better faith, for which, at the time, the Arabian people were by no means ready.

In the further investigation of this subject, we must refer to the peculiar character of the religion he promulgated, known as the faith of Islam, and of which the Koran is the expounder, from whence the moral and political law of the Mahometans is derived, and then contrast its precepts and observances with that depraved system of Christianity then existing. In the church, as it then existed—the almost entire remnant of Christian worship extant—we find its rites and ceremonies tinged with gross superstition, by the idolatrous introduction of images as objects of worship, the deification of saints and martyrs, their adoration paid to the Virgin Mary—as being equal with God—and worshipped as a goddess, and amalgamating, on this corrupt creed, the polytheistic opinions of Asiatic paganism. Such was the depraved state of Christianity during the seventh century, that the shrine of the invisible was defiled by exponents of his essence, to such an extent, that the Sabeans, in his veneration of the celestial orbs, and the Magian, in their conflict between light and darkness, denied, of themselves, but accused each other of superstition and idolatry, while the faith of the apostolic church was denounced by both, as far exceeding, in number of their gods, the worship of the pagan world.

The pious and becoming principles of Mohammed, at this period, as displayed in every action, his superior intelligence and commanding genius, seemed to qualify him well for the important mission of redeeming his countrymen from atheism and ignorance, and to justify his attitude, when, as the avatar of spiritual faith, he boldly entered the arena, and proclaimed to the benighted generation the existence of one Supreme Being, the Creator

and the Master of the universe. It matters not from what source he derived this knowledge, whether, as has been imputed, from the writings of Jew or Christian, with both of which he was familiar, during his intercourse among these people, at home and abroad, or from the youthful instruction by his mother—who was herself a Jewess. Whether he borrowed or originated, still we find the mark of individual genius pervading his doctrines, based on the principles of reason and revelation. The tenor of that work—the Koran—which he framed, inculcates, in the form of poesy, the moral duty of man while on earth, and lays open before him the judgment and its final issues of life and death. The creed of Islamism enjoins that pure and ever-enduring charity to all mankind, which is the true fountain of religion; its rites and ceremonies positively interdict the worship of images, while prayer, fasting, and alms-giving, are duties never to be neglected by a devout Mussulman throughout life.

These doctrines, so adverse to the wild and fanatical worship of the heathen, which they were meant to supersede, soon caused a spirit of bitter persecution to become excited against him. He was reviled by his companions, buffeted, and finally driven into exile; but that indomitable energy which marked the course of his after life, rose superior to the malignancy of the world. Kindly he exhorted his fellow man to turn from the blind idolatry and worship of unknown gods, and acknowledge a supreme and eternal truth. He enjoined on his disciples to entertain a high veneration for the principles of the Christian religion. “Verily, Jesus Christ, the son of Mary, is the Apostle of God; in his words which he conveyed unto Mary, and a spirit proceeding from him, honourable in this world and in the world to come, and one of those who are near the presence of God,” is the language of the Koran, expressive of his belief in the truths of Christ’s divine mission. So, also, to those prophets who had preceded him, from the fall of Adam to the promulgation of his own doctrines, he attributes that wise purpose in the decrees of Providence, which he claimed for himself, of designating the existence of a true and living God, and of the moral obligation which mankind owe to all the decrees and ordinances of the Creator.

The Moslem faith is a strange compound of moral duties, obligatory on every Mussulman; a system of ra-

tional piety, evidently drawn from the books of the Old and New Testaments ; and a promise of sensual rewards, which mar the otherwise beautiful proportions of the Koran. Every professor of the Mahometan creed is required to pray five times in each day, turning his face toward the temple at Mecca. It matters not whether in the crowded thoroughfare of a city, or amidst the sandy desert, the worshipper kneels on the ground in adoration of his Maker. As a propitiation for sins in the flesh, fasting is rigidly commanded. In each year, during the month of Ramadan, and from the rising to the setting of the sun, the Mahometans abstain from eating and drinking, and from pleasures which tend to gratify the senses. That rigid penance exacted by the Catholic ascetic was not enjoined in the Moslem religion, for, as Mahomet observed to his companions, he would not permit a mere superstition to *defile his profession*. Moderation in all habits, either of eating or drinking, a proper restraint on the gratification of the passions, were strictly required, and the use of intoxicating drinks was a positive prohibition, to be observed by all who embraced the creed of Islamism.

Benevolence and charity were cardinal points of virtuous action, while faith and hope tended to inspire the faithful with a promise of a rich inheritance beyond the grave. In their relative intercourse with mankind, he instructed them to exercise kindness, which even extended to the brute creation ; and to such an extent has this been observed, that the horse and camel became the object of their especial care and attention. Mahomet's definition of charity embraced the most extensive bounds of human justice. "Every good act is charity. Your smiling on your brother's face, is charity ; an exhortation of your fellow man to virtuous deeds, is equal to almsgiving ; your putting a wanderer in the right road, is charity ; your removing stones and thorns from the path, is charity ; your giving water to the thirsty, is charity." A man's true wealth in a future state, is the amount of good he does in this world to his fellow man, which is treasured up in heaven. When he dies, the poor will inquire what amount of property he has left behind him, but the angels, who examine his past actions in the grave, will ask, 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee ?' " Charity of the tongue, that most important and

least cultivated of virtuous actions among all civilized nations, was strenuously inculcated by the Koran, as among the highest virtues.

Mahomet was the first and only legislator, known to the world, who prescribed the proper limits to which charity should be extended, as a duty enjoined for the relief of the indigent and distressed, which would tend to the propitiation of sins. No Mussulman fulfilled the requirements of the Moslem law, unless he had contributed one-tenth of his annual income to be used in charitable purposes; and the standard varied in degree with the nature of his property. If the conscience of a Mahometan accused him of fraud or extortion, the *fifth* of his income was required, as restitution for the wrong committed.

The creed of Mahomet seems to have embraced those two prominent articles of belief, which are found in every Christian's faith, as the monitor of his action in this world, and a solemn admonition of retributive justice in the future. Life is represented, in the Koran, as that state of probation through which man passes either to eternal bliss or eternal misery, according to the deeds done in the body. God, the purifier of souls, reigns as a pure and undivided Being over all created matter, to whom alone our adoration must be paid—in this respect, his creed resembled that of some living Christian sects; and the belief of a final judgment in the latter day, when the doom for weal or woe will be pronounced, constituted a vital feature of the Mahometan religion.

In the blind enthusiasm of his religious zeal, Mahomet has indiscriminately denounced the atheist, the Jew, and the idolator, as without the pale of salvation, to whom a gradation of punishment will be allotted in the dark abyss, for their unbelief. The measure of guilt will be determined by the magnitude of errors they have entertained, the degree of evidence they have rejected; and the eternal mansions of the dead, are described in the Koran, rising one above the other, until the seventh, which is the paradise of their joys, is attained; while the bottomless pit of everlasting woe is reserved for the faithless Mahometan hypocrite.

A ruling principle which governed the Moslem in all his actions, was an implicit belief in destiny, which has been termed fatalism, and which differs in but slight

degree from the sectarian tenets of some modern creeds. "God, in his foreknowledge, has decreed certain events, which should govern all mankind, and the warring of human nature against those decrees, will tend to man's eternal condemnation." The doctrine of man's free agency, which has been a point of disputation with Christians, from the conflict between the laws of God and his omnipotence, and the exercise by man of this free will, was by Mahomet rejected, as inconsistent with the prerogative of Deity. There was no will of man that could conflict with that of the Deity, unless he had so decreed that it should.

It was this implicit faith in predestination, which enabled the follower of Mahomet firmly to endure the scorching heat of the desert waste, the deprivation of food and water throughout innumerable marches, and valiantly to expose his person, heedless of danger, in battle against the infidel. If death resulted from his daring, an elysium of joy, suited to the unintellectual nature of Eastern ensuality, was his allotted portion. There, amidst the dark eyed houri's of celestial beauty, blooming with youth and virgin purity, an enduring scene of happiness is provided. Groves of resplendent foliage, filled with flowering shrubs of iris-tinted hue, amidst whose branches singing birds with golden plumage sported from tree to tree, and sparkling fountains of crystal waters, gushed from the shady nook and velvet lawn, contributed to form the paradise of his hope and fancy.

To this picture of oriental enchantment, described in the Koran as the Mahometan heaven, objections may be strongly advanced, from the tendency to excite corporeal pleasures; but when we take into consideration the character of that people, their habits and customs, some degree of indulgence must be accorded to him whose object was to acquire power over them for their own good, and who needed accordingly to frame for them a species of rewards, such as could appeal to their habits, their nature, and the cravings which they felt. They were not yet prepared by science, education, or a social moral progress, to appreciate a promise of happiness of more intellectual character.

An unprejudiced review of the moral law, which constitutes the fundamental principles of Islamism, must tend to the conviction, that if we discard from consideration

the more elevated character of Christianity, it was better adapted to the wants of those nomadic tribes, than any code of ethics which could have been submitted for their regeneration. There is no doubt that it secured a benign influence over a vast extent of territory, filled with a wandering and passionate people, wrapt in gloomy superstitions; and by its sweet and earnest appeals to their humanity, excited all the better feelings of their nature, and contributed to awaken in them nobler sensibilities than any they had known before. The fierce Bedouin of the desert, whose hand was against every man—

“Tost like the wreck, on ocean’s wave to sail,
Where’er the winds may blow, the tempest’s breath prevail”—

who roamed from place to place seeking some oasis as a temporary abode; whose worship of false gods consisted of burnt sacrifice;—was, through the instrumentality of Mahomet, brought to bend the knee in prayer, to acknowledge a Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and, by the law of mutual dependence in the economy of nature, to institute a league of broad and expansive charity, which has spread over the arid wastes of Arabia.

It was not alone in beneficial results of a moral character, that his principles exerted a marked influence over that portion of the world over which he desired to extend his religion and its sway. From the earliest period of profane history, ignorance and superstition had erected their gloomy altars over the whole peninsula of Arabia; and letters, or a knowledge of their application, were but imperfectly understood previous to the time of Mahomet’s mission. So marked was this condition of the Eastern world, that historians, in referring to the period previous to the establishment of the Moslem faith, have denominated it the dark ages of Arabia.

The sagacious eye of Mahomet readily discerned that the future greatness, and the permanency of his nation, must depend, to a great extent, on their literary attainment; and, perhaps, no one more sensibly felt the necessity of its qualifications than the prophet himself; for we are told by Abulfeda, that, at the period of his advent, one of his disciples wrote down those moral precepts which he dictated, from his own inability to write—and after his death they were compiled in that form, which constitutes the Mahometan Koran.

Although, during his career of conquest and subjugation to a new faith, but little advancement in letters was accomplished, owing to the continuous strifes of war, up to the period of his death; yet we find, in after years, a very remarkable advancement in literature and science among his people, which, finally, under the progress of their arms, were spread over the distant provinces of Asia.

There is evidently a law in nature, operating under peculiar circumstances, for the amelioration and enlightenment of mankind, when the social compact is extended over diversified regions, by and through which man is aroused from that sluggish state of inactivity which seems inevitably to belong to an isolated condition. 'This principle is applicable equally to nations and individuals, and no more prominent instance can be referred to, in support of this proposition, than the effects resulting from the crusades during the dark ages of Europe. When that now civilized portion of the world was wrapt in gloom and barbarism, and subject to feudal bondage, a new light was diffused over the social and political horizon, by those chivalrous spirits, who, with ardent zeal for the cause of Christianity, rushed to the rescue of Jerusalem, and in their conflicts with the Saracens, imbibed from them a taste for politer arts, and more humanizing social agencies than any they had known before.

During the reign of Mahomet's successors, and for the period of three hundred years, there shone over the now desolate steppes of Asia, a glow from the arts, science and literature, that secured for that region the highest claim to civilization, at least, for that period of the world's history. Those Mahometan kingdoms, extending from the Indus to the Atlantic, may, strictly speaking, be said to have been the only governments during that cloudy term of human transition, under which the arts successfully flourished.

When we reflect that the Christian church exercised entire control over a large portion of the civilized world, it is truly surprising that it should be left to the rude tribes of Arabia to disseminate, in every quarter of their extended rule, those hitherto hidden stores of knowledge, and that practical philosophy, which had been obscured and forgotten for near five hundred years, beneath the wrecks of mere material empire. But, during that eventful period, manufactures of rare workmanship were be-

gun in various parts of the Arabian empire, where the productions of the loom, the pencil, and the chisel, may be said to have been unrivalled. Chemistry and geometry vied with each other in emulous strife, and tended to enrich the avenues of science with those brilliant displays of art, which enthral the senses, and laid the foundation of numerous remarkable events, which have succeeded in the progress of time.

The reign of the Caliphs was marked by those marvellous displays of courtly magnificence, which have been treasured by their gifted poets, and constitute the groundwork of a wild, gorgeous and beautiful romance. During the reign of Omar, literary genius, from various parts of the world, was invited and cherished; and in the Caliphate of Haroun al Raschid, the voluptuous grandeur of a rule, at once sensuous and intellectual, seemed to defy emulation. From the pillared domes of Ispahan and Bagdad, issued knightly cavalcades, sparkling in gems, with gaudy banners floating on the breeze, that entranced the gaze of multitudes surrounding their princely courts. Within the gilded palaces, Eastern tributaries bowed with reverence to the reigning monarch, and the rich treasures of their mines were yielded as tribute to the despotism, at once, of grace and valour, embodied in the conquering Moslem. But, amidst this regal splendour, which equally considered the claims of war and letters, there was observed a simplicity in religious worship, similar to the original institution of Mahomet. Beneath the dome of the mosque, as designed from the humble tabernacle erected at Medina, the prince and the peasant met on equal terms. There, the intellectual image of Deity was never represented by any visible idol, and the creed of Islamism has ever withstood the temptation of reducing their object of faith and worship to a level with the carnal senses, in any degrading symbols designed by human hands.

Who can contemplate the character of that extraordinary man, humble in attire and meek in person, issuing forth on his mission for the regeneration of mankind, without emotions of respect and wonder? His career of usefulness among a wild, idolatrous people, in simplifying, if not bestowing the full truths of religion, and rending the fetters of a degrading superstition, show him in possession of a majesty of conception, and a grandeur of

design, and a severity of purpose, which were all essential to the success of one, the author of a mighty revolution, unprecedented in the world's history.

Those marked results, which slowly, but with positive assurance as to final consummation, have proceeded from the dissemination of the Christian religion, provide for us a system of moral ethics that only could have originated from a divine source. The course of Christian conquest by love, by moral suasion, by the closer knitting of social ties, conciliates the prejudices which it might not be prudent to overthrow, and makes the future result as sure as it must necessarily be slow. The career of Mahometanism, like the overwhelming course of the avalanche, buried beneath its impetuous sway the idolator and atheist, by the force of arms; which, for a season, allayed the passions of human nature. Strict and arbitrary as were its tenets, we yet find, from moral imperfection in its creed and doctrines, that corruptions crept in, from time to time, which, in the course of events, tended to its subversion. Mahometanism had its purpose—was designed for a people under peculiar conditions—has survived its uses and necessities, and cannot long be expected to survive, itself. But this fate does not lessen the value of its past uses.

It matters not, whether we regard Mahomet or not, as the teacher of divine truths, or as an apostle inspired by Jehovah for the regeneration of mankind; we have only to view the unostentatious life which he led, divested of all worldly hopes, and we are compelled to admit the original purity and self-sacrifice of his purpose; and when we behold its results, we cannot deny the conviction that it was beneficial to mankind.

Notwithstanding the objections which may be advanced against the Mahometan religion, *per se*, yet, from critical examination of the faith of Islam, as inculcated in the Koran, we perceive that those practical operations of morality, in the duty which man owes to man, and to his Creator, are strictly enjoined. "On those two commandments hang all the law and the prophets," and in the worship of that superior intelligence which Mahomet taught, we find the germs of a nobler and more thorough education springing up in the mind, which, in after years, was to be developed throughout the empire, by numerous tributary institutions of learning. The simplicity of his

creed so closely resembling the Shemitic faith of the earlier period of the world—its appeal to reason and common sense, such as men then possessed, divested of all sectarian dogmatism—were well calculated to enlist the sympathy of human nature, and direct the mind in holy aspiration to a common source of creation, good and intelligence.

Islamism, then, was undoubtedly the best system of ethics extant, and, under the peculiar circumstances of the age and generation, better adapted to the wants of that peculiar people who occupied the peninsula of Arabia, than any other which could have been devised by man.

Viewing Mahomet, in the abstract, as a teacher, and as a subverter of the stubborn prejudices engrafted on the age in which he lived, we admire the boldness of his designs, and the success which attended his brilliant achievement. If the *moral* of human actions, as reflected by the ideal conception of man, could be traced in all its sunshine and its shade, a careful perusal of the Koran will exhibit that ingenuousness of character, that appreciation of the true nature and the wants of a people, and that sincerity of purpose, which imply the just claims of the teacher. We are not to forget that he exercised these faculties in the cause of the one true God, and against the idolator and atheist. But, where we view him as the inspired prophet, instituting a religion based on an alleged direct revelation to himself from God, the mind is held in doubtful sway as to the truth or uncertainty of the commission he assumed. He claimed for himself no superiority over the prophets who preceded him; he did not profess to perform miracles; but, in its broadest acceptance, he conceived himself an Apostle of God, sent for man's regeneration. Of course, there is no sitting in judgment upon these claims, unless indirectly, and with reference to the probable. The probable is determinable in such a case by results only. A successful mission has always a presumption in its favour; the validity of which is to be confirmed or overthrown by a regard to the moral probabilities in connexion with the career of him in whose behalf the claim is made. Were the means used proper to the end? Were the results good and beneficial? Were they of large influence in behalf of the race? For the answer to these, we must look to the acts of Mahomet, as well as his doc-

trines and the-fruits they bore. These were all made manifest during his life, and we venture to say that no unprejudiced mind can deny the beneficial effects of his labours upon society during the time of his ministry, however perverted the Mahometan doctrines may have become by innovation since that period. Similar corruptions crept into all religion, however pure, in the progress of events and time. Christianity has suffered from such abuses through all periods, and the conflicts still among her churches, sufficiently declare for the corruptions, which seem to be inevitable from all the institutions, however holy, which are confided to the keeping of man.

Mahomet died, A. D. 622, a period noted in Moslem history as that of the translation of the prophet from his earthly toils and temporal cares, to the fruition of all promised delights in the heaven of the true believer. He was succeeded in his rule over his people by Abu Bekir. When we review the progress of arms and Islamism, from this period to the inauguration of Waled, in the eighty-sixth year of the Hegira, and the year 705 of the Christian era, the mind is seized with equal doubt and wonder. Such a progress, involving at the outset such a revolution, conducted under so many embarrassments and hazards, yet gaining accumulation by its march, and swollen like a mountain torrent, with thousand accessories, sweeping with such irresistible impetus, over the broad face of the nations, was never before witnessed. During this interval, the small band of fanatics whom we have seen, at first feebly striving, under a prophet, whose mission was denied, to keep their place among their own people, and make head for their new against the old religion, had grown into a nation of warriors, which none of the other nations could withstand. They have overcome in pitched battle, the Roman legion, the Grecian phalanx, the gorgeous cavalry of Persia. They have carried their victorious banners from the gates of Caucasus to the western descents of Mount Atlas; from the banks of the Ganges, the ultimate river of Mauritania, to the pillars of Hercules, the gates of Europe, which they now threatened with like subjugation. This threat had nearly been accomplished even in the reign of Waled, under his victorious general, Musa, in the memorable conquest of Gothic Spain. Fortunately for Europe, one terrible disaster at the hands of Charles Martel, served to arrest the

torrent which, till then, had made its way over all barriers. The conquerors fell back upon their empire in Spain, and in the luxurious joys of their Andalusian possessions, they lost the fiercer impulse which had hitherto borne them to triumphs only.

Thus, in the space of less than a century, we have a striking instance of the triumphs of fanatic enthusiasm, arrayed against the disciplined valour of the Roman empire, the absolute sway of the Asiatic dynasties, and the myriad hosts of the kingdom of the Pharaohs. Scouring the waters of every known sea, with successful exploit; overrunning the whole northern coast of Africa, from the bounds of Arabia to the Atlantic, and subjugating the magnificent empires of Persia and India; it would seem that the prophetic language of Mahomet was realized; that, his religion and his government should extend from the utmost bounds of the East, to the countries of the West.

In the course of a progress so wonderful, it was natural that the spirit of heroism so stimulated, should contribute largely to the spirit of romance. The soul for individual exploit, so peculiar to the nations of Asia, exhibited itself in a career of conquest and daring stratagem almost exceeding the limits of belief. Yet, there is not a page of this history, their acts and their success, unsustained by the certain records. From plain to plain, from city to city, the war cry of "*Allah il Allah*," was the tocsin of attack; and under the standard of their prophet, and the promise of reward in paradise, the marshalled hosts of Islam knew no defeat, but still darted forward, conquering and to conquer, until the tradition was fulfilled, even as it had been written in the sanguine hope and confident prediction of the prophet.

On the death of Mahomet, and after the accession of Abu Bekir to Moslem domination, the numerous tribes of Arabia, most of whom had been conquered by the sword, rebelled against the authority of his successors. But, though the prophet was dead, the spirit of his faith still existed, and under the victorious Khaled, renowned in former wars, girded with the sword of Islam, soon brought the rebels to submission, and tranquillity was re-established at home. The reigning Caliph then directed his attention to execute the injunction of the prophet, to propagate the Moslem creed throughout the world, until all

nations should be converted to Islamism, by persuasion or the force of arms. The moment was auspicious for such a gigantic task. The long and desolating wars between the Persian and Byzantine emperors, though now at an end, had exhausted those once mighty powers, and left their frontiers open to aggression. In the second year of his reign, Abu Bekir prepared to carry out the great enterprise, contemplated by Mahomet in his latter days; the conquest of Syria. That country had long been known to the Arabs by the intercourse of caravans, as a land of promise. On the Arabian borders were many cities, the rich marts of internal trade; while its sea-ports, though declined from their ancient splendour, embraced a widely extended commerce.

From the brows of a hill, Abu Bekir reviewed the army on the point of departure. The heart of the Caliph swelled with pious exultation as he looked down upon the stirring multitude; the glittering array of arms; the squadrons of horsemen, and the lengthened line of camels.

The numerous army sent against him by Heraclius, were cut off by detachments or defeated in pitched battles; cities yielded to the league of the Moslem, and the Cross became tributary to the Crescent. Bosra, in the language of Syria, denoting a tower of safety, and celebrated for its rich apparel; Damascus, situated amidst verdant fields and blooming gardens, with its lofty towers, and fanes rising from the flowery banks of Abana and Pharpar; Baalbec, the City of the Sun, one of the proudest communities of ancient Syria, dedicated to Apollo, whose magnificent temple of Baal is affirmed by tradition to have been erected by Solomon the Wise, in compliment to one of his wives—a native of Sedonia and a worshipper of the Sun; Jerusalem, the city of David, and the Mecca of Christian worshippers, within whose walls stood the church of the holy sepulchre; all succumbed in turn to the Moslem arms, under the Arabian general, Abu Obeidah, during the reign of Abu Bekir, and his successor, Omar—within the space of five years from the death of the prophet.

During the reign of Omar, Aleppo, Antioch, Tripoli and Tyre, became tributary also to Mohametan rule, and the vast confines of Syria were conquered. The attention of the Caliph was then directed to the once mighty and mysterious Egypt, and a proof of the religious infatuation, or the blind confidence in destiny, which hurried

the Moslem commanders of those days into the most extravagant enterprises, is furnished in the invasion of that ancient empire of the Pharaohs, with an army of merely five thousand men. Amru, one of the most worthily renowned of the Moslem generals, first laid siege to Pelusium, on the isthmus which separates the Mediterranean from the Arabian gulf, and was considered the key to Egypt. This place, after a siege of one month, surrendered to his arms. Memphis, which stood on the western bank of the Nile, above the Delta, and a little eastward from the pyramids, one of the strongest fortresses except Alexandria, in Egypt, sustained a siege of seven months, and then only yielded through the treachery of its governor. The siege of Alexandria was one of the longest, most obstinately contested, and sanguinary in the whole course of the Moslem wars, having lasted fourteen months; but at length, their irresistible ardour prevailed, the capital of Egypt was conquered, and its valuable library of 500,000 volumes perished, under the blind fanaticism of a leader who, deeming the Koran the book of books, saw no reason for preserving other volumes.

The conquest of all Egypt followed the capture of its capital; but the war, with varying reverses of fortune, continued until the seventy-seventh year of the Hegira, when, in the Caliphate of the renowned Abd' Almalec, forty thousand chosen troops were sent, under Hassan Ibn Annornam, to subjugate the whole of northern Africa. It was not, however, until the reign of Waled, the eldest son of Abd' Almalec, and who succeeded him in the year 705 of the Christian era, that the conquest was accomplished, under his renowned general, Musa. He carried the terror of the Moslem arms to the western extremity of Mount Atlas, subduing the barbarous tribes of Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco. One region, however, remained to be subjugated, before the conquest of northern Africa would be complete; the ancient Tingis, or Tingitania, the northern extremity of that portion of the continent, where, with the opposite coast of southwestern Europe, the narrow strait of the Mediterranean intervened between two rocky promontories, known as the far-famed pillars of Hercules. Two rock-built cities, supposed of impregnable power, were the keys of this narrow pass, but had been wrested from the hands of the ancient Berber kings, first by the Vandals, and afterwards

by the Goths, the conquerors of the opposite country of Spain.

Musa reserved this province for his last African campaign, and stationed his son, Merwan, with ten thousand men, in a fortified camp on the frontier ; while Taric, the veteran general, scoured the country from the fountain source of the river Moluya, to the mountains of Aldaran. The province was bravely defended by the Gothic noble, Count Julian, but was eventually subdued in consequence of the most remarkable instance of treason recorded in history.

The Gothic general, (Count Julian,) who had hitherto checked the irresistible arm of Islam, made secret offers to Musa, not only to deliver up this province to the Moslem commander, but to betray Andaluz into his hands.

“ A new career of conquest seemed developed to Musa; for his predecessor, Acbah, had spurred his steed into the waves of the Atlantic, and sighed that there were no further lands to conquer ; but here was another quarter of the world inviting the triumphs of Islam ! ” The Arab spirit of the Caliph, was aroused by the glowing description of Musa ; and he gave full authority to his faithful general, to proceed in his enterprise of extending the Mahometan creed, over the benighted region of southern Europe.

While events of such gigantic magnitude were occurring in the western portion of the then known world, during the reign of the twelve Caliphs who succeeded Mahomet, we must refer back to the progress of the Moslem arms in Persia, commenced under the caliphate of Omar, and terminated by the subjugation of that country during the reign of Otham, his successor.

The distracted state of that once powerful empire, had caused the proud sceptre which had been wielded with sovereign sway by the ancient Khosrus, to pass from hand to hand within a short period of time ; and the repeated invasions by Heraclius, the Roman emperor, caused the glory of that kingdom to become dimmed, and shorn of its equal strength and magnificence. During the vigorous caliphate of Omar, that sovereignty received its death-blow, from the repeated victories of the Moslem generals. Some, turning to the west, urged their triumphant way through ancient Assyria, crossed the Tigris by the bridge of Mosul, passing the ruins of Nineveh, even

as they had trampled under foot the royal palaces of Babylon. The fugitive monarch, Yezdegird, fled from city to city, and from province to province, pursued by the standard of Islam; until Ispahan, one of the brightest jewels of his crown, and Perspolis, with its halls of a thousand columns, were both in possession of the terrible invader.

The course of Moslem conquest was directed next to the vast province of Korassan, and from thence extended through the northern portion of India; thus fulfilling that universal law of nature, that "empires, like all other things, have their allotted time, and die, if not by violence, at length of imbecility and old age." This was too truly verified in the history of Mahometan rule, when, some seven centuries after its erection, the baseless fabric of sovereignty gradually fell to pieces, and the power of the prophet's successors was limited to comparatively a petty kingdom. The reign of the eleven Caliphs who succeeded him, was generally marked by that austerity of manner, and simplicity of life, so peculiar to the Arab character. Their mosques, or temples for public worship, were humble in appearance, and the ceremonies of their faith conformed to the apostolic injunction: "Be ye meek in your in-going and out-coming; prayerful in alms-giving, free from slander, and avoid the envy of your neighbour." But, during the reign of Waled, the twelfth Caliph, almost the entire portion of the civilized world having become subject to his sway, or tributary to the faith of Islam, and finding a more genial home in the luxurious city of Damascus, than in the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, the seat of the caliphate was removed to that metropolis.

The Moslem Caliph at Damascus had now his divan, in imitation of the Persian monarch; the arts and sciences began once more to flourish, and his palace, thronged with a large retinue of attendants, assumed the oriental state and splendor that marked the character in ancient days.

Waled, more nearly resembling the Persian than the Arab in his tastes, devoted much of his time to science, and especially to architecture, of which he left some noble monuments to perpetuate his fame. The vast spoils acquired by conquest, and the tributes imposed upon the subjugated countries, had placed him in possession of im-

mense wealth, which, under most of his predecessors, had been divided among his martial host, until even the rude Arab soldier, who once had been content with his lodge of hair cloth, now aspired to the possession of a luxurious dwelling and fertile lands.

Waled, educated amidst refinement and the corruptions that already distinguished the period in which he lived, contributed naturally to the increase of those tastes for magnificence and splendour, which operated fearfully during the caliphate of his successors. He caused the principal mosque at Cairo to be demolished, and another erected of more magnificent proportions. He enlarged the building on the site of the temple of Solomon, at Jerusalem, and beautified it with great splendour, to perpetuate the pilgrimage to that holy shrine.

The architecture of that period was a mixture of the Greek and Persian, which gave rise to the Saracenic style. This, after the establishment of the Moslem faith in Spain, beautified with its graceful columns, of which the palm tree served as a model, the Alhambra of Grenada, the noble and picturesque remains of which may be seen at the present day, in wonderful proof of the equal taste and splendour of Islamism.

During the reign of Waled, his brother, Moslema, reduced the whole of Asia Minor to subjection, while his son, Khaliba, a youth of great bravery, extended the empire of Islam towards the East; crossing the Oxus, he ravaged the provinces of Turkistan, and took the capital city of Bocharia, with others of inferior grade. The kingdom of Sind—since rendered remarkable by its obstinate resistance to the English forces—was subjugated; a great portion of Central India was conquered, and Mohamed Ibu Casem, one of the Saracen generals, first planted the standard of Islam on the banks of the Ganges, the sacred river of the Hindoos.

The subjugation of a portion of Spain, and the overthrow of the Roman empire in the East, with the establishment, at Constantinople, of its seat of government, formed the closing events in the career of Mahometan conquest. From these events, the culminating star of victory has continued to decline, under the progress of a nobler civilization, and in the purer light of Christianity.

Having taken a hurried review of the prominent events which transpired during that period, termed the dark age

of the world, when Europe was shrouded in ignorance and superstition, it becomes us to inquire, *cui bono*—what benefit has been derived from that eventful career of Moslem enthusiasm.

It has been shown that, on the advent of the so-called prophet Mahomet, the region of his birth was the scene of a grovelling and most idolatrous worship, or of an atheism that, contemning all worship, was rapidly gaining the ascendancy over the minds of the Arabians; we have seen that Mahomet's mission arrested the wretched tendency of his people, and finally effected one of the great objects which he contemplated, that of combining the natives under one grand hierarchy. The thoughts and the religion which he taught, concentrated the national mind upon the unity of a Supreme Being, who governed the destinies of man; and, although his creed and worship present to our view, in modern days, and under better lights, a thousand imperfections, yet it was, in all probability, the stepping stone or foundation of the purer faith, which will ultimately regenerate that dark portion of the world. What may have been the result, in a moral point of view, to mankind in general, if Mahomet had not subverted the infidel opinions of his age, it is impossible to determine with any degree of certainty at this remote period of time.

Reasoning by analogy, we must infer that, in the cycle of ages, the immoral state of society is repeatedly changed by the scourge of an avenging and supreme power, as the lightning in its terrific flash tends to purify the unwholesome atmosphere, which it would be otherwise death to breathe. We find this principle in the laws of matter, and in natural events, clearly exemplified, when we trace the revolutions incident to every era of the world, but more particularly in the history of empires. If, for instance, we refer to the condition of France, previous to the career of Napoleon, we have presented to us a nation running into the most demoniac grossnesses of man's worst estate, rioting in blood, steeped in the lowest state of atheism, and erecting a shrine for a prostitute, as to the goddess of reason. The scourge of the sword in his hand, like that of the implacable Kaled, who led the armies of the Caliph Abu Beker, was the purging process, potent, in the failure of all others, for cleansing the moral arena. The sword that opens the imposthume,

may be a terrible remedy, but it is, in many cases, all that remains to man.

We may admit in his career, as in that of Mahomet, the presence of a selfish spirit and an individual ambition;—we may condemn that onward course of military achievement, which always left in its wake the ruins of society and the wrecks of mighty states, such as marks in the forest world the track of the hurricane; but, when we review the moral loathsomeness every where festering in the very souls of the communities overthrown, and see the results every where manifest in a better condition of the moral atmosphere, we are bound to acknowledge that there was a terrible necessity at the bottom of all, and to recognise in the uses of these scourges of race and nation, that the sword, in their grasp, was as the flaming star of a destiny, baleful in its living aspect, but beneficial in its work for the future.

The strict moralist may contend that evils are corrected by the hand of Divine Providence, and the grossness of human nature changed naturally and gradually through the influence of a supreme directing power; ordinarily, we do not hesitate in granting the position. But this is only to be admitted when the evils of society, needing to be corrected, are themselves of an ordinary character. When the corruptions of society reach a certain height of excess, then Sodom and Gomorrah are not to be saved by any prophets. It is then for the destroyer to interpose. It is then that the lightning executes, what the mercy of heaven can no longer spare.

The supposition of direct means exerted for some special purpose, is too positively demonstrated in every condition of past events, from the first stages of society, to allow of any doubt that terrible events wait upon terrible abuses of God's indulgence, on the part of man. With equal propriety might we deny the countless revolutions which this planet has undergone in the progress of time, as question those truths of sacred history which show that the curse of heaven invariably brings the scourge, and that pestilence follows the departure of the rejected prophet. The deluge, which Noah survived, was infinitely more fatal to the human race, than any of the victories of Mahomet or Napoleon; and there is no reason to doubt that God, in his providence, may use a human and a moral agency for achieving the purpose of destruc-

tion, as properly as the winds and storms and oceans of his material universe. We deem it an incontrovertible axiom in the law of matter, that all things, organic and inorganic, are, and ever have been, from the beginning, in a course of progressive improvement; and that the inscrutable designs of the grand Architect, are tending to the constant development of such forces as shall be most suitable not only to man's present, but his future condition. The rational conclusion is found only by tracing the progress of events to what would seem, in the case of a race or family, a fixed result; and, whether in the case of Mahomet or Napoleon, we are to regard not the apparent mischiefs of their work, so much as the effect upon the intellect and morals of their people.

Divested of those peculiar features which would indicate its spiritual effect upon the world, in that religious point of view so bitterly denounced by the opponents of Islamism, we view the career of Mahomet, and the brilliant achievements of his successors, as opening a new path in the field of science, and giving an opportunity for truth, by precipitating the overthrow of what remained to Greek and Egyptian civilization. As the crusades of an after age, with all their violence, tended to develop gentler tastes, and to diffuse a passion for letters and the fine arts over benighted Europe, which they derived from association with the Saracen; and lighted that lamp, whose rays, feeble at first, have done so much to relieve European thought from its feudal and bond service to superstition and social barbarism;—so, the Saracen himself, fierce and fanatical at first, in process of time made his sword the servant of civilization, and plucked from the ashes of dead and dying empires those germs of science and philosophy, which, nursed with care in his hands, have become, in the hands of Europe, the mighty wand of a power superior to any that the Arabian or Egyptian knew.

Foreign conquests had brought the Arabs into contact with those nations that were then in their decline, and who knew not the value of their own treasures. It was for the Saracen to learn to value what the vain Greeks, the degraded Egyptians, and the decaying Romans, had learned to despise. The wild conquerors soon felt a thirst for those sciences, to them comparatively but little known before, while their indulgent system of political govern-

ment, improved on the absolute monarchy, claimed by the descendants of Khosrus; and the imperial Cæsars and Emirs, vested with the sway of distant and powerful provinces, were held strictly responsible to the chief of the newly created and immense empire. This accountability afforded that security to society which is most necessary to letters and the arts; and the modesty of their professors derived new impulse and stimulus from the growing taste of their conquerors for the creations of their hands.

The Caliph Moawyah, founder of that great dynasty, the Omeiyades, which lasted for many generations, and presents some of the most brilliant names in Arabian history, gave early indication of intellectual refinement. He surrounded his court with men distinguished in science, or gifted with poetic talents, and from the Greek provinces and islands which he subdued, the arts and sciences were rapidly introduced, and made, under his protection, to exert their first influence on the Arabs.

It was amidst those scenes of princely grandeur, which marked the reign of his successors, that philosophers from the east and from the west were wont to mingle. Thither came the sage of Greece, the magian of Persia, and the seer of India, entering into wise discourse, and discussing the abstrusest subjects of philosophy. The stately mosque, adorned with gilded columns, assumed the site of Mahomet's humble temple, from whence the learned Emir expounded the doctrines of the Koran, maintaining the unity of Jehovah. Then it was that chemistry, anatomy and botany, began to be duly appreciated; and, under the combined influences of men deeply informed of the general principles of matter, assumed the form of sciences, which, transmitted by them through succeeding generations, now constitute the basis of our knowledge concerning our elementary nature.

Step by step, the arts and sciences continued to advance with astonishing rapidity for so rude an age; and architecture, founded in equal simplicity and beauty, gave to their temples and palaces that classic outline of swelling dome and tapering spire, which charms the spectator, and fills the heart with commingling feelings of awe and grandeur.

Who can contrast the coarse tent of camel's hair, which served the wandering Arab for a temporary abode, with the marble halls of their magnificent cities, and not

perceive the influence exerted over their yielding minds, from benign laws, and the effect of a high civilization? Or who can compare the rude habits of the marauding Bedouin of the desert, whose hand was steeped in blood, and whose life was one unceasing foray against humanity, with the chivalric deeds in arms which marked the character of the Saracen, and hesitate to admit that military enthusiasm of a lofty grade had exercised a most saving and elevating influence upon the destinies of the race? But we must take a more elevated position in the scale of morals, when an attempt is made to investigate their true character, and the progressive advancement from barbarism to civil society. It is this great principle—the morality of a religious creed—which changes the gross licentiousness of a wild, uncultivated nature, and elevates the nation in the scale of intellectuality.

To Mahomet and the “Koran” this is wholly due in Arabian history. The Koran was the guide of action in all the social relations of life, breathing a spirit of benign legislation, and instilling into the Moslem mind that principle of justice and of charity, which should make the vital quality in every creed, and must determine its claims and merits as a becoming instrument for the propagation of a just humanity among the nations of the earth.

“Do unto your neighbour, as you would desire him to do unto yourself,” was the moral axiom of Mahomet, as it was of Christ. Through the exercise of this maxim, which he not only taught, but insisted upon under heavy legal penalties, the faith of Islam rises into that place of dignity, which reflects back the highest credit upon the gifts and motives of its founder. The creed and its observances, as established throughout the extended realm of Mahometan rule, was simple in its character, but abounding in just principles of morality, and measurably secure against those sectarian dogmas which have too frequently desolated the world.

To such an extent were its tenets positively insisted on by all the faithful who succeeded to the chair of state, that Omar, the second Caliph, wrote this laconic reply to his general, Amin, after the surrender of Alexandria, in relation to its valuable library. “The contents of those books are in conformity with the Koran, or they are not. If so, that work is sufficient; if not, they are pernicious, as conflicting with the Koran. Let them, therefore, be

destroyed." We do not justify this summary judgment ; but the loss which letters have sustained by this bigoted command must not be suffered to blind us to the zeal and the devotion, which prompted the Caliph to destroy what was of doubtful benefit to man, and what might prejudice the success of a cause which he held to be that of heaven !

Although polygamy was permitted by law among the Saracens, as conforming to the Eastern custom transmitted from the ancient patriarchs of Canaan, through succeeding generations ; yet, in their kindness to the female sex, the Moslem rule of action may be said to excel that of many modern nations, which profess the guidance of Christianity.

When Ayesha, the widow of the prophet, revolted against the government of Ali, the fourth Caliph, whose vindictive and persevering enemy she had ever been, it was natural to suppose that, after her defeat, she might have expected the most cruel treatment at the hands of her conqueror. But Ali was too magnanimous to triumph over a fallen foe ; he treated her with great respect ; gave her an attendance of forty females, and sent his sons, Hassan and Hosein, to escort her towards Medina, where she was confined to her own house, and forbidden to intermeddle any more with affairs of state. Nor was this instance of benevolence and forbearance confined to the women of their own nation ; for, when the daughter of Heraclius, the Roman emperor, was captured by the intrepid Kaled, on her route as an exile from Damascus, an ancient bishop, followed by a numerous train, sought from Kaled, in the emperor's name, the liberation of his daughter. The haughty Saracen released her without a ransom.

We have far exceeded our limits in this summary, drawn chiefly from the pleasant volumes of Irving. We have aimed at a sketch only, and not a history. It remains to us to say of these volumes, that, without affording us any new materials, they present us with a very grateful compilation from the old.

Divested of that cumbrous detail, which rendered tedious the details of former historians, our author unfolds to us the contents of the Arabian chronicles, without vexing us to spell them out in hieroglyphics, or through an obscurity and confusion which are almost as gloomy. In

his sweet and simple style, he narrates the progress of the prophet and his successors, omitting nothing which is needful to the history, and crowding it with nothing unnecessary. We are, however, compelled to repeat, what we have already briefly said before, that a life of Mahomet, such as is worthy of his powers and pretensions, has yet to be written. To do this well, requires a genius, which shall not only be thoroughly strong in thought, but shall possess that imaginative wing also, which belongs to poetry, and which is needed to illustrate the fiery and passionate, the impulsive and enthusiastic nature of the prophet, and the peculiar people whom he taught. We need, as an additional essential of such a biographer, a mind superior to prejudice, which shall see clearly the condition of that world which the prophet came to reform, and which shall do justice to his achievements, by properly contrasting the condition of his people when he found and when he left them. We require, above all things, not to employ for our criteria, in judging of his conduct, the standards of a period superior to his own, in all the essential improvements of modern civilization.

C. A. W.

Tuskegee, Ala.

ART. IX.—PRICHARD'S UNITY OF THE RACES.

SINCE the publication of Dr. Prichard's great work, or rather great series of works, on Ethnology, comprised in five volumes of "Researches into the Physical History," and one ponderous popular quarto on the "Natural History of Man;" with an atlas of "six Ethnographical Maps," beautifully executed in folio; the subject has extended itself out of the limits of mere scientific journals, and become popularized. At present, there is scarcely a periodical on either side of the Atlantic, that has not opened its columns for this discussion, with a laudatory article on Dr. Prichard's labours; not so much because of any new views which he has taken, as on account of the immense number of new facts he has obtained from modern and ancient languages; the honesty with which he has laid them before the public, and the firmness with which he has held on to his own side of the question.

The fundamental idea, that Dr. Prichard seems never to lose sight of, is the unity of the human species; the consequent original equality of all the people that are scattered over the face of the earth, seems naturally to follow from the assumed proposition. An explanation of the present diversity of the races, devolving upon this position,* he steps into the beaten path of Buffon, and attributes it principally to climate, and secondarily to food, habits, etc.† He does not seem to dread the dilemma that meets every labourer in this direction, and which his talented, though somewhat versatile predecessor, attempted to avoid by attributing to intense heat and intense cold the same effects,‡ and we do not know that he has more than moved this Sisyphean rock by denying the fact of the colour of the Eskimo, while he is compelled to leave the dusky Fuegian in his frigid and elevated clime, unwashed by a single witness.¶ Although he does not attempt to illustrate the influence of climate, by ascribing to it the opposite colours of cattle on the two sides of the same stream,§ his authorities tending to prove the approximation of negro slaves to the physiognomy of their civilized masters, are equally interesting to those acquainted with the facts.

Still he asserts, as boldly, if not as blindly, as the French

* Because the opposite falls clearly under Newton's first Rule of Reasoning, "*causas rerum naturaleum*," etc., which Dr. P. in his "*Vital Principle*," p. 23, recognizes as a "fundamental law of reasoning," but professes to be "sometimes put under the necessity of transgressing."

† He makes the suggestion that *civilization* has been the operative cause which has produced the white varieties of the human species."—(*B. and F. Med. Ch. Rev. No. 17. p. 553. Ap. 1849.*) Which may itself with greater propriety be regarded as an effect of a specific organization. (J. Y. B.)

‡ "Of the blackness of the skin, the principal cause is the heat of the climate. When the heat is excessive, as at Senegal, the inhabitants are entirely black." (p. 348.) When cold becomes extreme, it produces effects similar to those of excessive heat; Samœides, Laplanders and Greenlanders are very tawny."—*Buffon, vol. iv. p. 349. Barr's Ed. Lond. 1797.*

¶ "We prevailed on one woman (of Port Mulgrave) to wash her hands and face, and the alteration surprised us; her countenance had all the cheerful glow of an English milk maid."—(Dixon.) *Prich. Res. vol. v. p. 444. Lond. 1847.*

§ "Terra del Fuego, reaches beyond 55° S. L.; its climate is wintry and inclement, the coast high, broken and rugged land, which appears of an uniform elevation of 1,000 to 1,500 feet, with here and there a peak covered with snow, rising to 4 or 5,000 feet." (p. 108.) Their colour (the Fuegians) that of very old mahogany."—*Prich. vol. v. p. 449.*

§ "In Dauphiny, it has been observed, that all the hogs are black; and that on the other side of the Rhone, in Vivarais, where it is more cold than in Dauphiny, all the hogs are white."—*Buffon, vol. iv. p. 343.*

Pliny, that climate is the primary agent in the metamorphoses of men.* That climate, on the one hand, with the connected circumstances that depend on proximity to the equator, is modified by elevation of surface, altitude being equivalent to latitude in the ratio of 300 feet to the degree from the equator; and, on the other hand, by the character of the natural clothing of the soil; dense and humid forests being likewise the representative of lateral distance.†

His practical conclusion from all this, is, it seems, that negroes, being of the same species, are capable of the same civilization as white men, and should not be enslaved by them, and thus brutalized; but liberated and civilized; and, *per contra*, we are allowed to infer, that if they had not been of the same species originally, we might abuse them with impunity; which no sane man ever advocated, and no good man ever practised even upon brute beasts.‡

Around this philosophic idea of the unity of man, he has constructed a noble edifice—a monument to his own memory;—like the Parthenon, which, even in ruins, has arrested the attention of the world, and created more admiration for the architect, than for the entempled deity, conceived by a master mind, and executed by a master hand, the wonder of his own countrymen and of strangers; nothing false about it—but that enshrined within it.||

* “It appears, from the accounts given by Burkhardt and Rüppell, that the Arabs of the Nile do not intermarry with the natives; the blackness of their complexion is therefore owing to climate alone.”—*Res. vol. iv. p. 597, et passim.*

† *Res. vol. iv. p. 183.*—“Between the parallels of 38° and 71° (Mid-Europe) I find the decrease of temperature to coincide very accurately with half a degree, (0.5° c.) for each degree of latitude. But in this country the fall in temperature is 1° c. for every 480 feet, or 522 feet of perpendicular rise. It follows that here a rise of 240 to 262 feet above the level of the sea, corresponds in respect to temperature to 1° c. of latitude.”—*Kosmos, vol. 1, p. 360. Lond. 1845.* (See also S. S. Smith, of New-Jersey, *Essay on Complexion, etc., p. 37.*)

‡ “If it were proved to be correct, (a specific difference,) the negro ought to occupy a different station in society from that which has been declared to belong to him by the British Government; and Wilberforce and Clarkson have argued with too much success, for the emancipation of domestic animals,—of creatures plainly destined by nature to serve, in common with oxen, horses and dogs.”—

Res. vol. 2, p. 347.

“I have been assured by Mr. F. Rankin, whose good sense and acuteness of observation leave no doubt on my mind of the entire correctness of his assertion, that no person who has been in the habit of personal intercourse with Mandingos, can entertain the slightest doubt of the equality of intellect between white and black men.”—*Res. vol. 2, p. 58.*

|| “The goal of this stupendous work is within the view of its author—one more volume will complete an undertaking, that has no parallel in the English

In his herculean labour to establish this doctrine, he has, in imitation of the gods and philosophers of old, travelled much ; if not, with one of these ancient sages, stepped off the natural surface of the globe, with his own natural compasses, nor yet with our modern Humboldt, carried in his hand the barometer and quadrant,—he is occasionally wafted on the wings of Icarus, and familiar with the travelling staff of Pancretes.* In his retirement he has used the plummet of the Argonaut through the straits and shoals of early literature, and likewise, with the ear of Dionysius to the faintest whisper in the world of science, he has followed the echo of inarticulate tradition, back to the first cry of new born nations, which, in some instances, has fallen on his kindled imagination like the sound of the Bow-bells on Whittington's,—speaking the language of honest desires.† With Baba Abdoollah, he has applied the Dervish ointment to his literary left eye ; with Lucian, the rings of Timolous to his pen fingers,‡ and the “ open sesame” of Aladdin to the bars and bolts of the tonguetied nations of the earth.

With Aristæus, he has entered the Protean caves of superstition, and put Priest, Sybil, Angekok, Shammen, Fakir, *id genus omne*, to the question : with Rhadamanthus, he has summoned all the fowl, fish and flesh, from the troubled and mystic waters of the Nile, and been

or in any other language. No similar work will be attempted for ages to come. No author could hope to equal, much less surpass, the researches of Dr. Prichard.”—*Med. Ch. Rev.* 1844, No. 98, vol. xlv. p. 441, *Lond.* “ The University (of Oxford) conferred on him the Doctor's degree. The National Institute of France elected him a corresponding member; he received the same distinction from the Ac. of Med. and Stat. So. there; from the Ac. Nat. Sci. of Philadelphia; the Eth. Soc. of New-York, the Scientific Society of Vienna, and other bodies.”

Brit. and For. Med. Chir. Rev. No. 6. Ap. 1849.

* “ Pancretes, wanting a servant as he went from Coptus to Memphis, took a door-bar, made it stand up, fetch water, turn the spit, serve at supper, etc., and when he was done turned his man to a stick again.”—*Burton, Anat. Mel.* p. 11. *Lond.* 1838.

† “ I have understood that the young Ethnologist maintained a correspondence with his father, on the subject of his investigations, and that the good man not only took a lively interest in the inquiry, but expressed his desire that his son would maintain the orthodox side of the question with respect to the unity of our race.”—*Dr. Hodgkin. B. & F. Med. Ch. Rev.* No. vi. p. 552. 1849.

‡ “ It were to be wished one had such rings, as Timolous desired, by virtue of which he could be as strong as ten thousand giants, open gates and castle doors. He could reduce the wandering Tartars in order, that infest China; tame the wandering Arabs that rob and spoil. He could root out barbarism out of America, and discover *Terra Australis Incognita*, find out the N.E. and N. W. passages, and end all controversies.”—*Burton Anat. Melancholy*, p. 57.

more cruel in his judgments on the whole people of Egypt, than was the awful forty to some of her monarchs; for, like a true priest of the antique mould, whose mind is always made up, after *looking* earnestly and honestly at both sides of the question, he has "delivered the nation to insult and condemned it to execration."* Occasionally, with modern geologists, he has drawn on eternity for time†;—laying aside for a moment his orthodoxy, in the emergency, and clapping his shoulder to the wheel, he has called on Volney to help him; and occasionally he has travelled with Homer into the land of Nod; but never, with Cain, *thither*—that journey he *tabooed*.

With Pope Alexander VI. he has drawn around the globe "lines of demarcation" and of "*de demarcation*," which the Christian Norla will respect, until, like Cæsar and the French, they have occasion to cross his Rubicon.‡ He has parted asunder that which God has joined together,|| and endeavoured to join that which Atlantics have separated;§ and with the Angekoks of Greenland, he has built a bridge of rocks from one world to another, which none but courageous believers can cross.¶ With Walpole, he has damned the French and undamned the

* "The Egyptians *are* neither Semites nor Indo-Europeans, but if we can rely in any instance on history and analogy, in the structure of languages, a genuine African stock, and intimately connected with the black or dark brown Ethiopian." (*Vol. 2d. note on p. 367. Res.*) "Volney and many others have insisted that the Egyptians were true negroes."—*Natural History of Man*, p. 598-9.

† "The origination of physical diversities (could be) more satisfactorily accounted for, if we were at liberty to extend by some centuries, or perhaps by one or two thousand years, the period of time supposed to have interposed between the deluge of Noah and the origin of the great Asiatic monarchies."—*Res. vol. v. p. 554.*

‡ "Toutes ces lignes furent encore derangees lorsque les Portugais abordèrent au Brésil: Elles ne furent pas respectées par les François et par les Anglais," etc.—*Voltaire, tome iii, p. 439.*

|| "The Kafirs and Hottentots are said not to be negroes; on the same principle we ought to except the nations of the interior of Africa," etc.—*Nat. Hist. p. 292.*

§ "The Aboriginal inhabitants of America are not so different from the nations of Europe and Asia in complexion, figure and other physical characters, as are the negroes and Hottentots," etc.—*Res. vol. v. p. 289.*

¶ "Before the disembodied soul can enter *Tornqarsak's* realm, it undergoes a sort of purgation, by sliding five days or longer, down a rugged rock."—(*Res. vol. i. p. 189.*) "The long chain of islands which traverse the ocean to the southward of Behring's Straits, and almost unite the two continents," etc.—*Res. vol. iv. p. 463.* (His Ethnographical map of Polynesia, lays down 48 of these islands; Atlas of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, 30; Dr. Morton's Ethnographical map, 23.)

Dutch; with the great unknown, he has recorded a great untruth, and referred it to Herodotus, whom Voltaire assures us does not always lie;* knowing that, though he washed his hands with Pilate of the deed, the truth would be crucified to the popular voice.† With Shakspeare he has striven with things impossible, and got the better of them; he has washed the blackamoor white without changing his spots, and raised children to Abraham from the burning sands of Africa.‡ In his benevolence he has been more cruel to the negro race than Portuguese kidnappers or Yankee abolitionists, for he has exterminated whole nations of them at a swoop.||

Walls supply stones easier than quarries, and truly has he used up old walls in his new structure. From the Roman wall to the wall of China he has quarried; from the "Hieden Maueur" of Germany to the "Bricks of Babylon" has he levied contributions. Like Trajan and Napoleon, he has melted down and built into his monument the fragments of the conquered ordnance of his enemies; and like Sinbad's old man of the sea, he has travelled on the shoulders of his friends.

He commenced his operations with the far-reaching circumspection of an European tactician; he progressed, with the patient skill of a North American woodsman, and endured defeat with the placid calmness of an Aztec.§

* "Herodote qui ne ment pas toujours,"—*Voltaire, sur les mœurs, p. i. Œuv. Comp. vol. 3.* (See Lucien Bonaparte's reply to Scott's life of Napoleon.)

† "If we were to form our opinion of the old Egyptians, by the accounts left us by Herodotus, we should entertain no doubt they were perfect negroes. But neither the Copts nor the Egyptian mummies allow the supposition.—*Res. vol. ii, p. 227.*

‡ "In other parts of Africa, the Xanthous variety often appears, but does not multiply; like seed which perish in an ungenial soil."—*Res. vol. ii. p. 344.*

"So striking is the resemblance between the modern Abyssinians, and the Hebrews of old, that we can hardly look upon them but as branches of one nation." *Nat. Hist. of Man, p. 279.*

|| "The figure on this page displays a specimen of the physical characters of a Mosambique Kafir; it has *something* of the negro character, though improved." *Nat. Hist. of Man, p. 320.* (This figure is a compressed, woolly-headed, black skinned, thick lip, tatoo'd negro, and will ever remain one. J. Y. B.)

§ "By one set of critics it has been said that *I have* treated the whole subject of *my* inquiry in too indifferent a manner; by persons of a different class, *I have* been accused, on the other hand, of a bigoted and predetermined adherence to one opinion." etc. *I plead guilty to none of these accusations.*" etc.—*Advertisement to 3d edition of Nat. Hist. of Man.*) "The military education of an Indian consists in learning to make war by stealth, and to endure pain with fortitude."—(*Dr. S. S. Smith on Hum. Spec. p. 324.*) "Guatimozin lui dit '*Et moi suis je sur un lit de roses.*'"—(*Voltaire sur les Mœurs, p. 435, 3d tome, Œuv. Comp. Paris, 1835.*

For forty years, with the continuance of gravity and the force of faith, has he laboured to move this *triple* mountain, and establish the unity of man; had he laboured as hard to prove the unity of God, he might have shared the fate of Priestly at home and of Servetus abroad.

The idea of the unity of the races, is so opposed to general and to special observation, and one of its consequences so revolting to universal taste, that it has given offence from Moses to Othello.* We will, therefore, attempt, in a very humble and hurried manner, to review this question, and endeavour to show that Dr. Prichard has not established his position, but rather, like Cudworth, been too honest for the good of orthodoxy;† and to him may justly be applied the compliment paid by Lord Kaimes to Dr. Robertson, and returned to his lordship by Samuel Stanhope Smith, D.D., L.L.D., of New-Jersey. "*Si Pergama dextrâ Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent.*"

We will, on the contrary, endeavour to show whence arise *our* convictions of a specific difference between the three grand divisions of men, physical and mental. Civilization, the elements of which are, civil, religious, and intellectual liberty, is the constant desire and natural result of the organization of the white man, and which he always reaches, or tends to, like a stone to the centre.

* "And Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married: for he had married an Ethiopian woman." *Numb. xii. 1.*

"The Ethiopians, properly so termed, are always distinguished in the Hebrew Scriptures by the natural name of Cush, and the Septuagint always translates Cush by Ethiopians." "Can the Leopard change his spots, or Cush his skin?" a Hebrew proverb—sufficient proof that the genuine Ethiopians were a black people."—*Res. vol. 2, p. 248.*

"Oh, thou foul thief! where hast thou stowed my daughter?

————— So tender, fair and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou!"—[*Othello, Act 1, scene 2.*

† "You know, (says the Earl of Shaftsbury) the common fate of those who dare appear as fair authors; what was the pious man's fate who wrote the Intellectual System of the Universe? I confess it was pleasant enough to consider that though the whole world were no less satisfied with his capacity and learning, than his sincerity in the cause of the Deity; yet was he accused of giving the upper hand to the atheists for having stated their reasons, and those of their adversaries, fairly together."—*Int. to Int. Syst. Univ. of Cudworth, vol. i, p. 18. Andover, 1837.*

That of the negro being is savagism, and its natural result bondage, political and personal; and that the highest grade of civilization he ever reaches is in a state of slavery; which, when he quits, he falls, in a few generations, back towards his native state of savagism; and further, that he enjoys more pleasure in a savage state, or in bondage, than in civilized freedom. This remark is not intended to justify slavery; slavery has nothing to do with the question; we regard negroes, as psychologically, but children, and like them, in civil society, require arbitrary restraint for their own good—but in a savage state, not being liable to the same temptations, they do not require the same government.

We desire to confine our remarks to the *actual*, leaving to speculative philosophy the *possible*. This will keep us within the limits of history and tradition; for if we were to leave these landmarks, we might draw conclusions very different from our present ones; we might endeavour to trace all created matter to a unity of origin; so, like Hippocrates, when he denied epilepsy to be of divine origin, and asserted that all diseases were divine,* we might deny the unity of the human family, and assert the unity of animated nature, or some other heresy.

Every philosopher must agree with Dr. Prichard, that, (unless a mere historical view is taken,) it is better to proceed in such an inquiry, "with as much freedom as if the testimony of the sacred scriptures were altogether indifferent as to its decision," appealing to them alone in all matters which transcend the scope of the human faculties.† Without pretending to biblical knowledge from any critical reading of the scriptures, we have read the book, which we were early taught by parental example and authority to venerate, as a most extraordinary history of the workings of the human heart; nay, as the earliest, and, in some respects, the best code of hygiene, or physical education, that has reached us from antiquity. Indeed, if the world was but in its youth in the days of

* Hippocrates strenuously opposed the opinion that some particular sicknesses were divine, or sent immediately from the gods: and affirmed that all came from them.—*Mead, Med. works*, p. 236. *Lond.* 1762.

† Such as the existence and nature of invisible agents, the future state, and the relations of man to the unseen power, to which he is accountable for his actions." (My remark should have been confined to Christian philosophers.) *Res.* vol. 1, p. 7.

Moses,* and his nation for centuries in bondage to the Pharaohs,† it seems to us that there was too much wisdom in the one, and too rapid a civilization in the other, to be attributed to any cause short of the direct hand of God, or a specific difference between them and the African races which Pharaoh also held in bondage, and which have not, even to this day, achieved their liberty.‡

When Moses broke the fetters of his people, he was full of wisdom and of years. He had experienced the Alpha and the Omega of society. His training at the Court of Egypt, and residence there, afforded him ample opportunity of witnessing the operation of their laws and customs upon the princes and nobles of the land. His subsequent flight and wanderings in Midian, and his condition there, brought him in contact with the corruptions of the labouring people. The impress of his deep loathings for their abominations is visible on every page of the Levitical Law:—"After the doings of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwelt, shall ye not do."

One of the prime causes of national decline of the old masters of the Jews, and their heathen neighbours, was the intermarrying of near relations. Two political evils followed this abomination; one, the weakening the bonds of the social compact; the other, the evil influence it had upon the offspring. This influence is proverbial in the animal kingdom—(we might say organic kingdom)—and every farmer recognizes it in the crossings of his cattle.§

* Moses was born in Egypt, about 1600 B.C., (Enc. Amer. ix. 62,) "The time this chastisement (the deluge) took place, was, according to Petarius, 2327 B.C., according to Müller, 3547 B.C., (Enc. Am. iv. 172.)

† "Now the sojourning of the children of Israel who dwelt in Egypt, was 430 years."—*Exodus* xii 40.

"Jacob and his children, having remained in Egypt 215 years." (Kennicott) Clark, Adam.

‡ "We have the most unequivocal evidence, historical and monumental, that slavery was among the earliest of the social institutions of Egypt. Of negro slavery, in particular, the paintings and sculptures give abundant illustrations." "Black people, (says Wilkinson,) designated as natives of the foreign land of Cush, are generally represented on Egyptian monuments as captives."—*Morton Cran. Egypt. p. 51. Phila., 1844.*

§ "I know that farmers in several countries have for a long time been engaged in trials to improve the native breed (of German sheep) by itself; but they have probably by this time fallen into the method of crossing with Merinos." "Some English, particularly Dr. Parry, thinks that by crossing their own Ryland and South Downs breed, they have obtained a race not only equal to true Merinos in fineness of wool, but superior to them in shape of body." "They say that just as the noblest breed of horses, though originally

It was *one* of the crimes for which the Canaanites were exterminated, (and it will exterminate any race.) "None of you shall approach to any that are near of kin to him," (*any remnant of his flesh*.) "Cursed be he that lieth with his sister." "The land itself vomiteth out her inhabitants," &c. Such are the denunciations of the laws of incest, and ample observations have proven that this law is founded in nature; most civilized nations acknowledge it.*

If it is true that incestuous intercourse is a violation of a natural law, it must always have been true,† and could not have been violated with less impunity before its promulgation than after it. The eighteen on whom the tower of Siloam fell, would have been slain, if Moses, instead of Newton, had published the Law of Gravity.

Then how could Adam and Eve, and their children, obey the injunction to "be fruitful and multiply," under this law, one of the penalties of which is to die childless?‡ If it is supposed that God granted an immunity to the first couple for reasons best known to himself, then had the sovereign pontiffs of Rome an example in the Sovereign Creator of the Universe, of whom they claim to be vicegerents, for one of the errors laid to their charge by Protestants.§ But this latter indulgence, at least, has not revoked the law of nature, nor protected its beneficiaries

obtained by crossing with Arab stallions, is, at the present day, more valuable than the Arab race itself."—*Thäer's Princ. Agri.*

"M. N. Smith, who resided long in Arabia, says that the animal degenerates, if the in-and-in breeding is very close—incestuous for three or four generations—and that Arabs breed not so close."—*Eliotson's Hu. Physiol.*, p. 1099. *Lond.*, 1840.

* "The law of Mohammed forbids a man to marry not only his lineal female relations, but his sister, his aunt, and his niece."—*Dwight Heb. Wife*, p. 70. "O mulieris scelus incredibile, et præter hanc unam in omnia vita inauditum." (*Cicero orat pro Cluentio*—Cluentias married her son-in-law.) "An instinct almost innate and universal, appears to prohibit the incestuous commerce of parents and children in the infinite series of ascending and descending generations."—*Gibbon's Rome*, vol. 8, p. 50. *Basil and Paris*, 1788.

† "Truth—exact accordance with that which is, or has been, or shall be."—*Webster*.

‡ "If a man shall lie with his uncle's wife, they shall die childless."—*Lev. xx 20*.

§ "We admit that the Popes did this, knowing that the royal families of Europe were all related, and that they would intermarry only with each other. They extended the law of incest to the degrees specified, for two solid reasons; to secure a princely douceur for every license, and to compel crowned heads to acknowledge the supremacy of the Popes. While *their hands were in*, they also sold licenses for marriages grossly incestuous."—*Dwight's He. Wife*, p. 176.

from the penalties of its breach.* And even the Hebrews themselves, by adhering to the letter of the law, when reduced to small communities, or the rich, taking an advantage of a technical omission, have suffered with their gentile neighbours alike, and paid the forfeit of their ignorance, bigotry, or avarice.† And in such instances where custom, from family pride or interest, as among the gods, princes and nabobs of old, had introduced incestuous marriages, one of the curses of the written law,‡ has been turned into a blessing by the unwritten law of nature.§ We cannot believe that the omnipotent Creator planted a colony and blessed it, and ordered it to increase and multiply; and then commanded the great and recognized expositor of His will, to curse the only means they had to obey. As there are some hints, at an early period, of distant lands, and strange people, we prefer the suggestion—(we know not with what propriety it is made)—that the Adam of the Bible was only the progenitor of the Abrahamic stock||—the predestinated path of which did not always lie within the influence of the wise provisions of the Mosaic code. Three times do we read of their springing from single pairs, and increasing beyond all calculation founded on modern observation. Like Adam's, Noah's grand children were cousins; and Joseph, whose blood was already mixed with his bone and his flesh, was surrounded by a numerous though depraved offspring, buffeted by the worst passions, and suffering the worst penalties. We see this family coming to want

* "The advantage of crossing breeds is well known. The royal families of Europe subject to observe restrictive rules in their marriages, are a lamented proof of the ill effects of the marriage of relatives." Imbecility, or insanity, occurs in almost every royal family in Europe."—*Elliottson's Hu. Physiol.*, p. 1098.

† "The rich Jews in this country have the same custom of marrying first cousins; I never saw so many instances of squinting, stammering, peculiarities of manner, imbecility, or insanity in all their various degrees, intense nervousness, &c., in an equal number of other people."—*Elliottson's Hu. Ph.* p. 1098.

‡ "A bastard shall not enter the congregation of the Lord, even to his tenth generation."—*Deut.* xxxiii 2.

§ "From the days of Aristotle, it has been observed that bastards are frequently endowed with great genius and valour. Hercules, Romulus, Alexander, Themistocles, Jugurtha, Homer, Demosthenes, Adrian IV., &c., were bastards."—*Elliottson*, p. 1117.

|| "Thou hast driven me out from the face of the earth." "The earth is often taken for those who inhabit it."—*Cruden*. "There were giants in the earth in those days," &c. The sons of God and daughters of men, may have been specifically different races.

in the land of Canaan by the providence of God, or their own improvidence, and taking a servile position under Pharaoh. In the short space of two hundred and fifteen years of bondage,* we see the depraved children of Jacob increased to upward of three million of the most energetic people the world has ever witnessed. An increase under the heavy denunciations of the law, and that, too, in a climate fatal to the generation of foreign children,† makes one willing to admit a miracle necessary to its consummation, or a crossing of the breed of Israel with that of Pharaoh.

We do not know that there is any authority for this supposition; but it is well known that the lower classes of Egypt, like their lords and masters, were given to incestuous marriages,‡ and had degenerated as Moses describes them. The same degeneracy may be predicated of the children of Jacob from their exclusive habits;—people, whose fathers could be prompted by envy or avarice, to sell their brother into bondage, would not, we think, hesitate, after the wholesome discipline of a few centuries of personal slavery themselves, to gratify other less criminal, and more natural desires, by intermarrying with the Egyptians who had law, but not reluctance, against it. By the crossing of these two stocks, or *varieties* of the same species, a race of men as bold, as daring, and as *patriotic*, as our Texan volunteers, sprung, as from dragon's teeth,

* Respectable orthodox commentators, who look upon this passage of history with the "eye of faith," desire to render it as wonderful as possible by magnifying the number of people, and shortening the time of their bondage. (see Adam Clark on this text, who is a collector of orthodox opinions.) But Dr. Prichard, in a more philosophic spirit, labours to bring it within the limits of a natural transaction, and, agreeing with the letter of the *vulg.*, says:—"The exact time spent by the Israelites in Egypt was 480 years." (P. 556.) "The recorded increase of the Hebrew people would be physically impossible if 250 years were allowed to the abode in Egypt."—*Res. vol. v, p. 559.*

† "During 550 years that there have been Mamlouks in Egypt, not one of them has left subsisting issue. There does not exist one single family of them in the second generation. All their children perish"—"almost the same thing happens to the Turks." "The plants of Europe, in that country, are equally unable to continue their species." The ancients have made observations of the same nature; Hippocrates asserts, that among the Scythians and Egyptians, all the individuals resemble each other, though like no other nation.—"*Volney, Voy. en Egypt, t. 1, p. 87.* From the various inquiries I made in Egypt, I consider Volney to be perfectly correct. The persons I asked, could not bring one instance to their recollection of the children of two whites born in the country, ever reaching maturity."—(*Crampton*) *Elliotson, p. 1137.*

‡ "In Egypt, the marriage of brothers and sisters was admitted without scruple or exception."—*Gibbon, Rome, vol. 8, p. 50.*

that no fetters were strong enough to hold in bondage. Their stagnant blood had been quickened, their minds liberated, and the achievement of their freedom was as natural a consequence as the blooming of the barren land of Canaan under their regenerated hands—a land that had starved their imbecile progenitors into slavery.

We have a right to presume, that the mixed multitude that followed the victorious retreat of the 600,000, were their Egyptian affinities; and that they were ultimately absorbed into the Hebrew stock, which maintained its energy and independence, until, from exclusive habits, it again degenerated, and fell under the bondage of neighbouring powers.

A similar history has opened and closed the drama of every heroic nation. The Hellenic race sprung from distinct tribes of the same species,* who visited or invaded, at various periods, the Pelasgic natives of the soil; these, with the nomadic Sigynnæ upon their borders, coalesced under the influence of happy affinities, and in fortunate proportions, like the union of iron and carbon, and polished the civilized world. The organized Greeks received intellectual gifts as tribute from other nations, and bequeathed them as legacies to posterity. They gathered knowledge from the humble and fleeting tribes, that perished in their season, as the bees of Scythia gathered honey from the flowery plains, and stored it up for future generations. In the fullness of their pride they became exclusive; their noble blood stagnated for the want of pouring from one vessel into another, and the scene closed upon the children of Pelasgus, as upon the children of Israel.

The same tale is told of Rome.† They absorbed the Aborigine—ravished the Sabines—mixed their blood with strangers‡—conquered the world—framed prohibitory

* "From these sources we collect that four distinct races or groups of nations, between whom it does not appear to have been supposed by the ancients that any affinity, however remote, existed, divided between them all the countries in Europe lately belonging to the Roman Empire."—*Res.*, vol. iii, p. 463.

† "Italy, before it was subdued by the arms of Rome, had been for ages divided between a variety of separate nations, who differed from each other in manners, and in degrees of civilization. They were also distinguished by their languages, and by traditions preserved among them of their origin."—*Res.*, vol. iii, p. 291.

‡ Canuleius, an inveterate demagogue, in repealing the v. law of the xii. tab. "It shall not be lawful for Patricians to intermarry with Plebians," shewed

laws of marriage, under the influence of Constantine's pride, or mistaken psychology,* were subjugated by the Goths, who, in their mixed descendants, have given to Europe her present race of philosophers and heroes. England *professes* to be Anglo-Saxon, and the existing handsome and intellectual race of Turks are the offspring of Circasian mothers.†

These mixtures were of remote varieties of the Caucasian species; at least, they were all white blood; as in our own country, where almost every race is represented, and neither restraint, nor limit by law or custom, put upon matrimonial alliances, except white blood and money, which is all that is required to bring the zenith and nadir of society into conjunction. Without admiring this mode of mixing, or entering into the patriotic cant of the day, we are certainly producing a race of men that speak for themselves.

What has been the issue of a mixture of different species? The Copts are mulattoes, and have run out.‡ They are acknowledged by all to have become a degenerated race. The North Africans, who have intermarried with Arabs for ages, have produced Abyssinians, Nubians, Berbers; who require white blood from the North, and black blood from the South, to keep the race running. Barbarians, sleeping in ignorance round the birth-place of

that such men as Numa, Tarquin, Tullius, were not Patricians by birth, nor even Roman citizens.—*Hook's Res.*, vol. i, p. 247. *Lond.*, 1825.

* "Every animal," says the discreet emperor, "is prompted by nature to seek a mate among the animals of his own species, and the human species is divided into various tribes, by the distinction of language, religion and manners. A just regard for the purity of descent preserves the harmony of public and private life; but the mixture of foreign blood is the fruitful source of disorder and discord," &c. "The irrevocable law was inscribed on the altar of St. Sophia, and the impious prince who should stain the majesty of the people, was excluded from the civil and ecclesiastical communion of the Romans."—*Gibbon*, vol. x, p. 31.

† "The practice of purchasing foreign women for the harems, may have produced an effect, but this must have been always limited to the richer orders."—*Res.*, vol. iv, p. 417.

‡ "From various antecedent remarks, it will be perceived that I regard the Copts as a mixed community, derived in various proportions from the Caucasian and negro."—*Morton's Cran. Egypt.*, p. 55. "Among the modern Copts many travellers have remarked a certain approximation to the negro."—*Prich. Nat Hist. of Man*, p. 158. "Reduced by a long series of misrule and oppression, to a state of degradation, their number and national character have rapidly declined, so that at the highest calculation they do not amount to more than between 400,000 and 500,000 souls. According to another account, their number does not exceed 80,000."—*Enc. Americ.* vol. iii, p. 526.

science, who never had mind enough to be enlightened by the full blaze of Egyptian civilization upon their burnt faces;—even monkeys, it is said, will push up the chunks of a fire after having experienced its benefits.* On the northern borders of this continent, where its proximity to Asia and Greenland has rendered a mixture of inhabitants possible,† we find the Eskimo, a fish-eating savage, the possible offspring of an American Indian, and an Asiatic nomad, and no improvement upon either parent. The mixture of Indian and white man in the middle and southern latitudes, has likewise failed to produce a *noble race*, though there are instances of respectable individuals issuing from this cross.

In these last mentioned cases the offspring have been mulattoes, or half-breeds, partaking of the nature of both parents, and generally weakened in physical, and not strengthened in mental force. After some reflection, though with very limited means of subsequent observation, we will venture to lay down a rule, that may not hold good in all cases. When two of the same species, but of the same blood, have issue, the offspring may partake of the peculiarities of either parent, or have no particular resemblance to those of either; for instance, a *blonde* and *brunette*, may have both blonde and brown children, and those which are neither, or two fair persons, may have *brunette* children. But when different species,

* "It was supposed by Ludolf, and Prof. Murray, that the kingdom of Abyssinia was founded by a colony of Arabians. This opinion receives some support from a passage of Uranius," &c. "Mr. Salt has pointed out a variety of particulars in the customs and habits of the Abyssins, which display a nearer resemblance to the manners of the ancient Hebrews, than to those of modern Arabs."—*Prich. Res.*, vol. ii., p. 150. "The natives of Tigré, though Arabs by remote descent, have become assimilated in their complexion and physical characters to the native Abyssins. It is an obvious conjecture that the resemblance of these races in the present day, may have resulted from intermixture of stock, or frequent intermarriages; but it is, perhaps, more probable that the change which has taken place in the Asiatic people, who originally founded the kingdom of the Axumites, has been the effect of their abode in an African climate."—*Prich. Res.*, vol. ii., p. 154. "We are informed that the Tyrians did not, like the Greeks, keep themselves separate from the Aborigines, so as to preserve their race and nation unmixed, but intermarried, and blended with the native Africans."—*Prich. Res.*, vol. ii., p. 25.

† "All the animals of each species appear descended from one stock, for the animals of the two hemispheres are all of distinct species, excepting in the northern region, where a communication is very explicable."—*Blumenbach*, (*Elliottson*.) *Phys.*, p. 406.

as the negro and white, have issue, it will universally be a mulatto, partaking of the peculiarities of both parents. Colour, which is generally in animals the most unstable of all physical characters, is, in the negro, as permanent as the spots of the leopard. Two dogs of the same species, may produce variously marked pups at the same litter, partaking of the peculiarities of either or neither of the parents. A dog and wolf, produces a mulatto, half breed, hybrid. A white stallion and grey mare may have any coloured foal; but a dun ass and any coloured mare, will produce a mule that will partake of all the physical peculiarities of both parents.

Our planters purchase their stock from Kentucky and Tennessee, and we have not been able to learn any facts upon the subject from them. We have, however, ventured the opinion, and believe that an investigation will find it, at least, as correct as that of John Hunter, who informs us that "all foals are the same colour, and whatever that may be, as they grow older, it generally becomes lighter."—*Vol. iv. p. 288.*

We have, thus far, endeavoured to show the improbability of the unity of the human origin, by arguments drawn from the simple consideration of the exhausting influence of incestuous intercourse, and, in pointing out its agency, as a possible cause of the decline and fall of nations, have only laboured to place it in the most conspicuous light. The rest of this paper will be devoted to the consideration of the stability of God's works; as we believe that a creation could not properly be called "good," which was outlawed the next moment, and left to the buffetings of chance, the guidance of finite will, or a council of turbulent passions.*

* Every race of animals seem to have received from their Maker certain laws of extension, at the time of their formation—below these limits they cannot fall, nor rise above them—all the manna of heaven would not raise the mouse to the bulk of the mammoth. [*Jefferson Notes on Va., p. 44, 1787.*

It is plain that the procreation of distinct tribes, in some manner, has been secured, and that universally, or throughout the different departments of organized creation. [*Prichard Researches, vol. i., p. 142.*

Jede art der Pflanzen und Thiere hat an und für sich schon, unabhängig von allen äusseren Einflüssen einer gewissen Variationskreises.---Jedes Individuum einer Art trägt in sich die Möglichkeit Glieder dieses Variationskreises zu producern, insofern jedes Individuum einer Art nuht allein das ihm vollkommen gleiche zeugt, sondern unter den Gesetzen, welche die Art überhaupt beherrschen zeugt. [*Müller Phys. Band, ii., p. 770. Coblenz, 1840.*] This circle of variation is confined to varieties.—J. Y. B.

The mere authority of men, unaccompanied by reasons, should only have weight in accordance with their peculiarities of character, their opportunities for observation, and the absence of preponderating influences to either side. Men may be too good, as well as too bad, to be relied on. A man may be too good a sectarian to bear testimony in favour of any question that impeaches the dogmas of his particular church, (believing them to be the precepts of the Bible,) which he surrendered all right to dispute when he entered the pale of her protection. In collating the authorities on both sides of this question, it will be well to bear in mind that, though the burden of proof lies with the affirmative,* in questions not admitting of demonstration, the *presumption* is in favour of the *pre-occupant*;† but, as objectors always affirm something, they also must come armed with proof, which, to effect their purpose, must not only be strong enough to oust their opponents, but also to secure themselves. If this is not the logic of the schools, it is the logic of the high-ways, and the world acts on it daily.

The natural or physical history of man has not attracted the attention of the learned world until recently;‡ indeed, most naturalists have assumed the prerogative of Adam to name every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, as they pass in review before them, forgetting, like the princes of the earth who govern men, that they are brothers, until reason revolts against the pride of the one, and revolution breaks down the power of the other.

There are few writers, previous to Linnæus and Buffon, whose opinions are valuable upon this subject. The Hebrew historians and sages proclaim the unity of man's origin, yet furnish arguments on the other side.§ Most of the Grecian and Roman philosophers and poets agree with them, yet their creeds contain so many zoological absurdities, that the force of the whole is weakened.||

* Carson on Baptism, p. 3.

† Whately, Archbishop.

‡ The natural history of man is indeed in its infancy. [Lawrence Lect., p. 108. 1819.

§ Jeremiah, xiii., 23.

|| Vitruvius taught the modifying influence of climate. This Italian also asserted that "it is not surprising that heat should sharpen the understanding and cold blunt it—that the inhabitants of cold climates, prone to war, rush on with vehemence, and without the least fear." (*Home Sketches*, vol. i., p. 39.) Vegetius utters similar views, founded on similar reasoning. Montesquieu, who is a great champion for climate, observes that, "in hot climates,

Modern naturalists, who have entered the lists on the side of humanity, (forgetting that that which is true is divine,) have not failed to commit the same error.* Doctor Lawrence is excepted: his independent and unwavering pursuit of truth raises him above the sphere of these remarks. The greatest names that history records are on the affirmative of this subject, to wit: Moses and the Hebrew writers, Plutarch, Cicero, most of the Grecian and Roman writers, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Zimmerman, Aristotle, Pliny, Hippocrates, Galen, Linnæus, Buffon, Blumenbach, Lawrence, Tiedemann, Prichard, Foster, Dr. S. Smith, Müller, Hassel, Bowman, Todd, etc. These great authorities have been opposed by Voltaire, Lord Kaimes, Hume, Monboddo, Jefferson, Rodolphi, Viry, Bory, St. V—— Desmoulins, Col. Charles Hamilton Smith, Agassiz, White, De Spix, Von Martias, St. Hilliare, Gallatin, Cuvier, Humboldt, Flourens, Sæmmering, Morton, Nott, Elliotson, Gordon, A. Smith, etc.

Sometimes it is difficult even to count authorities, and it is always vanity to attempt to weigh them; we shall, therefore, only endeavour to show what else, in connection with this subject, these advocates of the influence of external agencies on organic life believe, for the purpose of proving that there is, at least, no probable condition of things that could make them believe otherwise. We have already noted some of the reasons for the belief of some of the ancient historians and philosophers, and of some more modern writers, who have not made man a zoological study; given by one of the first scholars of his age,† as specimens of their general reasoning and belief, which brings us to the consideration of Linnæus and Buffon, who entered life at the same time, though under the most different auspices, and who were destined to revolutionize the natural sciences so thoroughly that they may

people are timid, like old men, and in cold climates, bold, like young men." (*id. id.*, p. 44.) Servius, in his commentary on the *Æneid*, and Mallet, in his introduction to his *History of Denmark*, reduce their authority to zero, by the same mode of reasoning. See Varro, Columella and Pliny's "undoubted truth, that mares, in Lusitania, were impregnated by the west wind;" that the Blemmyns had no head, but the mouth and eyes in the breast; that the Arimaspi had but one eye, placed in the forehead, and the Astimi, who, having no mouth, could neither eat nor drink, but lived upon smelling" [*Pliny Nat. Hist.*, c. xxx., 6th book. *Home Sketches*, p. 54.

* In the warm and long dispute upon this subject, both parties have contrived to be in the wrong." [*Lawrence Lect.*, p. 214.

† Lord Kaimes's *Sketches of Man*.

be considered as the founders of the present systems. Linnæus was the first to place man where his Creator placed him—at the head of the animal kingdom—and though he made him a separate and single species, he drew such a faint line between him and the quadrumina, that it is doubtful whether his reasoning does not include them.* Buffon, who had not the earnest character of Linnæus, and who was never, even by his enemies, charged with an undue bias towards the religious side of any subject, and who declares his opinions to be “independent of theological arguments,”† and that his “remarks shall be general, and confined to such points as have been established by undoubted testimony,”‡ describes, on the authority of Gemelli Carreri and Ptolemy, negroes living in the rocks and woods of Manilla, with “tails the length of four or five inches,”§ and says that, in the Island of Mundora, “the Manghians, who have tails of the same length, have embraced the Catholic faith;” that the women of Formosa, according to Struys, have beard like men, and the men, tails a foot long, “not unlike that of an ox,” “and that it proceeds from the climate.” He hesitates to adopt the authority of Struys, *because* he makes their tails *longer* than Ptolemy and Mark Paul make them.|| We have no objection to the actual tails of Ptolemy, and would not be surprised if the hypothetical tails of Monboddo were yet discovered somewhere in Central Africa. This appendage is, at least, a physiological possibility—with deference to Lawrence¶—but when discovered, it will be a zoological absurdity to class them in the same species with men without tails, as much so as it would be to class angels with wings and men

* Ency. Amer., vol. viii., p. 237. Nullum characterem hactenus eruere potui, unde homo a simia internoscatur. (*Fauna Suc.*) Mirum adeo parum differre stultissimam simiam a sapientissimo homine ut iste geodætes natura etiamnum quærendus qui nos limitet. (*Syst. Nat.*) *Lawrence Lect.*, p. 118. Lord Kaims says of Linnæus's classification, “It resembles the classing of books in a library according to binding, without regard to contents.” (*Prel. Dis.*, p. 14.) Linnæus places man in the order *primates*, gives him for companions monkeys, lemurs and bats. The principles must be incorrect which lead to such approximations. [*Lawrence Lect.*, p. 114.]

† Barr's edit., vol. iv., p. 337. London, 1797.

‡ Id. id., p. 191.

§ Id. id., p. 224.

|| Id. id., p. 226. [*Buffon's Works.*]

¶ I allude to men with tails, who have been, again and again, spoken of by various authors, were defended and patronized, not long ago, by Lord Monboddo. Not to mention that the existence of a tail in man would be quite inconsistent with all the rest of his structure, etc. [*Lawrence Lect.*, p. 368.]

together, or to include Carus's future development and every-day men in the same species.* Tiedemann argues against a foot-rule, when he says the negro's skull is as large as the white man's.† Dr. Prichard sees no reason for rejecting the notice of the Dokos, by the missionary, Dr. Kraft, who got his information from a Galla slave, according to which these people grow no bigger than boys, prefer ants and snakes to better food, climb trees with their heads downward, and sit up in them like monkeys, or hang like opossums; a single slave-dealer enticing them down with bits of glass, and capturing a thousand of them. They reverse the usual mode of prayer, by standing on their heads when alarmed, with their legs and feet extended towards heaven, yelping "Yer! yer!"‡ We have no objections to make to these men, if they are men. We have often thought that a link was lost between the most anthropomorphous ape and the most Pithecomorphous man§ at present known. But it is strange that such a discovery should not stagger the faith of Doctor Prichard in the unity of the human species. If such beings as the Dokos are represented to be, are of the same species as Dr. P., there is no reason out of the books why an oak and a clover, or a man and a bat, are not of the same genus.

* C'est donc une proposition fondée en philosophie, que la forme humaine elle-même s'ennoblait beaucoup par l'apposition au trône de membres dirigés vers la lumière, c'est à-dire par celle d'ailes au côté tergal de la position et la science démontre que les prévisions de l'art étaient parfaitement fondées lorsque guidé par une sorte d'instinct prophétique il accordait des ailes aux anges. [Note. Carus, vol. iii, p. 171. *Anat. Comp. Jourdan, Paris, 1835.*

† The opinion of many naturalists, such as Camper, Sæmmering, Cuvier, Lawrence and Viry, who maintain that the negro has a smaller brain than the European, is ill-founded, and refuted by my researches. (Tiedemann.) This declaration of Tiedemann has been refuted by actual measurement so often, that it is astonishing to see Dr. Prichard bring it forward again; but, strange as it may appear, Tiedemann's results confirm rather than confute Sæmmering, et al. (See Elliotson's *Phys.*, Morton's *Crania Americ. et Cr. Egypt.*) Tiedemann says the average weight of European brains is from 3 pounds 2 ounces to 4 pounds 6 ounces Troy. But the average of four negroes' brains, from which he drew his conclusions, will be found to be only 3 pounds 5 ounces 1 drachm, or 3 ounces above the lowest European average, and the highest negro brain falls 5 ounces short of the highest average European, and no less than 10 ounces short of Cuvier's. (Elliotson's *Phys.*, p. 1075. The general result of his comparisons is that the cavity of the skull in the negro is generally in no degree smaller than in Europeans, and other human races. [Prichard, *Researches*, vol. ii., p. 352.

‡ Prich. Nat. Hist., pp. 553-4-5.

§ We have taken the liberty of making this word.

Mr. Hassal, in his *Microscopic Anatomy*, says, "Between the epidermis (including the colouring matter) of the white and coloured races, there is a perfect *identity* of structure. The only *difference* is," etc. "This difference can scarcely be regarded as permanent or structural—it is one rather of degree than kind, and over which, moreover, climate exercises an all-powerful influence."* Todd and Bowman reason in a like manner,† and Prichard presses to the same point Cuvier's remark, (who drew, himself, a different conclusion,) that "La tablier (of Hottentots) n'est point un organ particulier; c'est une *developpement*," etc.‡ Such anatomists, physiologists and naturalists should not need to be reminded that the hand of a man, the wing of a bird, and the fin of a fish, are but various developments of the same structure. The tail of a quadruped is but a more fully developed sacrum, of which the human *coccyx* is a rudiment; and of the very structure in question, the epidermis, the horns, hoofs, hair, nails, scales and feathers are but modified developments.§ This mode of reasoning would not exclude the devil himself from our species, and these gentlemen have but to take one more backward step, of about two centuries, to place themselves alongside of Bartholini, who declared the epidermis to be no part of the human body.||

The Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, of New-Jersey, in his zeal "to establish the doctrine of the unity of the human species, by bringing in science to confirm the verity of the Mosaic history," has not stopped, in his scientific investigations, at misrepresenting the writings, and impeaching the character of an opponent equally

* P. 250.

† Phil. Anat., p. 415.

‡ Prich. Res., vol. ii., p. 238.

§ The various modifications of the epidermis, termed appendages of the skin, as hair, nails, etc. *Todd and Bowman*. Phil. Anat., p. 405. The horny appendages of the feet and hands, the nails, do not constitute a distinct structure, but are merely modifications of the epidermis. P. 253. The claws of birds and carnivora, the hoofs and horns of ruminants, have essentially a similar structure as the nails of man. *Hassal Mec. Anat.*, p. 184. Prenez pour exemple l'épiderme—vous le verrez parfois acquérir la consistance et dureté de l'écaille et dans d'autres cas présenter l'aspect et le veloute du corps muqueux—il vous suffira de l'observer dans les poissons, les tortues, les crocodiles. *Alibert, des Dermat.*, p. 20. En effet une plume est un poil arrive du plus haut degré de développement. [*Carus Anat. Comp.*, vol. ii., p. 149.

|| *Materia ex qua cuticula—non est pars corporis, etc. Æthiopicus nigra. est subjecta vero cutis non item.* [*Thomæ Bartholini. Anat. Lugd. Bat.* 1669

learned and correct with himself;* but has jeopardized his judgment, at least, by bearing direct testimony, from personal observation, upon a subject, that the posterity of his generation does not sustain.† And, though upwards of half a century has elapsed, we meet with no corroborating testimony, from authoritative sources, of his equally bold assertion, (copied by so many Europeans,) that the African features are vanishing from our domestic slaves, and that they are casting off their gibbous legs, worn from the days of Petronius and Virgil. Occasionally, the good nature of an English traveller has been imposed on by the humour or design of our planters,‡ who are sometimes touchy upon this subject. But, to treat it seriously,

* "But the nation which appears to have departed farthest from the ordinary laws of human nature is that of the Giagas, a people of Africa, mentioned by Lord Kaimes in his *laudable* attempt to disprove the truth of the Mosaic history. The people, he thinks, must be a distinct race, because, unlike all others, they kill their own children as soon as born, and supply their places by youths stolen from the neighbouring tribes. One would think that his lordship's zeal for a good cause might have suffered him to reflect that they could not have continued a separate race longer than the stolen children had grown up to manhood. An excellent specimen of the easy faith of infidelity."—(*Essay on Complex, etc.*, by S. S. Smith, DD., LL.D., New-Jersey, 1810, p. 211.) Lord Kaimes says, the continuance of the same practice among the persons adopted, is a strong instance of the force of custom prevailing over one of nature's most vigorous laws. I have oftener than once doubted whether the authors deserve credit from whom this account is taken, and do not press it upon my readers.—(*Home Prel. Dis.*, vol. i., p. 49. The error his lordship committed was stating the *possibility* of their being "a distinct race"—that of his reverence, not stating the *whole*, and stigmatizing a man for a difference of opinion.

† Along the sea coast of the Carolinas and Georgia, we often meet, among the overseers of their slaves, and their laborious poor, with persons whose complexions is but a few shades lighter than the aboriginal Iroquois or Cherokees; compare these with their British ancestors. Those rude woodmen, on the frontiers of the United States, who live in the vicinity of Indian tribes, contract in time a great resemblance to them, not only in their manners, but in their colour and the expression of their countenances.—(*S. S. Smith. id. p. 69, 70.*) We have been living twenty-two years on what was Cherokee soil, are familiar with Georgians, overseers and poor working men, and have been exposed daily ourselves, yet neither witnessed nor experienced a change.

‡ Mr. Lyell was assured, during his recent tour in America, by numerous medical men residing in slave States, that a gradual approximation was taking place in the configuration of the head and body of the negroes to the European model. The change was most in such as were brought into closest and most habitual relation with the whites, (as by domestic servitude,) without any actual intermixture of races, a fact which the different complexion in the offspring would at once betray.—*Ed. Rev. Eccl. Mag.*, N. Y., Jan. 1849.

As *all* our slaves are mixed breeds of different but cognate African families, we should expect some improvement. The amount of white blood in our domestic slaves is not easily estimated.

we do not believe there has been a greater change wrought on the complexion and hair of the pure blooded African, from his first importation to the present day, than could be accomplished by a pound of soap and two hours' scrubbing. All other resemblances come from the master's old clothes, and the negro habit of imitating some of his peculiarities of expression, gait, or manner—as players are said to resemble or grow like their favourite heroes.*

This gentleman's authority has been so extensively quoted, because he is supposed to have lived on familiar terms with three of the grand divisions of mankind; and his great learning and piety have placed him, in the estimation of the world, above the suspicion of a wilful misstatement. But his published papers are public property, and when we read, on page 96 of his book, that a negro's hair is crisp, "for the same reason that hair held near a flame will coil itself up"—that African parents are careless of their offspring, the mother casting it in the broiling sun, "if any object calls her attention or requires her labour"—that this treatment will contribute "to scorch the hair," etc.—that he has "been witness of this treatment of children by the slaves in some parts of the Southern States," etc.—we are disposed to smile at his reasons for the wool of the negro, when we remember that the children of our poorest peasantry, who seldom wear hats in the same scorching sunshine, have, almost universally, long, lank white hair. But when, on page 114, our author attempts to account for the flat nose of the negro, and states, on the authority of Barbot, "that it is the custom of the poorer women to carry their children on their backs, while engaged in their daily labour, in which they are occupied every morning, of beating or pounding their millet; the children, he supposes, by striking their mouths and their noses against the shoulders of their mothers, at length render the one more depressed and the other more turgid"—we cannot refrain from adding to his reasoning powers a very short memory. Truly, as Lord Kaimes has said, "no difficulty is insurmountable, if words be allowed to pass without meaning."

In Dr. Prichard's account of the metamorphosis of the

* It is singular that black men should grow like white men, on red men's soil, which is changing white men into red men! The negro should take the short cut, and turn Indian at once.

ancient Huns, from deformed and diminutive Lapps, to the present race of highly developed Magyars, he says: "The principal cause of the great difference which exists between the Magyars, and the other tribes of the same race, must be sought in the influence of external circumstances, exercised during ten centuries, and by the change of habits induced by the events of their history."* From which he assumes the possibility of a similar metempsychosis for the negro races of Africa;† which must not only have delighted the advocate of his views, but also the historian of even moderate erudition who chanced to oppose them. We lay no claims to the merits of a historian, but, while reading Dr. Prichard's statements, some faint recollections of school exercises induced us not to abandon, without examination, this point of the controversy, and consequently the entire question.

Before the Christian era, we find, on the confines of Asia, a nation of wild nomads, without record,‡ save those graven on foreign calendars, and whose origin is unknown to history; but whose march of conquest and destruction can be traced back to the frozen marshes of the Mætis;§ whence, like a cold plague, they spread whither they listed, until their territory, or the dread of their arms, was scarcely bounded on the south by the wall of China, behind which they confined her civilized and refined inhabitants, and on the north by the frozen ocean, where they left, if they did not find, the timid Lapps and Finns, "a race of deformed savages, who tremble at the sound of arms."||

* The Magyars or Hungarians, who settled in the ninth century in Hungary, but are proved by historical evidence, and principally by the analogy of their language, to be a tribe of this race, (*Jotuns, Finns, or Lapps*).—*Prichard, Res.*, vol. iii., p. 278.

† In another point of view, I thought it advisable to collect all the information within my reach connected with this subject. The reader will be enabled by it to compare the aborigines of Europe with those of Africa; he will perceive, after weighing the evidence of facts, that the earliest inhabitants of this now favoured quarter of the world were in no respects superior to the most destitute tribes of Central or Southern Africa.—*Prichard, Res.*, vol. iii., p. 332.

‡ Their national criticism can no longer be amused with a vain pedigree of Attila and the Huns, but they complain that their primitive records have perished in the Tartar wars.—*Gibbon, Basil.*, 1789, vol. x., p. 92.

§ The Huns, a fierce and savage nation, inhabited that part of Asiatic Sarmatia which bordered on the Palus Mætus.—*Univ. His.*, vol. xix., p. 40, *Dublin*, 1745.

|| The Fenni live in a state of amazing savagism and squalid poverty—non arma, non equi, non Penates—securi adversus homines securi adversus deos, etc.—*Prichard, Res.*, vol. iii. p. 281.

When we remember that the consanguinity of savages is marked, like that of animals, rather by their instincts than by their reasons,* and contemplate these destroying hordes, shaking, by their fierce courage, the lengthened shores of the Indian Ocean, and, true to their instincts, calmly deliberating upon the massacre of the entire population, for the purpose of making one vast hunting ground of the Celestial Empire, we see no innate resemblance between them and the timid, though "untameable Lapps,"† whom Gustavus Adolphus failed to make endure the noise of a gun, and, "who, among the sons of men, are ignorant of war and unconscious of human blood."‡

The Huns had scarcely a sentiment in common with civilized races, except their admiration for brave men and beautiful women,§ and which apparent insignificant cause alone has served to modify a sufficient quantity of their blood, when added to that shed by their incessant broils, victories and defeats, to sink this typical stock from the sinister dignity of the scourges of God, to the contemptible condition of the despised of men; (that is, if the Lapps be their present representatives, which is not proven). Jealous of the possession of their victories in the south, but without mental culture, or capacity to im-

* *Gibbon, vol. iv., p. 275.*

† The Huns of Attila may, without injustice, be compared with the Moguls and Tartars. After the Moguls had subdued the northern provinces of China, it was seriously proposed, not in the hour of victory and passion, but in calm and deliberate council, to exterminate all the inhabitants of that populous country, that the vacant land might be converted to the pasture of cattle.—*Gibbon, vol. vi., p. 44.*

‡ *Gibbon, vol. x., p. 95.*

§ Except the merit and fame of military prowess, all that is valued by mankind appeared vile and contemptible to these barbarians.—*Id., vol. x., p. 96.* The custom which still prevails of adopting the bravest of the captives, may countenance the very probable suspicion that this extensive consanguinity is, in a great measure, legal and fictitious.—*Id. vol. iv., p. 285.* The first class (of prisoners) consisting of soldiers of the garrison and young men capable of bearing arms; their fate was instantly decided; they were either enlisted among the Moguls, or massacred on the spot.—*Id., id., p. 45.* A regular payment of money and silk was stipulated. But a still more disgraceful article of tribute, which violated the sacred feelings of humanity and nature; a select band of the fairest maidens of China was annually devoted to the rude embrace of the Huns.—*Id., id., p. 294.* In their long and various peregrinations, the purity of their blood was improved or sullied by the mixture of a foreign race.—*Id., id., p. 94.* The native race, the Turkish or Finnish blood, was mingled with new colonies of Scythian or Slavonian origin; many thousand robust and industrious captives had been imported from all the countries of Europe.—*Id., vol. x., p. 104.*

prove, these restless conquerors fell before the policy of enemies whose swords were too weak to subdue them.* Driven by their instincts, the pure blooded Huns, who could no more remain stationary than a planet, broken and disunited, turned their broad faces westward. After a reign of thirteen hundred years, in the south,† 'tis true we find a change in this typical stock; we see the white Huns, or Euthalites, leaving China, and settling on the shores of the Caspian, abandoning their wandering life, radically changed in manners, habits and complexion.‡ This was a whimsical change for a southern climate to work on a dark complexion, but it must have been the climate and civilization, or the influence of foreign blood, to which the Huns were ever partial. If climate was the cause, why was not the rest of these hordes also changed? We find them returning, identically the same in every particular, the same wandering, restless, conquering race,§ and, in sufficient numbers, to overcome the warlike and semi-civilized Alani, and to mix and modify their blood.|| We find the stubborn Goth yielding to the impetuous courage of the Hun, first slandering them on the pages of history, and then mingling their arms with their conquerors, to humble the declining powers of Rome.¶ In a word, we find them wandering through Asia, Africa and Europe, conquering, destroying, flying, slaughtering and being slaughtered, and mixing their blood with all parties,** which, by its etiolating influence, and by the sword

* *Gibbon, vol. iv., p. 294.*

† *Id., id., 297.*

‡ White Huns—a name which they derived from their complexion—soon abandoned the pastoral life of Scythia.—*Id., id., p. 298.* (See *Universal History, vol. xix., p. 41.*)

§ But the most warlike and powerful tribe of the Huns maintained in their adverse fortune the undaunted spirit of their ancestors.—*Id., id., p. 298.* (See also *Universal Hist., vol. xix., p. 41.*)

|| On the banks of the Tanais, the military power of the Huns and Alani encountered each other with equal valour, but not with success; the Huns prevailed in the bloody contest. The king of the Alani was slain, and the remains of the vanquished nation were dispersed by the ordinary alternative of flight or submission; but the greater part of the nation of the Alani embraced the offers of an honourable and advantageous union.—*Gibbon, vol. iv., p. 303.*

¶ Jordanes, an irreconcilable enemy of the Huns, who had driven his countrymen, the Goths, from their ancient habitations, gives the following account of their origin—(then states them to have been originally Gothic vagabonds and witches, driven out by a Gothic prince, Filimer, etc.)

** 1st. The Chazars or Cabari, who joined the Hungarians on their march; 2d. Jazuges, Moravians and Siculi, whom they found in the land; 3d. Russians; 4th. Bulgarians; 5th. Basseni and Cumans; the last colony of 40,000 Cumans, A. D., 1239.—*Gibbon, vol. xiv., p. 256. note.*

of Henry the Fowler,* the last drop of Hunnish blood was bleached or shed.

Then, in what do the present Hungarians resemble Lapps, save in the doubtful analogy of a few garbled words;† in which they equally resemble the American or Mexican savages,‡ and consequently the Euskarian (Biscayan or Basque?)§ “Berogzaszi has found resemblance between the Magyar and Semitic, and most of the Indio-European languages.”|| No one is better aware of the folly of depending upon glottology, in its present state, than Dr. Prichard,—which he frequently acknowledges, and even amuses himself with some of the deductions of Klaproth.¶ They are Hungarians as we are Americans; or, “in the same manner of identity as the old knife which had a tenth new handle, and a twelfth new blade.”** All history protests against it, common sense rejects it as without parallel, and the first rule of philosophy is violated by it, because there are easier and less doubtful solutions.††

* Henry the Fowler, and Otho the Great, who, in two memorable battles, forever broke the power of the Hungarians.—*Id.*, vol. x., 102. (See Bigland's *View of the World*, vol. iii., p. 219, 220. Boston. 1812.)

† Fisher, in his *Questiones Petropolitanæ de Origine Ungrorum*, and Pray. Diss., i. ii. iii., etc., have drawn up several comparative tables of the Hungarian with the Finnic dialects. The affinity is indeed striking, but the lists are short, the words are purposely chosen. And we read in the learned Bayer, that although the Hungarian has adopted many Finnic words, (inumeras voces,) it essentially differs, *toto genio et natura*.—*Gibbon*, vol. xiv., p. 263, notes.

‡ The language of the Ostiaks and the Obi (says Pallas) has much affinity with the Finnish or Tschoude language, but it has still more with the Voguls.—*Prich. Res.*, vol. iii., p. 323. Many of the Astiak and Vogolian words bear, in their form and construction, a striking resemblance to the languages of the Koluschi and Aztecas in the north-western and central regions of America.—*Prichard, Res.*, vol. iii., p. 323.

§ While Prof. Vater was engaged in writing his excellent work on the population of America, he was struck by analogies, which at first he thought very important, between the Euskarian language and the native dialects of the great western continent.—*Id.*, *id.*, p. 23. M. Du Ponceau bears about the same vague testimony; and the less celebrated, but no less learned and talented Dr. Macculloch, of Baltimore, if I rightly remember, discovered similar resemblances.—*Prichard, Nat. Hist. Man*, p. 257, *Res.*, vol. iii.

|| *Id.*, vol. iii., p. 32.

¶ Klaproth thought that the Moguls knew of old only the horse, *Morin*, and the ox, *Schar*, because these animals alone have names peculiar to their language—it was remarked by Schott, that the words for bull and cow are cognate in Turkish and Mongolian. Therefore the Monguls must have had oxen without possessing either bulls or cows. *Prich. Res.* vol. iv. p. 426.

** *Ib.* vol. iii. p. 398.

†† Hun, a native of northern Asia, which probably belongs to the Finnish race, and formerly led a nomadic life on the frontiers of China; soon after his Attila's death, the empire fell in pieces, but the herds of Huns lived long on

Suppose the negro slaves of the United States were to rise up, like the children of Jacob, cross the Atlantic, as another Red Sea, and settle in central Africa, until history lost sight of them as it did of the Huns? Then suppose some future Pare Hel were to be sent by some American Philosophical Society, to astronomise at the Cape, and while star-gazing, were to meet a genuine savage negro, and make signs to him, and the negro were to reply in tolerable good English; then coming to an understanding, should inform him, that many thousand *Americans** lived in the interior, that they knew nothing of their history, except some vague traditions of having crossed the waters many centuries back. The glottologer might say, "behold the effect of climate on a Caucasian race." It has been said of a race of Jews.†

The next historical case of change of physical character, wrought by external circumstances, on man, is conveyed in the following note to p. 349, vol. ii, of Dr. Prichard's *Researches*:

"On the plantations of Ulster, and afterwards on the success of the British against the rebels of 1641 and 1689, great multitudes of the native Irish were driven from Armagh and from the south of Down, into the mountainous tracts extending from the Barony of Fews eastward to the sea. On the other side of the kingdom the same race were expelled into Leitrim, Sligo, and Mayo. Here they have been almost ever since, exposed to the worst effects of hunger and ignorance, the two great brutalizers of the human race." The descendants of these exiles are now distinguished, physically, from their kindred in Meath, and in other districts where they are not in a state of physical degradation. They are remarkable for "open, projecting mouths, with prominent teeth and exposed gums, their

the north of the Danube, and the Palus Mœotis, until at length the people and the name became extinct. (*Enc. Amer. vol. vii. p. 483.*) Hungary has been successively occupied by three Scythian colonies: 1, the Huns of Attila; 2, the Abares in the fifth century, and 3, the Turks or Magais, A.D. 88, the immediate and genuine ancestors of the modern Hungarians, whose connexion with the two former is extremely faint and remote. (*Gibbon, vol. xiii, p. 335, nota.*) The entire reduction of the Huns happened, according to the best chronologers, in the year of the Christian era, 794. Some authors write, that by this long war the whole race of the ancient Huns was cut off, and that the country was re-peopled afterwards by neighbouring nations, to whom the present Hungarians owe their origin; of this opinion was Kneas Sylviuf. As for modern writers of the history of Hungary, their accounts of the ancient times are for the most part fabulous, quite groundless, or altogether improbable.—*Universal History, vol. xix. p. 104.*

* Even the "Americans," as the black colonists from the United States are called (in St. Domingo).—*Am. Rev. No. 52, p. 372. Ap. 1849.*

† The Falashas, also of Hindoos.—*Prich. Res., vol. v. p. 145, and of the Arabs.—Ib. vol. 2, p. 264. See Morton, Cr. Am. p. 21.*

advancing cheek bones and depressed noses bear barbarism on their very front." "In Sligo and the northern Mayo, the consequences of two centuries of degradation and hardship, exhibit themselves in the whole physical condition of the people, affecting not only the features, but the frame, and giving such an example of human deterioration, from known causes, as almost compensates, by its value to future ages, for the suffering and debasement which past generations have endured in perfecting its appalling lesson." "Five feet two inches, upon an average, pot-bellied, bow-legged, abortively featured; their clothing a wisp of rags, etc. These spectres of a people that once were well grown, able-bodied, and comely, stalk abroad into the daylight of civilization, the annual apparition of Irish ugliness and Irish want."

We will accept this portrait, and admit that it is not over-coloured, and then declare, on the authority of history, that these Sligo spectres and Ulster mountaineers, do not, and cannot surpass in barbarism, ignorance, indolence, and moral degradation, according to civilized standards, their renowned fathers of the rebellion of 1641-89, who were driven into these districts; indeed we shall attempt to show that they are not even the descendants of these exiled and hunted patriots, but of the natives of these same respective districts.

Besides the unfathomable mist in which the early history of all nations is sunk, Ireland seems, in addition, to be wrapped in a thick mantle of darkness, to which her legendary historians have added the smoke of their censers, rather than the light of their tapers. We know nothing of her early history, except that her traditionary romances are equally fabulous, and rather more ridiculous than those of other nations.* A scarcely pardonable vanity distinguishes the character, and destroys the credit, of her secular and her sacred bards, and confounds alike her heathen and her christian chronicles.†

History finds Ireland, as well as the most of Europe, in the possession of Celts;‡ a warlike and savage race, indulging in the most inhuman passions, and practising the most ungodly rites. Cæsar found Britain in possession of a cognate branch of this people, but left the purer

* Prichard's Researches, vol. iii. p. 141.

† General Hist. Ireland, by Jeffry Keating, D.D., folio 1732.—Prich. Res vol. iii. p. 137, 149.

‡ Prichard in his 3d vol., has thrown some doubt on the Celtic origin of the Euskaldunes, or Iberians, p. 47.

blooded Irish Celts unmolested in the possession of their ever-green island, and unchanged in the enjoyment of their ever-savage hearts: Strabo, in the past century, speaks of them as more savage than the Britains;* Diodorus and Jerome found them cannibals; St. Patrick, in the fifth century, left them uncivilized barbarians and pagans;† and Dr. Prichard does not think that authentic annals reach further back than between the tenth and twelfth centuries.‡ We find Dr. Lingard, (a friendly historian,) admitting the truth of St. Bernard's charge of barbarism upon the entire nation in the twelfth century; and quoting the statements of Pope Adrian, Archbishop Lanfranc, St. Anselm, St. Bernard, *et al.*, touching their licentious habits, in terms too strong for the English language.|| At the outbreak of the "rebellion" in 1641, Hume depicts the native Irish, as "totally unfit, from their habitual slouth and ignorance, to raise any of the conveniences of human life."§ The author of *Modern Europe* says, in 1642, they were "in a great measure savages—two thirds of the inhabitants were in a state of wild barbarity."***

In the seventeenth century, we find the native Irish, under Phelim O'Neal, unchanged in any essential element from their heathen ancestry, whom they only rivalled in cruelty and treachery, because it was impossible to surpass them: children of blood,†† they rekindled, as it were, by instinct, and in the holy name of Jesus, the flames that had, twenty centuries before, consumed their human victims on the bloody altars of Hesus.‡‡ They were changed but in name.

There was, in the regular organized Irish army of the rebellion, but about 20,000 men, though perhaps the ir-

* General Hist. Ireland, by Jeffry Keating, D.D., fol. 1732. Prich. Res. vol. iii. p. 137, 149.

† General Hist. Ireland, by Jeffry Keating, D.D., fol. 1732.—Prich. Res. vol. 137, 160.

‡ General Hist. Ireland, by Jeffry Keating, D.D., fol. 1732.—Prich. Res. vol. 137, 149.

|| Lingard's History of England, vol. ii, p. 200, and note p. 210. No Irish MS. has been found later than the tenth century.—*Enc. Am. vol. iii, p. 59.*

§ Hume, vol. v. pp. 58, 60, 137.

*** Letters from a nobleman to his son, vol. i, p. 253; vol. ii, p. 351; vol v. p. 120.

†† Keating has cited a bardic tradition, that three daughters of Cain were the first persons that came to Ireland.—*Prich. Res. vol. iii. p. 141.*

‡‡ "Et quibus immitis placatur sanguine diro

Teutates, horrendusque feris Altaribus Hesus," etc. (*Lucan*)

[*Prich. Res. vol. 3, p. 185.*

regulars amounted to many times that number. These were slaughtered in immense numbers, no quarter being given them, and this too in the name of a yet more reformed religion !* On their reduction, 40,000 went into foreign service, and the rest were repeatedly pardoned by Charles I.† Even Cromwell, who rarely pardoned an enemy until his head was off, gave them full liberty and leisure for their embarkation. Charles II.‡ in 1668, not only re-pardoned them, but promised to restore their estates, and even succeeded in getting the adventurers and soldiers, who now held them under the title of Parliament and Cromwell, to agree to restore one third of them. Thousands claimed the benefit of this act. So that, if any chose, in 1668, to remain in the mountains and in Sligo, in starvation and in ignorance, refusing to come in from their hiding places and accept their own from their friends ; it proves that they had already, in less than twenty years, radically changed, from a race that murdered their unarmed neighbours for plunder, and slaughtered their armed ones, and were slain by thousands, for their rights, to an imbecile clan that declined their own when offered them.

Again, in 1690, a few years after the last disturbances mentioned by our author, and at the final settlement of the Irish affairs, we find William of Orange pardoning them on such conditions as were never before extended to a rebellious and conquered people. The Protestants looked upon this act as a reward for treason, so indulgent was it. "An honourable provision was made for the Rapparees, who were a professed banditti." "All attainders were overlooked, forfeitures annulled, pardons extended and laws set aside, in order to effect a pacification."§ "Twelve thousand men chose to undergo exile." The rest of the nation submitted to king William.||

* The bitter feeling that existed between the parties, the rewards offered for the fugitives, and the facility of their discovery from the general level surface affording but few hiding places. (*Enc. Am. vol. 7, p. 57.*) During the period of English or rather Protestant retaliation, about 40,000 escaped with their lives into foreign service, and about 20,000 were sold as slaves in America.—*Ib. Ib. p. 60.*

† } Hume vol. v. p. 266.

‡ } Hume, vol. vii. pp. 109, 10 and 11.

§ It has been computed that 450,000 fell in the French service, from 1691 to 1745.

The next and last case of this character, that it will be necessary to notice, is that of a Shemitic or Jewish family. But, according to many similar and equally authentic cases, this wonderful change of type should not be attributed altogether to external causes; the imagination, in most instances, playing an important part in the discussion.

Dr. Prichard says, in vol. iv. p. 600, of his *Researches*:

"The family residing here, at Abu-el-Beady, in charge of the sanctuary, were remarkable for having, with the exception of the father only, negro features, a deep black colour, and crisp hair. My opinion was, that this must have been occasioned by their being born of a negro mother; but while I could entertain no doubt the head of the family was an Arab, of unmixed blood, I was assured that both the males and females, of former generations, were all pure Arabs, and that a negro had never been known either as a wife or slave in the history of the family."

He adds in a note:

"I extract this passage from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Wiseman's Lectures, on the connexion between science and revealed religion."

This testimony of the Right Rev. gentleman from Buckingham's narrative, surpasses in intensity that of the Rev. Dr. Stanhope Smith, in the same laudable direction; to sustain the Mosaic account of the creation, *as he understands it*; but they respectively seem to have forgotten, that

————— "with taper light,
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

As the above note contains a statement of facts, we will leave others to weigh the evidence,* and endeavour to produce such corroborating testimony as history and our own observations furnish. The first case of this sort on record, is that of Jacob's experiment with the flocks of Laban, previous to which it has been suggested that sheep should have been green, from looking constantly on the grass-covered hills.†

* As has been suggested (by Nott, if rightly remembered) that Abu-el-Beady is not the native climate of negroes, it might therefore be supposed that the transfiguration of this priestly family was owing to other causes.

† Voltaire.

The next case in gross, is that of father Lafitau, who says the Carraibes are red, and the negroes black, because the ancient warriors of these tribes painted their limbs with red clay or soot, according to national taste, to add to the majesty or terror of their appearance, which so overpowered the imagination of their women, that they ever after brought forth red or black children; by which wise provision of nature, much soil and soot has been economised.

Then, there was Parsina, the Ethiopian Queen in Heliodorus, who, by seeing a picture of Perseus, was brought to bed of a white child :* and the case of Hippocrates, who reconciled a Greek gentleman to his wife, who had borne him a black child, by attributing it to the influence of a picture of an Ethiopian.† And lastly, in our own family, a black woman who had a black husband, produced a mulatto child, and when questioned as to the cause, she said, “when I was milking, a white sheep jumped over the fence and scared me,—that’s how it come so!” Her husband, the overseer, and her master, were all quite satisfied. Surely, where Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, infidel and orthodox, ancient and modern, Dr. Prichard and ourselves, all bear testimony to the same point, he who does not yet believe, must be a sceptic indeed, and in danger of the severe judgment of Bünsen, that “incapability of believing on evidence, is the last form of intellectual imbecility.”‡

* St. Hiliare.

† Elliottson.

‡ Egypt, pref. vol. xi. p. 18.

ART. X.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *William Penn*, a Historical Biography from new sources ; with an extra chapter on the "Macaulay charges." By WILLIAM HEFORTH DIXON. Phila. : Blanchard & Lea. 1851.

THE name and fame of William Penn were fast sinking into obscurity, when public attention was drawn to him anew, by a studied effort at disparagement, on the part of Macaulay, in his recent History of England. He revived charges of the whig historians, Penn's contemporaries, which he was supposed to have outlived, and presented a plausible case, to his discredit, which seemed to be supported by conclusive testimony. These charges we need not repeat in detail. Their purpose was to prove that he had been a sycophant to royalty ; that his cupidity had led him to base venality, and to the extortion of money from the unfortunate ; that he had sought to counsel the king and "the Magdalen Collegians" against propriety and right ; that he was "a broker in simony, of a peculiarly discreditable kind." Penn, who, in the popular regard, had, according to the phrase of his biographer, become a myth, rather than a man—who had hitherto been regarded as a model of universal benevolence and charity, the embodiment of the purest and most enlarged philanthropy—was, by this new verdict of the historian, in danger of losing the high pre-eminence in these virtues which had been popularly assigned him. The public, in Great Britain and America, had been content to take his reputation on trust, without looking into its sources—in fact, without being aware of his real history. In America, he was known only by the worthless biography of Weems, if known at all ; but, even this biography was out of print, was no longer in demand, and, beyond the two facts, that Penn was a Quaker, and the founder of the opulent State of Pennsylvania, nothing was known of him at all. The charges of Mr. Macaulay remained unchallenged and undisputed, in the very region where he had founded a mighty empire. But the assault upon Penn's reputation has served it favourably. It has re-awakened the interest in his name. It has recalled his public services. It has prompted a proper search among the records, and the result is not simply the utter and most complete refutation of the scandals brought against him, but his elevation, for the first time, to the just position in history to which his great merits and public labours in the cause of humanity entitle him. The book before us is a most triumphant one, if the alleged facts of his biographer be true. It is thorough, close, scrupulous, ample, well argued, and excellently well written. There is scarcely, in the language, a more pleasant and instructive biography. The author writes with equal judgment and ardour. He weighs

his evidence with a firm and steady hand, sifts the testimony with the keen vigilance of a first-rate lawyer, and decides, according to law and evidence, with the frankness, simplicity and directness of an honest judge. There was never a written life of Penn before. Here, for the first time, are we made acquainted with the positive worth, the great abilities, the noble heroism, the sleepless patriotism and the manly virtue of this really remarkable person. Our author proves him to be a hero—fearless when all around were feeble—braving tyranny in its high places, in the cause of humanity—for the first time teaching, in the reign of the second Charles, the true securities and incalculable value of the right of trial by jury to the English people; submitting to prison and persecution, as Pym and Hamden had done, for the liberties of the country; and foregoing no effort, no toil, no sacrifice, of mind, or body, or wealth, ease or comfort, in the promotion of the public weal and the good of humanity. There is a long and exceedingly interesting history of his public career in Britain, before the settlement in Pennsylvania was ever dreamed of. He early distinguished himself as a reformer. That he donned the beaver of George Fox, and became a Quaker, did not make him a sectarian. The external forms of the religious society to which he attached himself were not against his catholicity. That he should have found his conscience secure only under the shelter of his hat, may seem to us, in this day, an absurdity and weakness; but, in that time, it had a dignified significance, which we can only comprehend by a reference to the current vices, the servility and degradation of his age. It was in proof of an antagonism which, however external, conveyed a lesson to an age which doffed head, and heart, and principle, with equal facility, when ducking to superiority. To teach such a people, even by a form, that men should stoop to God only, even though they may submit to man, was a purpose sufficiently momentous to make us tolerate stranger customs than those of quakerism. This volume, we may remark, depicts the times with great force, and with a degree of fullness which is rarely to be justified in a biography; and which, nothing but the excellent ability with which the thing is done by our author, could make us sanction in the work before us. It is a history as well as a memoir; the two subjects—that of the times and the hero of the biography—being wrought so happily together that we should fail, with any effort, to show the division line between them. The court of the second Charles, of James, and of William of Nassau, with the characteristics of society, people as well as public men, are all depicted in colours at once spirited and truthful. The opening sketch of the career of Admiral Penn, the father of William, is, itself, an interesting history. That of the famous Algernon Sydney, who assisted Penn in shaping the constitution of the new model republic of Pennsylvania, though less full,

is not less impressive. There are several other bits of biography, which fit admirably into the general framework of the memoir. Penn's connection with Pennsylvania will necessarily attract the American reader more especially. It constitutes, of course, no small part of his claim upon posterity. We regret to say that the Pennsylvanians repudiated him, as they have recently repudiated another reformer and creditor, in the Rev. Sydney Smith. Penn reaped little gratitude from his colony and less money, but a large crop of annoyances and mortifications. That his children were ever the better for his toils in the New World, was not due to the gratitude of the colonists. Penn was an able and voluminous writer, in morals, religion, society and politics. A selection from his writings ought to be made, and would no doubt attract favour at the present time. This biography would commend it greatly to attention. It certainly must commend itself to all those who desire to see Christian heroism well portrayed, a brave, good man well defended, the claims of a public benefactor fearlessly asserted, and the examples of a patriot properly exhibited, as a model to future generations. Such a history is particularly needed among our rampant democracy, who are apt to find God, law, and everything else that is good, in a simple majority.

2. *The Races of Men*: a Fragment. By ROBERT KNOX, M.D., Lecturer on Anatomy, and Corresponding Member of the National Academy of Medicine, of France. *Quæ prosunt omnibus.* Phila: Lea & Blanchard. 1850.

WE shall probably recur to this volume, as the subject of more elaborate notice, hereafter. It is amply provocative of discussion, and the subject is one, just now, and, indeed, at all times, of peculiar interest. Dr. Knox is a bold speculator on the subjects of race, social organization, and the thousand topics depending upon, or allied with these. He is audacious and insolent of manner—singularly audacious in his conjectures; singularly presumptuous in the confidence which he expresses, in himself, and grossly insolent in his treatment of all who think differently from himself. He dismisses the old philosophers and the living philosophers with equal contempt. A writer so wonderfully self-sufficient, we have not, for many days, had the fortune to encounter. His rush to a conclusion is like that of a charge of cavalry. There is the point to be assailed, and he takes it in front, head down, eyes shut and horns protruded. He stops for no stratagem. He does not think it necessary to sap the fortress. He prefers to storm it, and, if mere fury can effect the object, it is done. The reader may readily infer, from this, that Dr. Knox is not much of a philosopher himself. His work consists of a series of lectures, and he describes it as a fragment. It is such,

emphatically. He states and asserts his point, contents himself, in passing, with a few suggestions, which he assumes to be in confirmation of his opinions, and goes no farther. Having satisfied himself, he is at no particular pains to satisfy you. If you doubt, even after he has taken you by the nose or ears, he gives you up, as a fool wedded to his folly. There is not much in such a teacher to persuade you of his infallibility. But we should be guilty of great injustice to Dr. Knox, were we to convey the idea that he was simply mulish, and boastful of his own length of ears. He is rash and insolent, but he has his thoughts, and though they sometimes show the tail rather than the head, there is no reason to doubt that there is a head somewhere, hanging in the neighbourhood. He is frequently as just and truthful as he is bold. We have no doubt that he opens several clues to the truths of his subject, which philosophers, hitherto, have, through their timidity only, failed to discover. There is a wholesome audacity, which is essential to the cause of truth and science, in the necessary destruction, at the outset, of the weeds and underbrush of prescription, prejudice and superstition. Such a man as Dr. Knox is a pioneer for others. He dashes through the brake, and we grow bold to follow, as we see him issue forth in safety. Those who pursue the track which he opens will be more deliberate in exploring it, less presumptuous in insisting upon favourite theories of what ought to be found, and more likely, accordingly, to discover what is absolutely true.

It is the ambition of Dr. Knox to be original. This moves him to audacious extremes of opinion. It, perhaps, lessens his faith in a discovery, that it was not made by himself. It is almost conclusive to him of the correctness of a conjecture, that no philosopher happened upon it before himself. He frequently complains to us that the English press steals his doctrines, and never says a word of acknowledgement. His thunders roll through London, and nobody says "that's Knox!" He does not relish this treatment; but he cries out, nevertheless, "they confess the truth, but will not allow it to be mine." His doctrine of race is certainly curious; in some respects, contradictory of all that we know and believe. He believes that races belong imperatively to regions, and that all races, transferred to wrong regions, must necessarily die out. Thus, the Anglo-Saxons in America will disappear, in course of human events, and the red men again become the possessors. It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to answer such a notion. Of many other views, equally strange and startling, this is a sufficient sample. But the volume has its value. There is much in it which will be found equally provocative and suggestive—much with which we concur, and other matter which compels our pause, if not our concurrence, and which we may discuss hereafter. But our philosopher is bull-headed, like his reforming ancestor; rude as a rhinoceros, and ready with his

horns, the moment his head fails to make the desired impression. We commend his volume to the thoughtful, to the deliberate, the cool and cautious, who are looking for the truth, and not for mere material for disputation. In such hands, this volume will be useful. In the hands of the vain, impulsive and rash, it will be mischievous. It is full of half-considered things—full of vain imaginings and audacious conclusions—full, also, of topics of great importance to man, to which Dr. Knox brings a certain degree of light, which he sometimes throws upon new features of his subject.

3. *De Quincey's Writings.* 1. Confessions of an Opium Eater, and *Suspiria de Profundis*. 2. Biographical Essays. 3. Miscellaneous Essays. 4. The *Cæsars*. Four volumes By Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851.

WE congratulate our public on the new and beautiful edition of these writings, which the present publishers have put before us. De Quincey, one of the most profound of the recent psychological writers of Great Britain, is known to the American public only through the European magazines. But one of his works, we believe, the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," has ever before been published in this country, and that several years ago, when the taste for this species of writing had not sufficiently matured. We are persuaded that there is now a sufficiently large circle of readers among us to whom the peculiar genius of De Quincey will properly commend itself. His endowments are of a subtle, philosophical order—not grand or creative, but close, keen, searching, intensely metaphysical, and with a nice sense of the demands of art and the requisitions of beauty. His taste is pure and thoughtful, if not picturesque; and, if not inventive, his mind is just, delighting in analysis, and capable of the most exquisite discriminations. A desultory mood, to which is possibly due, in some degree, his love of opium, combines happily with the general characteristics of his mind, which inclines to revery, to dreamy contemplations, and to that search after the abstruse in moral objects, which contributes so largely to the peculiarity and the charm of his writings. The "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," the first narrative in this collection, is that by which he is mostly known to us. This essay, with the "*Suspiria de Profundis*," constitute the first of these volumes. They embody the moral biography of our author—the history of his mind and heart—under the influences of want, of disease, and of the pernicious habit of opium-taking, which he pursued to such an extreme as finally to swallow no less than 8000 drops of laudanum in a day. He is, of course, a better authority on the subject of opium, and its effects on the human frame, than any merely scientific man, and he professes to make an honest and

a full record of these effects upon himself—how they acted upon his frame, upon his mind and his sensibilities. The work is a full description of the pleasures and the pains produced by opium, showing an intensity and extremity of delights and horrors, such as are probably not to be produced by any other natural agency known to man. This history is not, by any means, a dull literal narrative of mere details. The author writes like a philosopher, as well as a patient. His sensibilities are personified, and grouped for us in action—how they quivered with delight, how they writhed with torture—what they felt, what they saw—the glories and the horrors of their dreams—the spectres by which they were haunted, the ages which they enjoyed or endured—the worlds in which they wandered, on wings or in manacles. It is the biography of a keenly conscious heart, and an exquisite mental organization, under peculiar conditions of the physical nature, which our author has written, marked by a vigorous and sleepless fancy, great mental ingenuity, and by tastes that are never degraded by the pernicious practice by which the body was degraded. Invariably ingenious in the minor metaphysical speculations which perpetually enliven the narrative, and which, in fact, constitute its chief value, we are not always prepared to believe our author entirely correct. We may briefly refer, for example, to his argument upon our natural assimilation of the idea of death with the summer, rather than with any other season; the reasonings by which we are supposed to be reconciled to the separation from those we love, and other like minute philosophies, which he gracefully and persuasively discusses. His ingenuity is unquestionable; but, in these cases, it appears to us very far from being conclusive. We fancy that we can detect the point of evasion, in which the subtlety of the topic causes its escape from its grasp, and that some of the elements of the subject are suffered to elude his notice. It will suffice that we commend these instances to the attention of the metaphysical reader, who may examine them at his own leisure. “*Biographical Essays*” is the title of the second volume in this collection. It affords us sketches, personal and literary, of Shakspeare, Pope, Charles Lamb, Goethe and Schiller, in all of which the author betrays the nice metaphysics, the catholic sympathies, and the pure and poetical tastes which exhibit themselves eminently in his previous work. He does not give us regular details in any of these biographies, but discusses only those which afford the key notes to his subjects, and corrects popular mistakes, and refutes common errors, in the career of these several writers. The volume is one of very interesting literary criticism, to which we are seldom required to oppose dissent. Our author’s third volume, “*Miscellaneous Essays*,” though issued by the American publisher, has not reached us. The fourth, and last received, is entitled “*The Cæsars*,” a collection of Roman biography, which opens new

views of the several emperors, in the latter days of Roman dominion, such as will compel a very general revision of the common judgment in regard to these persons, and the historical periods which they made famous. But we have not the space for their consideration. The reader will find the work such as will amply compensate its study for himself. We cheerfully commend this whole collection, which, we perceive, is to be increased in value by other volumes, containing the autobiography of the author and a body of sketches of literary men—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey and others.

4. *Historical and Statistical Information, respecting the History, Condition and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States.* Collected and prepared under the direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, per act of Congress of March 3d, 1847. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, LL.D. Illustrated by S. Eastman, Captain U. S. A. Published by authority of Congress. Part I. Phila: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1851.

THIS splendid volume must not be dismissed in a careless paragraph. It demands and deserves the most elaborate examination, such as will require time and compel study. At this moment, we can do little more than acknowledge its receipt. It is a publication, the design and execution of which are alike honourable to the republic and to those employed in the prosecution of its plan. No pains or money have been spared on it, and the result is a work, creditable, in high degree, to the munificence of the government, and to the state of art among us. It is worth much more, in a national point of view, than is usually achieved by any single session of Congress, consumed in no matter how many speeches. It is, mechanically, a beautiful specimen of book-making. The engravings are finely executed, and the letter-press is from the hands of an editor, than whom there is no one in the country more competent to the task of grouping the facts and elucidating the mysteries of Indian tradition and history. Mr. Schoolcraft has passed all his life in this employment. His experience in this field is, perhaps, far beyond that of any living man. His mind has been matured by study and devout research, and has been refined and sharpened for study by a proper education. We have, then, every guaranty that the work will prove worthy of the nation and honourable to the government. We shall examine it duly, at a future period, in regard to its intrinsic merits, as a critical history of the red men of America. The plan of this book is strictly national. It could only be achieved by a wealthy nation. To gather all the scattered proofs and traditions, in respect to the Indian races of America—to bring them together, in due relationship, for the future student—is to confer incalculable benefits upon science, history and art. There is

another publication, in regard to our continent, which we should like to see the government undertake. This is a collection of all voyages of original discovery to the New World, such as are scattered over hundreds of volumes, but little known, and which the student of history will need, for the proper analysis of facts in the discovery, colonization and progress of the States of America. Two volumes, such as the one before us, might be made to contain all this scattered material, and, with the aid of a competent editor, and copious notes, would contribute wonderfully to the success of those inquiries into our early history which are now pursued painfully, expensively, and with results always changing, in consequence of the impossibility of grasping all the authorities at the same moment. We shall return to this volume of Mr. Schoolcraft as soon as possible, satisfied that he has made of it a monument to his own zeal and industry, as well as to the perishing families of the red men of America. We may add that the work contemplates other volumes, like the present. We know not how many. It should contain all records of authority, without mutilation, since no editor can know what portions of the chronicle or tradition will compel the consideration of art—will furnish his subject to the poet, the painter, the sculptor or the dramatist—and the highest value of history is in the use which is made of it by art. The errors and misconceptions of tradition are still portions of history, and are themselves not unfrequently seized upon by genius, for its most admirable imaginings, even as the chimerical terrors of the “still vexed Bermoothes”—the “Isle of Devils”—as described by the early voyagers—have, in the hands of Shakspeare, taken shapes delightful to the heart and fancy—shapes of beauty, grace and wonder, such as have never been surpassed by any similar creations of art.

5. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate, D.C.L.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster. In two volumes. Edited by HENRY REED. Vol. I. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851.

THE personal life of the literary man, as commonly written, is not often an interesting or instructive one. That of the poet is still less likely to be so; and that of a man like Wordsworth—a recluse—in the last degree shy, reserved, exclusive—living wholly *within*, if not wholly *for*, himself—must, of necessity, require the most singular endowments on the part of the biographer, to render the smallest justice to either subject or reader. Wordsworth's life was in his poetry entirely. He is a remarkable instance of a person dedicating himself, at the earliest period, to the service of the Muses. He set himself apart, as a priest, at their altars, directing all his thoughts, sympathies, aspirations, studies, to the single object

of his choice, eschewing every other form of life, all the attractions of the outer world, and living wholly in the subtle atmosphere—which most men find quite too thin and cold—of the fancy and imagination. Such a life needs a biographer, who can breathe at ease and with pleasure in the same atmosphere. Wordsworth has not found this biographer in his excellent kinsman, to whom the work was confided. The memoir, thus far, is simply one of facts—baldly given; meagre facts, unwarmed by eloquence, and wanting in that double faculty of mixed spiritual and philosophical, which is, over all other qualities, the one necessary to pursue the inner being of a creature like Wordsworth, and analyze at once his character and genius. The subject needed a philosopher, and has found a chronicler only. But the work is one of integrity—affords us details of newness and interest—makes copious extracts from the correspondence and the prose writings of Wordsworth, and is, altogether, a still valuable acquisition, though falling greatly short of our hopes and expectations. For such a work, we need such a writer as De Quincey. The perusal of the extracts from Wordsworth's political pamphlets moves us to desire that some of our publishers would make a complete collection of his prose writings. They would, like Milton's, afford a noble support to the monument which his verse has consecrated to his genius. They are at once pure in purpose, vigorous in spread and stretch of thought, and chaste and eloquent of style. We commend the suggestion to the consideration of the enterprising publishers, to whom we owe the present volume.

6. *Life of Algernon Sydney*, with sketches of some of his contemporaries, and extracts from his correspondence and political writings. By G. VAN SANTVORD. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

THE true Algernon Sydney is to be seen only in his writings. It is true that he toiled, fought, suffered and died, as a man, in the cause of republican liberty; but, though conspicuous as an actor, he was never a leader, and, whatever the action in which he was engaged, there was still some other master mind, who rose between him and the public eye, leaving him, not in obscurity, indeed, but undistinguished, in the back ground. It is only by the presentation of his writings—writings far in advance, politically, of the contemporaneous mind—that we can form any just idea of the true claims of this remarkable man to the honours and acknowledgments of posterity. We are sorry that the author of the volume before us did not give us an edition of these writings, in full, with a brief biographical sketch, of thirty pages, rather than the somewhat diffuse compilation before us. The materials for a life of Algernon Sydney, as a man, are all compressible within the limits of a few

pages. To dilate them to such a volume as the one before us, was simply to accumulate other matter, which may be found more properly placed in a score of other volumes. Still, we are not displeased that this volume has been published. It is quite respectable as a compilation, and will afford to the general reader a very correct notion of the statesman and the patriot, whose name, among the Anglo-Saxon people, like that of Brutus, and more deservedly, is a rallying cry of popular liberty.

7. *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels.* From the German of Goethe. In two volumes. A new edition, revised. Boston : Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851.

NEXT to the "Faust," it would be, perhaps, a generally recognized judgment, which should place Wilhelm Meister the first among the writings of the great German master of modern times. It is at once social, poetical and philosophical—not a fiction, designed simply for amusement, but a book of study, designed for meditation and evolving very profound lessons in respect to life, through the medium of what may be called a domestic story. It is one of those works of the imagination which the critic finds it difficult to discuss, simply in consequence of the width and breadth and depth, the volume and the variety, of the interests and objects, moral and imaginative, which present themselves for examination. It is not unique, though peculiar and highly characteristic; and the absence of all intensity in the mind of Goethe, which seems to have been the true cause of that lack of concentrativeness which has been charged as his great deficiency, and which was the secret of his seeming want of patriotism, is yet one of the sources of that charm and beauty in "Wilhelm Meister" which reconcile the reader to the wanderings equally of the author and the hero. This is one of the works over which a reader is expected to pore and muse—which he is not simply to read. The publishers should continue the series which these two volumes so well begin. We still lack a good American edition of Goethe. The present translation is by Carlyle, and there are two prefaces from his pen.

8. *Popery : British and Foreign.* By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.
"MAXIMA TAURUS VICTIMA.—*Virgil.*"
Boston : Ticknor, Reed and Fields. 1851.

THE writings of Landor are not commonly addressed to popularity. He aims purely at the classical school, and is too frigid and statuesque, too wanting in warmth and colour, to attract the eyes of a hurried and eager generation. His essays and poems are nevertheless full of beauties, such as will gratify the tastes, if they never warm or excite the imagination. His "Imaginary Conversations,"

and his "Pericles and Aspasia," are the works by which he is best known. The latter work has been republished in this country, in two handsome volumes, from the press of Carey & Hart, but, we believe, with moderate success. An edition of the former might command, as it certainly merits, a higher degree of popularity. His poems "Gebir, Count Julian," etc., a moderately large collection, are fashioned by the same tastes; and, with a great deal of force and classical beauty, have quite too little warmth of colour, and freedom of touch, to attract much attention, at a time when poetry is required to hurry forward with impetuous bounds, and all the rush and roar of a cataract. In the little pamphlet before us, Landor is still himself, in point of style and plan. Here, as usual, he runs a muck. He is no partisan; and in spirit, if not in language, he says to the two churches, British and Italian, as Mercutio to the rival Lords, "a plague o' both your houses." We are not permitted to canvass the subject, in the examination of which our author has no scruples. We could wish that some of our publishers would give us a complete collection of the writings of Landor. The contemplative readers of this country—those who pause and reflect upon progress—and take from business a little leisure for thought; and pluck from necessity and pleasure a little space for beauty and taste—and go into the solitude, occasionally, with the view to a calm considerate converse with nature and noble minds—this class is greatly increasing, and would afford a sufficiently large audience, now, we are inclined to think, for the appreciation of an author of the peculiar characteristics of Landor. We could wish that Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields would make up his writings into a series like that which they are properly giving to the writings of De Quincey.

9. *Warreniana*: With notes, critical and explanatory. By the EDITOR of a Quarterly Review. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851.

THIS volume was a famous quiz in its day. The idea was a comical one of making all the great poets and critics of England contribute to the glorification of Warren's Blacking. It probably originated in the pathetic complaint of Lord Byron, who, speaking of the various slanders at his expense, exclaims mournfully, "I have even been accused of writing puffs for Warren's Blacking." On this hint, no doubt, spoke or sung the writers of "Warreniana." With consummate art, they have taken off the great writers of the day, each in his favourite manner. Some of the imitations are admirable. The harsh, potential manner of Gifford; the smooth, lucid and gentle humour of Irving; the pulings of Wordsworth, according to his early vein; the egotism of Byron; the border-ballad style of Scott; the frigid fancies of Southey, as exhibited in his character of

Poet Laureate ; the flippancy of Leigh Hunt ; the tripping grace and melody of Moore ; Cornwall, Hogg, Hazlitt, and many others, in counterfeit presentment, looking so lifelike and natural, as to stare their originals fairly out of countenance—are all here, making a collection as unique as excellent. This volume deserved a reprint. It is properly styled a companion volume to “the Rejected Addresses.” Both will probably enjoy a life like that of the writers, whom they so cleverly bemock.

10. *Hints to Sportsmen*: containing notes on shooting ; the habits of the birds and wild fowl of America ; the dog, the gun, the field and the kitchen. By E. J. LEWIS, M.D. Philadelphia : Lea & Blanchard. 1851.

It is something to bag your partridge, but to do so with grace, and according to the proper rules of art, is a something better. Here is a manual, showing all the philosophy of the thing. Here is a Sportman's Pocket Book, with all the laws necessary to his practice. It teaches him where to look for his birds, how to find them, to shoot them, and cook them when shot. Dr. Lewis has a nose for the sport not less keen than that of his own pointers. He is a drilled sportsman, has slaughtered his thousands, like Saul and David, and done more than either—has eaten them with an air when slaughtered ; no doubt, with his dressings, finding them more piquant than the Hebrew monarchs would have found their Philistine victims. What with Herbert's books on fish, flesh and fowl, and this manual of Dr. Lewis, the young sportsman need nothing but a little practice, to feel himself the prince of field and forest. We have really rambled over this manual of the doctor's, with no little interest, and with frequent wonder at his excellence and proficiency in an art of which we ourselves know so little. He is such a good companion, propounds his philosophies so clearly, and closes with such excellent suppers, that we are half fain to fling down the weapon of the critic for that of the sportsman—hunters of birds, hereafter, and not of men.

11. *Lieutenant Maury's Investigations of the Winds and Currents of the Sea* : from the Appendix to the Washington Astronomical Observatories for 1846. Published by authority of Hon. Wm. A. GRAHAM, Secretary of the Navy, and of Commodore LEWIS WARRINGTON, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography. National Observatory, 1851. Washington : C. Alexander. 1851.

LIEUTENANT MAURY's investigations and researches have been pursued with an intelligent industry and thoughtful painstaking which do honour to himself, and must result in great benefit to the

marine and commerce of the country. The publication before us is a large quarto of 126 pages, copiously supplied with astronomical statistics, of equal interest and value. An extensive correspondence, over the world, and with all parts of our own country, afford ample means for comparison and judgment, and ultimate conclusions, to which concurrent authorities lend the necessary sanction.

12. *Memorials of Columbus*, read to the Maryland Historical Society, by ROBERT DODGE, April 3, 1851. Baltimore: Printed for the Society 1851.

WE rejoice to perceive the continued activity of the gentlemen composing the Maryland Historical Society, and to receive their occasional contributions to the historical literature of their country. The pamphlet before us affords several interesting particulars in relation to Columbus, and describes the custodia of the memorials of the marvellous voyager, contained in the archives of Genoa, his native place. These consist of certain curious manuscripts, *three* autograph letters, which are all that remain of the writer. These letters are chiefly valuable as memorials of his hand, and not because of their contents. They are all fully described in the publication before us, with corresponding copies and translations. In a supplementary chapter, our author gives us a biography of Martin Behain, and a description of his globe, by which it was pretended that Columbus had been guided in his discoveries,—a statement which our author, by simply describing the globe itself, shows to be utterly unfounded.

13. *The Book of Oratory*: A new collection of extracts in prose, poetry and dialogue, containing selections from distinguished American and English orators, divines and poets, &c. By EDWARD C. MARSHALL, M.A., etc. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1851.

WE abridge to our limits the voluminous title-page of this volume, which we may describe briefly as a miserable piece of joinery and machinery. The compiler has little reading and less judgment. His fabrication is that of a simple tradesman; and where he uses marble, his mortar debases his manufacture. He has thrown in, by way of make weights, a few extracts from Southern writers and statesmen, several of whom, it appears, have been applied to, to furnish him with *beautiful* extracts of their own selection, from their own speeches. Cass and Benton flourish in this category; and, that there should not be too much *southing* in the volume, (wretchedly meagre as is the portion given to the South,) they are confronted with choice passages from Senators Seward and Win-

throp. The editor himself, resolved that his own light should not be hidden, has thrust his own wretched verses in with much better company, making his "broth, slab" enough for any high school in the country. Bad as the greater number of these compilations are, this is certainly the wretchedest of all its class.

14. *Waverley Poetry*; being the poems scattered throughout the *Waverley Novels*. Attributed to anonymous sources, but presumed to be written by SIR WALTER SCOTT. With titles and index. Boston: Munroe & Francis. 1851.

THIS is a proper supplement to every edition of Walter Scott's poetical writings. It is somewhat strange that these *disjecta membra* have not been brought together in this way before. Many of these fragments, impromptu verses, thrown off at a heat, to supply the motto to a chapter, or fill up a gap in the dialogue, are singularly forcible or felicitous; and we may gather from them more, perhaps, of the domestic temper of Scott, his social moods and musings, than from any other source. Our publishers will have need, in a future edition of this volume, to discard from it several odds and ends of other writers. We note here, included by mistake, scraps of Lovelace, Barbour, and even from Burns and Campbell, to say nothing of an old Joe Miller,—the distich anent Gen. Wade's merit in road-making, for example—See p. 226.

15. *A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund; with Additions and Corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, Georges, etc.* By E. A. ANDREWS, L.L.D. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

SHOULD this lexicon supply the desideratum, with regard to the Latin language, which the labours of Liddell and Scott have, in so great a degree, done for the Greek, it must soon find a place in almost every library. The value of a lexicon can, of course, be only tested by its actual use; this we have not been able to do with the lexicon before us, and therefore we can only allow the editor, (whose name and well-known labours are a guarantee for the faithful performance of whatever he may undertake,) to state his object in presenting to the American public a work, whose reputation, in Germany and England, has long been established for its successful application to Latin lexicography of the method which, in the hands of Gesenius and Passow, has produced a new era in the lexicography of the Hebrew and Greek languages. "The basis of the new Latin Lexicon here offered to the public consists of a translation of the *Wörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache* of Dr. Wilhelm

Freund, which was published at Leipsic in four volumes, containing in all about four thousand five hundred pages, in the following order: vol. i. (A-C) appeared in 1834; vol. iv. (R-Z) in 1840; vol. ii. (D-K) in 1844; and vol. iii. (L-Q) in 1845. In the latter year, the author published, also, a smaller school lexicon in two volumes, comprising about eighteen hundred pages, from which some corrections have been adopted in preparing the present work. From this has also been taken Appendix B, containing lists of words from the Italian and French languages derived from the Latin, whose origin is more or less obscured by the euphonic changes they have undergone. An examination of the lists will show the student the nature of the changes suffered by Latin words passing into either of those languages, and will enable him to refer, without difficulty, almost any Latin word found in them to its original. The lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, and Georges, have likewise been made use of for the purpose of supplying occasional deficiencies in those of Dr. Freund.

"The object which the editor has proposed to himself and his associates in the preparation of the work, has been to condense these materials within the convenient limits of a single volume, and yet to preserve every thing of real importance for general use in the larger lexicon of Dr. Freund.

"* * * * * The present work is distinguished from every manual Latin-English lexicon heretofore published, not only by the number of authorities cited, but by its full reference in every case both to the name of the classical author, and to the particular treatise, book, section, or line of his writings, in which the passage referred to is to be found."

16. *The Fruit Garden*: A Treatise intended to explain and illustrate the physiology of fruit trees, the theory and practice of all operations connected with the propagation, transplanting, pruning and training of orchard and garden trees, &c.; the laying out and arranging different kinds of orchards and gardens, the selection of suitable varieties for different purposes and localities, gathering and preserving fruits, &c. Illustrated with upwards of one hundred and fifty figures, &c. By P. BARRY, of the Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, New-York. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

WE have a taste for fruits, if no knowledge of fruit trees, and feel greatly disposed to afford countenance to every agency which promises to improve their cultivation in the South, which is the natural region for them, but where they have been most wretchedly under-valued and neglected. The improvement in regard to them among us, though late, may derive many helps from the volume

before us, which is very full of detail, and seems to have compassed and condensed every possible particular in which the fruit-grower may increase his knowledge and improve his productions. We cordially recommend it to his study.

17. *Travels in Siberia*; including excursions, northwards, down the Obi, to the Polar Circle, and southwards, to the Chinese frontier. By ADOLPH ERMAN. Translated from the German, by W. D. COOLEY. Two volumes. Lea & Blanchard. 1851.

ERMAN enjoys a reputation as a scientific traveller and writer second only to that of Humboldt. He lacks the imagination and eloquence of Humboldt, but is quite as close an observer. To the man of science, and philosopher, this work will prove eminently useful. It is a work of details, and its author is a decided utilitarian. His region is the real and the material, and this he scans with a scrutiny that seldom suffers any thing to escape him, in the existence or the value of his facts. The work before us will be doubly valuable, as it contemplates an empire to which the American reader has hitherto accorded but little notice.

18. *Dealings with the Inquisition*; or Papal Rome, her Priests, and her Jesuits. With important disclosures. By the REV. GIACINTO ACHILLI, D.D., &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

THE title-page sufficiently declares the design of the author, who was a prisoner in the Inquisition down to a recent period. One is hardly prepared to believe that such an institution as the Inquisition can still be in existence, or can still possess or assert a power in the state or in society. If our author is to be believed, such, however, is the case. We are not prepared to speak in more decisive language of this volume,—the value of which must depend wholly upon the credit and character of its author—of whom we know nothing.

19. *Impressions and Experiences of the West Indies and North America in 1849*. By ROBERT BAIRD, A.M. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1850.

A WELL written and instructive account of the author's recent experience in the West Indies and our own country, showing the apparent condition of the former, without seeming bias or exaggeration, and giving a picture of certain portions of the United States, under favourable lights. The writer, though a Briton, exhibits but few of the prejudices of his countrymen; and if not much of a phi-

losopher, is evidently a well informed and very sensible man. His book is quite an agreeable one, and will prove to many as instructive as it is certainly interesting.

20. *The Philosophy of Mathematics*. Translated from the Cours de Philosophie Positive of AUGUSTE COMTE, by W. W. GILLESPIE, Professor of Civil Engineering and Mathematics in Union College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

COMTE is regarded as the great philosopher of mathematics and the sciences of our time. This reputation is awarded to him by the first European arithmetics. He has been called the "Bacon of our century," which phrase, from the mouth of an Englishman, argues something like idolatry. In the work before us, he gives "a comprehensive map of the wide region of mathematical science,—a bird's eye view of its leading features and of the true bearings and relations of all its parts." This essay forms but a small part of the great work, the "Cours de Philosophie," of M. Comte, but it is perfect in itself, and comprehends the *tout ensemble* of the philosophy of mathematical science.

21. *The Harmony of Prophecy*; or Scriptural illustrations of the Apocalypse. By the REV. ALEXANDER KEITH, D.D., author of "the Evidence of Prophecy," &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

No subject is of equal importance to the believer in the soul's immortality, and the conditions upon which we are to live, and through which we are to hope, than the verification of Scripture prophecies. This is, perhaps, best done, by establishing and showing their harmonies. Dr. Keith brings to this attempt rare industry and research. His reputation is already well known through the medium of several successful works of the same order. This is all we can say, or, perhaps, need to say. To do any justice to the researches and sagacity of the author, would need more leisure, study and space, than it is in our power to bestow; and belong, properly, to those only who devote themselves wholly to the subject.

22. *Livingston's Law Register*: containing the name, post office, county and State of every lawyer in the United States: also, a list of all the counties, with their shire towns; together with the legal forms for the acknowledgment of deeds in every State. By JOHN LIVINGSTON, of the New-York Bar. New-York: Office Monthly Law Magazine. 1851.

A volume of more than two hundred pages, the title of which, as given above, sufficiently declares its character and uses. The

manual will no doubt prove of very great assistance as a directory simply ; it contains, besides, a collection of legal forms, which should prove useful to the business intercourse of the several States. The compiler of the work is the editor of "The United States Law Magazine," to which we have already directed the favourable attention of our readers.

23. *A Practical Essay upon the Symptomatology, Etiology, Vital Statistics and Treatment of Pneumonia.* By H. A. RAMSAY, M.D. From the Charleston Medical Journal and Review. 1851.

An interesting essay upon a disease which has proved a fearful scourge in many portions of our Southern country.

24. *Oates' Interest Tables and Tables of Sterling Exchange.*

1. *Ne Plus Ultra Interest Tables* ; (seven per cent.) in which are shown the interest on any sum from one dollar to one thousand dollars, consecutively, for any length of time, from one day to three hundred and sixty days, by days, and also, from one day to two and a half years, by years, months and days : by the addition of two sums only, which are both taken from the same table. By GEORGE OATES, author of "Six per cent. Tables," etc. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1850.
2. *Tables of Sterling Exchange* ; in which are shown the value of a sterling bill, in federal money, for any amount from £1 to £10,000, at every rate of premium, from one-eighth of one per cent. to twelve and a half per cent. by eighths : and also, how to invest any amount of federal money, from \$1 to \$10,000, in a sterling bill at the same rate of premium : each operation being accomplished by the addition of two sums only, both of which are taken from the same table. They also show the value of the fractional parts of the pound sterling and the dollar at a single glance. By GEORGE OATES, author of "Six and Seven per cent., Ne Plus Ultra Interest Tables," etc. New-York: D. Appleton, & Co. 1851.

THESE copious title-pages may be taken as justly descriptive of the books to which they belong, which are decidedly the most useful of their class, very far exceeding in value every thing of the sort which has previously been published, and leaving it scarcely possible that there should be any future improvement upon their plan. No merchant or business man should be without them.

25. *The Solitary of Juan Fernandez: or the real Robinson Crusoe.*
By the author of "Picciola." Translated from the French, by
ANNE T. WILBUR. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851.

THE sweet and fanciful story of 'Picciola,' so pure, delicate, harmonious in design and detail, will readily secure for the author the favouring regards of the reader, for his present publication. Nor will it disappoint on perusal. It is a truthful and agreeable narrative of the real exile of Selkirk, from whose history Defoe borrowed the materials for his famous account of Robinson Crusoe.

26. *Travels in America: The Poetry of Pope.* Two Lectures, delivered to the Leeds Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society.
By the Right Honorable the EARL OF CARLYLE, (LORD MORPETH.)
New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1851.

Two slight and superficial essays, which it would not have hurt the author's reputation to suppress. The Earl of Carlyle is no doubt a sensible gentleman, but he is not a profound one. Let us state, however, that he writes like a gentleman, is cautious, courteous, and always properly considerate in what he says.

27. *Hurrygraphs: or Sketches of Scenery, Celebrities and Society,*
taken from life. By N. PARKER WILLIS. New-York: Charles
Scribner. 1851.

A volume of lively editorial paragraphs, sketchy and descriptive, the accumulations of probably a year's labour of the writer, in his pleasant periodical. The volume forms one of the neat collection of the writings of the same author from the press of the same publisher.

28. *The Autobiography and Memorials of Capt. Obadiah Conger.*
By REV. HENRY CHEEVER. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

THE biography of a good seaman,—a worthy man in a humble sphere,—who used his single talent to profitable returns,—by a writer who has commended himself to the juvenile and religious public, by two other maritime works of interest and usefulness.

29. *Nature and Blessedness of Christian Purity.* By Rev. R. S. FOSTER, with an Introduction by EDMUND J. JONES, D.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

AN important and interesting subject, treated sensibly though somewhat coldly.

30. *A Guide to Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar.* By REV. DR. BREWER. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1851.

A work judiciously planned and executed for use in schools and families. Common life is full of mysteries, and it is surprising how many thousand things there are, in common use, of which we know nothing, which it is yet important that we should know. This volume gives us a clue to meanings, of which, hitherto, we have only known the names. It is a book for good house-keepers as well as good boys.

31. *Thirty-second Annual Report of the Controllors of the Public Schools of the city and county of Philadelphia*, comprising the first School District of Pennsylvania, for year ending June 30, 1850. Philadelphia: 1850.

THIS able report, from the pen of Professor Hart, the Principal of the High School of Philadelphia, gives an ample history of the plan and the progress of the public schools of the city and county of Philadelphia—a comprehensive system, the results of which appear to be singularly encouraging, and the scheme of which seems to have been the fruit of equal benevolence and wisdom.

32. *Proceedings of a Public Meeting of the Citizens of the County of Panola*, held at the Court House in the town of Panola, Mississippi, for the purpose of paying a proper tribute of respect to the memory of John C. Calhoun; with the address of C. F. Vance, Esq., delivered by appointment, on the life, character and public services of John C. Calhoun. Panola: 1850.

THESE proceedings reach us late, but still call for our acknowledgment. They form a part of that universal voice of homage and mourning which the death of Calhoun everywhere occasioned throughout the land. Mr. Vance's discourse is just, sensible, and highly creditable to the author.

33. *Curran and his Contemporaries.* By CHARLES PHILLIPS, Esq., A.B. New-York: Harper & Bro. 1851.

THIS is a new and improved edition of a work at one time very popular. It deserves to continue so. It has never been superseded, as respects style, spirit and material, by any other performance devoted to the same subject, and still remains, not only one of the best memorials of Curran extant, but one of the best specimens of memoir writing which we owe to the English. In the case of a subject like Curran, whose life was spent in the forum rather than the field—

whose great triumphs were in provinces in which thoughts are the actors, rather than men—the desultory plan of this biography seems to us the most decidedly appropriate. Curran's life was not employed in consecutive events. There is no advantage gained to the reader in tracing his career, day by day, according to laws of time. We are rather better pleased to see the details given by successive characteristics of mind and feeling, and illustrated, where these are to be found, by instances and anecdotes, such as make this volume so very readable. It is not Curran, *the man*, merely, but Curran, *the mind*, the orator, the lawyer, the wit, the patriot, whom we have successively brought before us, in his several phases and aspects—in all inimitable, in all almost equally great. Of course, no one needs be told the claims of Curran. What we need are the characteristics of the great orator. These are given, in the work before us, as fully, perhaps, as they could be given in any work, and as fairly. There is much lost that we would desire to possess, but there is much here that we would not willingly lose. The book is one of anecdote—full, not only of Curran, but of his contemporaries and rivals—and such contemporaries as few known periods of time have ever, before or since, been able to produce.

34. *The Address of the Southern Rights Association of the South-Carolina College*, to the Students in the Colleges and Universities, and to the Young Men throughout the Southern States. To which are prefixed the constitution of the Association, list of members, etc. Columbia: A. S. Johnston. 1851.

A WELL written and spirited discourse, which does equal credit to the intellect and patriotism of our young collegiates.

35. *Arguments for Separate State Action*. By BARNWELL. Charleston: Walker & James. 1851.

A SERIES of papers, on the most exciting of local topics, which appeared in one of the newspapers of Charleston. Their merits were held to warrant the present more permanent form of publication. They are from the pen of J. M. Hutson, Esq., of Barnwell, a gentleman of well-known ability.

36. *The Dollar Magazine*. New-York: E. A. & G. L. Duyckinck. 1851.

THIS cheap and popular periodical has passed into excellent hands. The Messrs. Duyckinck are just the persons for such a journal—having excellent tastes, large literary associations, and a remarkable familiarity with all the rarities of the old British literature, upon

which they can expatiate knowingly. The April number is before us, opening with a vignette title page, from a design of Darley, and filled with a lively and readable variety, of essay, tale, song and sermon.

37. *Duties of Masters to Servants*. Three premium essays. Charleston: Southern Baptist Publication Society. 1851.

THE first of these essays, entitled "Master and Servant," is from the pen of the Rev. H. N. McTyeire, of New-Orleans; the second, called the "Melville Letters," is by the Rev. C. F. Sturgis, of Greensboro', Alabama; the third, on the "Duties of Christian Masters," is written by the Rev. A. T. Holmes, of Haynesville, Georgia. Of various degrees of excellence, these essays are, all of them, excellently adapted to the purposes which their writers had in view, and reflect honour on the Christian church by which they have been elicited. They teach correctly and impressively the duties of the Christian master to his slave, of whose morals and person he is equally the guardian, and embody a code of Christian law and education, which leaves no person in ignorance of what is expected, by God and by society, at his hands. The essays are all well written and well argued; but the first, by the Rev. Mr. McTyeire, is particularly to be commended. It covers all the ground.

38. *Traditions and Reminiscences*, chiefly of the American Revolution in the South, including biographical sketches, incidents and anecdotes, few of which have been published, particularly of residents in the upper country. By JOSEPH JOHNSON, M.D., of Charleston, S. C. Charleston: Walker & James. 1851.

A VALUABLE contribution to our domestic history, which we shall notice at length hereafter.

39. *History of Alabama, and, incidentally, of Georgia and Mississippi, from the earliest period*. By ALBERT JAMES PICKETT, of Montgomery. In two volumes. Vol. I. Charleston: Walker & James. 1851.

THE second volume of this work is now passing rapidly through the press. When published, we shall take an early opportunity to report upon the work, which is one highly valuable, from the large accumulation of material which its author has made, from sources either unknown or obscure. Colonel Pickett has pursued his task with exemplary industry, at great pains, not sparing expense, and his researches are equally interesting and satisfactory in their results.

40. *Classical Series*. Edited by Drs. SCHMITZ and ZUMPT. A School Dictionary of the Latin Language. By Dr. J. H. KALTSCHMIDT. In two parts. 1. Latin-English. Phila: Lea & Blanchard. 1851.

THE authority should be conclusive, by which this little volume comes to us. It forms a part of the classical section of Chambers's educational course, is compiled by one of the most able of modern German lexicographers, and is edited by L. Schmitz, whose name, with that of Zumpt, is identified with a collection the most valuable and extensively used school books. The volume before us is at once ample and compact, the very model for a school dictionary. It is particularly to be commended, as it gives, as far as possible, the etymology of every word, tracing it to its roots, whether in the Greek or Latin, or in any of the Indo-Germanic languages.

41. *From the Appendix to the Washington Astronomical Observations for 1846*. Washington: C. Alexander. 1851.

WE owe to the attention of Lieutenant Maury, a copy of this publication, which belongs eminently to the category of the useful. The special subject of this pamphlet is, "The Probable Relation between Magnetism and the Circulation of the Atmosphere." The aim of Lieutenant Maury seems to have been rather to accumulate the evidence than frame the philosophy, though his speculations are given upon points in detail. The subject deserves the closest investigation, and will surely find it at his hands.

42. *Iconographic Encyclopædia of Science, Literature and Art*, systematically arranged. By G. HECK, etc. The text translated and edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, A.M., M.D., etc. New-York: Rudolph Garrigue. 1851.

THIS serial, at once singularly beautiful and useful, approaches its close—twenty parts having appeared, of the twenty-five promised. The publishers have honestly continued to make the several issues deserving of the favour which the first instantly secured, on publication. There has been no falling off in the execution, either in the plates or letter press.

43. *Shakspeare's Dramatic Works*, with introductory remarks, and notes, original and selected. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1851.

WITH the thirty-eighth number closes the collection of Shakspeare's Dramatic Writings, as contained in the edition before us. Of the merits of this particular edition we have more than once expressed ourselves, in terms of the highest approbation. We may now add, at the close, that we regard it as the most admirable, beautiful and cheap that has ever been issued from the American press. The publishers, we perceive, very judiciously announce the poems of Shakspeare, in corresponding style. These will make an additional volume, the plays being comprised in seven.

44. *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, or Illustrations by Pen and Pencil, etc., of the War of Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. New-York: Harper & Bro. 1851.

THIRTEEN parts of this interesting and beautifully conceived publication have reached us, completing the first volume, and opening the second. The original plan contemplated but twenty parts. It is very clear, accordingly, as our author has not yet emerged from New-York and New-England, that it is designed to be understood, that in these regions lie the whole history of the revolution, or to give others a singularly disproportionate place in the picture.

45. *London Labour and the London Poor*. By HENRY MAYHEW. With daguerreotype engravings, taken by BEARD. New-York: Harper & Bro. 1851.

THESE are sketches from actual life, social and street histories, showing up, in their closer, every day aspects, those communities, in every country, who toil with reference only to the necessities of the day, who make no calculations upon the morrow, and to whom past and future seem equally a blank. The work is beautifully illustrated, with actual portraits, and printed in excellent style. Five parts have been received.

46. *Para ; or Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon*. By JOHN ESAIAS WARREN. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1851.

THIS volume affords, no doubt, a truthful catalogue of scenes and adventures, in a region, the natural objects and aspects of which are among the most glorious and beautiful in the world. Our au-

thor evidently had opportunities ; but our author is rather a dull one, without one spark of the ethereal in his composition : and a dull man, in the possession of opportunities of which he does not know how to make use, is a spectacle that must be distressing to angels as well as men. The banks of the Amazon should be described only by a poet, or one largely in possession of the imaginative faculty. Rare and exquisite sensibilities, and a quick and glowing fancy, are the only true media through which to behold such a realm of magnificence and beauty. Now, our author is more than commonly deficient in these qualities, and he beholds his objects through eyes which serve to beggar them of all their beauty. He is honest, we believe, suppresses nothing that he has seen, but is unfortunate in not being able to see all that was before him. It is but justice to him to mention that his work is a modest one, and without pretension ; and if he shows us little, he does not vex us by the extravagance of his charge for the sight.

47. *Second Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the South-Carolina Institute, Nov., 1850.* Charleston : Walker & James. 1851.

THE experiment of an Industrial Institute, and Annual Fair in South-Carolina, has proved singularly successful. The report before us unfolds the details of its progress during the last year—a progress which has been encouraging beyond calculation. The report is well written, and comprises a very interesting correspondence, of utilitarian character. The report of the committee on premiums, by which it is accompanied, shows amply the resources of intellect, ingenuity and industry of the Southern people, and strengthens the conviction, felt by many among us, that they only need to enter the field of competition fairly, to carry off an equal share of the honours and rewards, against any people in the civilized world.

48. *Sixteenth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association, of Cincinnati.* 1851.

THIS report shows the institution to be in a high state of prosperity. The library is large, well-chosen and increasing. Lectures are periodically given, are instructive and well attended. Institutions of this kind cannot be too much cherished or multiplied.

49. *Rena, or the Snow-Bird*. A tale of real life. By CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Phila.: A. Hart. 1851.

MRS. HENTZ is well known and much esteemed, as a writer of popular works. Her stories and sketches are commended by sweetness, propriety, and an easy, graceful style. We are disposed to consider the volume before us as one of the best from her pen. It is a pretty, pleasing, domestic story, with sundry very successful portraits and spirited scenes. It will interest most readers, who prefer a natural and lifelike picture to a strained and extravagant romance. "Rena" has its defects. It is a defect to exhibit two or three rescues from the ice-ponds; and the catastrophe is precipitated, in a manner which shows careless characterization, and an impatience, in working out the conclusion, in the spirit of the opening parts of the story.

50. *The Moulders' and Founders' Pocket Guide, etc.* By FRED. OVERMAN. Phila.: A. Hart. 1851.
The American Cotton Spinner, etc. A practical treatise on cotton spinning, etc. By ROBERT H. BAIRD. Phila.: A. Hart. 1851.

Two volumes of eminent utility to the manufacturer and the mechanic. They are illustrated with numerous engravings, and put forth in a neat, convenient style of publication.

51. *Cosmos: a Sketch of the Physical History of the Universe*. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. OTTÉ. New-York: Harper & Bro. 1851.

A THIRD and last volume of the most celebrated of all the writings of its distinguished author.

52. *New Music.*

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of new music, when it comes among the manufactures of home production. We owe to Mr. George Oates, issuing from his own press, the following new pieces, of merit:

1. *Hungarian and Agnes Polkas*. These are two really beautiful compositions, by Miss Adele Hohnstock, the celebrated pianiste. They are both exceedingly rich in melody, possessing much originality, and being, at the same time, not over difficult of execution.
2. *Grand March Triumphant*. By the same composer. A spirited production, and worthy of the title given it. Its harmony and military effect deserve equal credit.

3. *Marche d'Amazons*. By Karl Hohnstock. This composer is not only highly accomplished on the piano, but of singular excellence with the violin. The twofold power enables him happily to conceive of a composition like the one before us, which unites to the sweetness of the one instrument the vivacity and freedom of the other. This march has been pronounced by musical critics to be one of the finest that has been published for many seasons. We do not wish to incur the responsibility of the opinion, but give it on the credit of better judges, that it is a production not unworthy of Auber or Donizetti.

4. The author evidently values it, himself, very highly, and has, with propriety, arranged it in another piece, for *two* performers, which we commend to all the lovers of a fine duett.

5. *Hyperion Polka*. A pretty thing, by Henry T. Oates, embellished with a view of Longfellow's residence at Cambridge. It is in compliment to this writer that the piece is named after one of his works.

We owe to the same publishers the following "Jenny Lind Songs," which we can only name, and which need no word of commendation :

1. "*Take this Lute*." By Jules Benedict.
2. "*Welcome, Sweet Bird of Song*." Mozart.
3. "*Farewell to Life's Ocean*." A beautiful Swedish melody.
4. "*Voice of the Spirit*." Swedish melody.

53. Recent Novels and Romances.

1. *The House of the Seven Gables*. A romance. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Boston : Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851. Mr. Hawthorne is rapidly making himself a high reputation, as a writer of prose fiction. He is a tale writer, rather than a novelist, and exhibits some very peculiar endowments in this character. He has a rare and delicate fancy, with an imagination capable, in particular, of that curious distribution of light and shade—"that little glooming light, most like a shade,"—which constitutes the singular faculty of some of the most remarkable of the Italian painters. He is truthful, also, in his delineations of character, though his range is a limited one. He enters, with the art of Sterne, into the heart of his single captive, and, with exquisite adroitness, unfolds to you, and to the victim's self, the hurts of the secret nerve, its morbid condition, and how it operates upon, and affects by sympathy, the whole system. In these revelations, our author shows himself a minute philosopher. He goes farther than the simple delineation of the sore and secret places—he shows you why they became sore, and how they failed to keep their secrets from him. As a writer of prose fancies, fresh and delicate, of simple truths of the heart, which

are obscure, in other hands, only from the absence of those exquisite antennæ which he employs, he exhibits a grace and felicity which show him to be a master. His province is peculiarly this fine one of the heart, with its subtler conditions, its eccentric moods, the result of secret weaknesses or secret consciousnesses, which it dare not confess and dare not overcome—its aberrations of soul or temper—its morbid passions, which fester without action, and are thus quite as vicious as if they had become developed by the actual commission of crime. Of the particular story before us, we have only to add that it exhibits happily the characteristic faculty of the author, in the delineation of morbid and peculiar conditions—in the curious distribution of light and shadow, and in the utterance of graceful and happy fancies, in close connection with moral philosophies and mental feelings, which are at once true to nature and agreeable to art. As a story, the “House of the Seven Gables” will probably prove less attractive to the general reader than the “Scarlet Letter,” as exhibiting a less concentrative power; but it is a more truthful book, and, if less ambitious in plan and manner, is not less earnest of purpose, nor less efficient in the varieties of character.

2. *The Glenns, a Family History.* By J. L. McCONNEL, author of “Talbot & Vernon,” “Grahame,” etc. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851. Our author has published two readable stories, which, without any very remarkable features, had the merit—the principal in a story—of vivacity and incident. The tale before us is neither better nor worse than its predecessors. It is full of action, and many of the scenes and descriptions are vivid and exciting—those, in particular, which are laid in Texas. The author seems to have made one mistake, in using for this a preface that surely contemplates a very different sort of book. In this preface, he declaims against all that class of writers who draw their narratives from the lives and careers of criminals. He tells us gravely that society is not made up of such persons, and promises to show us how such things should properly be done. His story is to be quite pure, peaceable, and demurely domestic. Yet the scamp and scoundrel, the rogue and profligate, the assassin of life and character, predominate in his pages, and all that is interesting in his story is drawn from the chronicles of crime. His essayical matter upon circumstantial evidence (upon which he rings the changes in two of his three books) is very vague and unmeaning. With such positive evidence as he possesses, in the trial which forms so imposing a part of his book, there was no merit in his lawyer extricating the accused. His great lawyer does nothing to deserve the *prestige* which he enjoys.

3. *The Commissioner; or De Lunatico Inquirendo.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., author of “Henry Smeaton,” etc. New-York:

Harper & Bro. 1851. That a writer who is neither a wit nor humourist should attempt satire, suggests one of those instances of self-delusion, in respect to one's own powers, which are so frequent, and of such humiliating result, in the case of authors who might otherwise be wholly successful. Mr. James, as a *raconteur* simply, is one of the most fortunate among his contemporaries. But nobody looks to him for satire, or humour, or wit, or imagination, in any department. It is simply as an admirable story-teller that he is popular. Is it possible that, after writing more volumes than Lope de Vega, he needs to have this told him? So it would seem. In this volume, he sets out with a satirical purpose. Whether, after writing the first fifty pages, he had any secret misgivings that he was doing a very foolish thing, we may be permitted to surmise, inasmuch as his plan changes, the satirist sinks out of his sight, his machinery is pretty much abandoned, and he bounds headlong into the old path, which he has so well beaten; even as the cow, with unerring instinct, travels back into her old ranges. The last half of the volume is after the American fashion, using the ancient material, which our author has made a little too familiar, by frequent use before. Here again, as in a hundred of Mr. James's books, the interest of the story turns upon a secret murder, the arrest and danger of an innocent man, and, finally, a wondrous accumulation of details, by which he is relieved and rescued, and the crime fastened upon the guilty person. The interest of the story, in consequence of our author's error of plan at the outset, is much less than usually marks his efforts. There are some striking, and a few lively scenes; but they are coupled with gross exaggerations. The story is feeble in invention, and, in some particulars, full of unnecessary extravagances and horrors. Twice are the dwellings of his dramatis personæ burnt, unnecessarily, the sole object seeming to be to give to the book a cast as melo-dramatic as possible; and the catastrophe is equally shocking to good taste and to the proprieties of the story, which called for nothing of the kind.

5. *Mount Hope*: or Philip, King of the Wampanoags: an Historical Romance. By G. H. HOLLISTER. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851. There is no small degree of obtuseness, surely, in that son of New-England who takes for the subject of his story, the deeds, the wrongs and the character of Philip, the red chief of Montaup. To do any sort of justice to his career, is only to reflect bitterly and indignantly upon the baseness and the cruelty of his white neighbours, the Puritan colonists—or to slur over and suppress the truths of history. Mr. Hollister, in the work before us, aiming to avoid both horns of this dilemma, hitches between them both, and leaves himself, as an historian and novelist, fairly, but uncomfortably horsed, in his blindly purposed blunderings. He has made a very ordinary book out of a fine subject, in the effort to

make its survey from a false point of vision ; and has very much degraded a noble character, to which he had neither the justice nor the genius to rise. His book may be read with a drowsy sort of interest; but it is totally without merit, as a work of fiction, being entirely wanting in originality ; and, though the author has given us an approximation, in faint degree, to the truths of history, he has done it with so ill a grace, that he takes nothing by his motion. His story introduces us to the regicides, Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell, with whose rough, semi-savage characters, the Yankee fabulists are continually tinkering, in the vain desire to hammer them into such shapes of heroism, as, while they do not offend modern tastes, will maintain a dim sort of likeness to the veritable past. But the work seems to be in vain. Either the material is wholly unmanageable, or it has not fallen into the hands of the right hammerer. Our author is compelled to tell us, that the descendants of the noble savage, Philip, were destined to slavery; but he claims the liberty of the romancer to drown them on the voyage to the West Indies. History tells us a different story. Philip's head was preserved as a show for the New-England colonies, while the captives were sold into slavery, the price paid, and the blood-money was passed into the treasury of New-England, and may have helped ultimately to build Faneuil Hall itself, that temple of Yankee liberty.

6. *The Mother-in-law; or the Isle of Rays.* A Tale. By EMMA D. E. NEVIL SOUTHWORTH. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1851. Mrs. Southworth does not improve. Her first work was decidedly the best. In all of her writings she shows talent and force. But she does not suffer her thoughts to ripen, nor her plans to mature. She writes too rapidly. She must pause and go into solitude, and meditate. She must give herself time, if she would not forfeit all the reputation she has won. There are several faults in this story, apart from its design and characterization,—faults of grossness and bad taste, which might be pardoned in a beginner. But she has written too many volumes to suffer this plea to be received, and she must give herself a breathing spell, look around her, take a correct observation of her field, study her characters, make them consistent, and avoid those extreme improbabilities of situation and act which only tend to discredit what is really good in her volumes. If she will take counsel from us, she will leave the social and domestic novel altogether, for the historical. She can do much better with the romance than the novel. It better suits her boldness of temperament, and the ambitious strivings of her heart. Whatever she writes, however, let her remember the counsel of Sir Philip Sydney, "Look into thy heart, and write."

7. *The Sea King: a Nautical Romance.* By the author of "The Scourge of the Ocean." Philadelphia: A. Hart, (late Carey & Hart.) 1851. The author of this story died before completing

it. It has been finished by a friend, with a hand quite as capable as his own. His first book was a popular one, at a time when Cooper and Maryatt seem to have made the high seas their own. The present story is quite equal to the former, something better perhaps. To the lover of the narrative of pirate and privateer, it affords a sufficient feast of horrors. There is fighting enough to satisfy the most intense appetite of the marine fire-eater. The management of a ship on a cruise, the strategy of the sea, the wild and terrible collision of antagonist frigates,—these are the chief material of the volume, and they are served up with spirit. In other respects the work asserts no pretensions.

8. *Time, the Avenger.* By the author of "The Wilmingtons," etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851. Mrs. Marsh professes to have been much more ambitious in the plan of this story than of any of its predecessors. We are not sure that the result is an encouraging one. We do not see that the performance exhibits a higher moral object than marks her usual productions, which are generally moral in like manner with this. Her purpose here, is the rebuke of worldly pride, and the goading, into activity, of a stagnant conscience. Her processes for doing this are by no means remarkable, though, in their gradual development, they will instruct and interest. The story is a pleasing and a touching one, in spite of a very inartistical arrangement, and a too great fondness of the author for reverie and rather commonplace meditations. The characterization, we must add, is generally truthful, with a very slight tendency to exaggeration, and some small mistakes which impair the harmony of her portraiture.

9. *The Dennings and their Beaux*; with Aline Derlay. By Miss LESLIE. Philadelphia: A. Hart, (late Carey & Hart.) 1851. A series of good humoured satirical sketches of society—the sport of one who proposes simply to shoot "folly as it flies." Miss Leslie is a sensible and unambitious writer. Her stories amuse and instruct, and always contain good lessons for those who read them. In the tales of "Eliza Farnham," she gives a history of Yankee Boarding Schools, which, even apart from abolition, should suffice in keeping Southern pupils, at least, from all such places: and in the sketch entitled "Nothing Morally Wrong," she bestows on us a picture of Connecticut manners and education, which will be admitted to be singularly faithful. A clever sketcher, verily, is Miss Leslie.

10. *Lord and Lady Harcourt*; or Country Hospitalities. A Novel. By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1851. This story, by a well known writer of social tales and sketches, affords a lively picture of English society, and of the lavish hospitality of that country, in the out-of-town season. As a work of art, it is totally wanting. It consists of a series of scenes, lively and amusing

enough, sometimes thoughtful, and sometimes piquant, but which have very little or no connection with each other, save that they occur usually in the same house, and among the same people. They develop no plot, and finish no action. The characters are various, but are mostly etchings. Among them is one inveterate punster, whose conundrums are poured forth incessantly, thick as "leaves in Vallambrossa," and of which, we may say that, many are bad enough to be good, but the greater number are most tolerable, and not to be endured, by men or magazines.

11. *The Works of J. FENIMORE COOPER. Wing and Wing.* New-York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1851. Not one of the best of Cooper's stories, but one in which the sea pictures are as full of life, beauty and force, as any of his series. The episode, which includes the cruel fate of Caraccioli, the Italian Prince, a victim to the weakness of Nelson, and the evil influence upon him of Lady Hamilton, is well conceived and highly touching. But we need scarcely now discuss the merits of a story upon which time and the public have already sufficiently set their seal.

12. *The Water Witch: or the Skimmer of the Seas. A Tale.* New-York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1851. The last volume of the select writings of J. Fenimore Cooper,—one of his most ambitious, but not one of his most successful romances. The author gives us a new preface. We think he mistakes machinery for imagination. Until we confound the melo-dramatic and the pyrotechnic with the imaginative, the leading characteristics of this tale can scarcely deserve the latter appellation.

13. *Historical Romances*:—1. *The Duchess.* 2. *Nell Gwynne.* (A. Hart.) Historical romances, both, and at periods of singular interest in French and English history; the former showing the melancholy and criminal career of the Constable Bourbon, to his death at Rome—a career not without cruel provocations; the latter illustrative of the no less melancholy, but less dignified and honourable career of the Duke of Monmouth, and his truly ignominious expiation on the scaffold. Of these two works, thus attractive by reason of their histories—we may add that they have been wrought up, with associated pictures, into tales of considerable interest; the former, however, being by far the better story.

14. *Rose Douglas: or the Autobiography of a Minister's Daughter.* By S. R. W. New-York: D. Appleton, & Co. Get over, as well as you can, the first hundred pages of the work, and you will then be pleased to continue its perusal to the end. The opening portions are exceedingly tedious; unnecessary details and descriptions being given, of persons and places, not at all necessary to the progress. Still, even these portions are marked by correct thinking, and a proper Christian philosophy. The story is one in humble Scottish life, and has all the appearance of being truthful and characteristic.

15. *The Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines.* (Putnam.) We have already adverted to the plan of these portraits, from the pen of Mrs. Cowden Clarke, the well known compiler of the Concordance to Shakspeare, in a brief notice of the first of this series, devoted to Portia, the heroine of the Merchant of Venice. The second of these little volumes affords us a very rational, well conceived and spirited ideal of Lady Macbeth—that unsexed woman—in her girlhood—from infancy to the period of her marriage with the Scottish tyrant, whom Shakspeare has made famous. The circumstances by which this wildly ambitious woman was made the fierce and reckless creature which she afterwards became—wading in carnage to a throne—are very well conceived, and very spiritedly portrayed. The third number of this collection is accorded to Helena, in “All’s Well that Ends Well,” but this story we have *not* received. The fourth volume is assigned to the “Gentle lady wedded to the Moor,” Desdemona, the child of the magnifico, and contains a sweet sketch of the young and innocent creature, so loving and so unblessed in love, to whom the fates were so sudden and so terrible. Each of these volumes is accompanied by a fine steel engraving. Thus far we have every reason to congratulate our author upon the success which has attended her efforts in working out a plan of equal difficulty and novelty, in which the chances were mostly against success. She has shown herself capable of conceiving the minutest characteristics, and such a training as must inevitably lead to their development according to the requisitions of Shakspeare’s ideals. For mere popularity, however, she would, we think, have found it a much better policy, to have wrought out, from the play, the sequel to the story, in a style corresponding with that of the preliminary history. For that immense class of readers, the large majority of the world, to whom the mysteries of poetry, and a proper taste for it, are forever denied, the prose narrative would be a desideratum.

16. *The Alhambra.* (Putnam.) The fifteenth and last volume of the works of WASHINGTON IRVING, in the complete and beautiful library edition, to which we have already repeatedly called the attention of our readers.

17. *Abbot's Franconia Stories.* (Harpers.) A collection of interesting moral stories for the young, by a very popular writer of this class of works.

18. *The Wife's Sister; or the Forbidden Marriage.* A Novel. By Mrs. Rubback. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851. A well managed and interesting story, turning upon that rule of the Ecclesiastical law which forbids the marriage of a widower with a wife's sister,—a law, the reasons for which are not regarded as valid in this country, though we believe that sundry American volumes, which nobody has read, have been written in its favour.

19. *The Gold Worshippers; or the Days we Live In.* By the

author of "Whitefriars." New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851. A social and satirical novel, showing up the English *parvenu* and patrician, in connection with the recent rail road speculation, a mania not unworthy of record with the South Sea and the Mississippi Bubbles, leading to like disasters. There is a portrait—we suppose a correct one—of the recent money-king, Hudson, under the name of Humson. The characters of our author are in general well drawn, while the events are sufficiently lively for interest.

20. *The Widow Rugby's Husband: A Sight of the Ugly Man and other Tales of Alabama.* By JOHNSON J. HOOPER, author of "Adventures of Capt. Simon Suggs." Philadelphia: A. Hart. (late Carey & Hart.) 1851. One of a singularly numerous collection of volumes of humorous literature of the South, and one of the best of them. A series of very lively stories, roughly and adroitly told, and certainly compelling the broad grin of the reader.

21. *The Herr of Wast-Wayland.* A Tale. By MARY HOWITT. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851. A very sweet and interesting story of domestic life, worthy to rank with any of the previous efforts of the same amiable writer.

22. *A Grandmother's Recollections.* By ELLA RODMAN. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851. A young damsel's experiences—a series of clever enough juvenile sketches, pleasantly inculcating good moral lessons.

23. *Bertie; or Life in the Old Field.* A Humorous Novel. By GREGORY SEAWORTHY, author of "Nag's Head." Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1851. A light and sketchy narrative, designed as a homely picture of Southern life. The designation of "humorous" might have been safely omitted from the title page, and the author's politics and political economy are of so questionable a sort, that they might have been omitted from the book itself. As a volume for the hour and the wayside, it will answer well enough the purposes of the traveller.

24. *Polly Peab'ossom's Wedding and other Tales.* Edited by J. A. BURKE, Esq. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1851. A collection of broad-grin, Southern and Western exaggeration—comicalities of the woods and wayside; such as will compel laughter if not reflection. Just the sort of volume to snatch up in railway and steamboat, and put out of sight in all other places.